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CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. GOETHE. By Prof. J. R. SEELEY.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 433
II. THE ATTITUDE OF CARLYLE AND EMERSON TOWARD CHRISTIANITY. By R. C. SEATON.....	<i>National Review</i> 445
III. "TOMMY".....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 453
IV. A SUNKEN TREASURE. By ROBERT ASHTON.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 466
V. PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE, EXTENDING OVER TWENTY YEARS. By JOHN COLEMAN.....	<i>Temple Bar</i> 471
VI. GOSSIP. By the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.....	<i>Merry England</i> 482
VII. BERLIN IN 1884.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 483
VIII. FERNANDO MENDEZ PINTO. By P. R. HEAD.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> 499
IX. SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOFF. By A. E. STALEY.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 509
X. COUNT FERSEN.....	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i> 512
XI. UPRIGHT MAN. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.....	<i>Belgravia</i> 524
XII. MEASUREMENT OF CHARACTER. By FRANCIS GALTON.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 531
XIII. PROLONGING LIFE.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 536
XIV. A MISCONCEPTION OF HISTORY.....	<i>The Spectator</i> 539
XV. GEORGE SAND. By Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 542
XVI. ESPRONCEDA.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 543
XVII. WHAT IS JUDAISM? A QUESTION OF TO-DAY. By LUCIEN WOLF.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 547
XVIII. GOLDEN-BROWN. By RICHARD JEFFERIES.....	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> 560
XIX. ATTRACTIONS OF MODERN BUDDHISM.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 563
XX. LITERARY NOTICES.....	566
Reforms: Their Difficulties and Possibilities—Life and Labor in the Far West—Life on a Ranch—Ten Days in the Jungle—The Baby's Grandmother—An-nouchka.	
XXI. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....	569
XXII. MISCELLANY.....	571
An Aboriginal Dwelling—Aspasia and the Duties of Women—Monte Carlo and Consumption—Tobacco and Eyesight—Medical Herbs—My Arabs—The Wear of English Coins—The Finest City in the World—Leprosy.	

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GOETHE.

BY PROF. J. R. SEELEY.

I.

GOETHE seems to be rising once more above the horizon. He is the youngest of the world's great authors; the latest who has laid a claim, that seems in a fair way of being allowed, to a place above the rank of merely national authors. The books that belong to the whole world alike are few, and even of these some have owed their universal acceptance to an accident. Fewer still are the authors who have so written that their personal character, their way of thinking and feeling, becomes a matter of perpetual interest, not only in their own country and age, but in every country where men study and in every age. Goethe appears to belong to this very small group. If he is not yet formally canonized, he has long been a *Bienheureux*. If little more than half a century has passed since his death, the

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first part of "Faust" has been before the world three-quarters of a century; and of his first brilliant appearance in authorship the centenary is several years behind us. When we consider not only the period through which his fascination has lasted, but also the reactions it has surmounted and the vitality it exhibits, we may see our way to conclude that his fame is now as secure as any literary fame can be, and that it will only yield to some deep-working revolution of thought—which, perhaps, it would be rash to pronounce impossible—some twilight of the gods, in which not only Goethe but also Shakespeare and Dante should fall from heaven.

If great authors are to be compared to stars, we may say of them that in the earlier stages of their immortality they do not take their place as fixed stars, but disappear and reappear with periodicity like comets or like planets.

Goethe has indeed passed out of this stage in his own country, where the reaction which Börne and Heine represented was never very serious, and where the latest cry is that the tide of admiration cannot be resisted; and that it is as vain now to exclaim impatiently "Goethe und kein Ende!" as it was for Goethe himself to exclaim "Shakespeare und kein Ende!" at the beginning of the century. But his European fame is less settled than his national fame, and so the reappearance of Goethe before our public at the present time is a sign worth noting. It marks a new stage in his posthumous career. His English prophet, Carlyle, is gone; the generation that listened to Carlyle and studied Goethe under his advice is passing away. "Another race hath been, and other palms are won." And now we ask again, "Was it all true that Carlyle told us? Need we still study this foreign Goethe?" It might be some relief to be told that the fashion is past and need not be revived. For it is not much in our habits to study foreign literature. There is actually only one foreign poet who has influenced us at all profoundly or lastingly, that is Dante. Are we bound to concede this very exceptional honor to Goethe also?

Some obvious considerations might tempt us to hold ourselves excused. Carlyle used to hold up Goethe as a light in religion and philosophy; a guardian who marched before us as a pillar of fire to show the way out of the scepticism of the eighteenth century into faith and serenity. But is not this a view difficult to admit or to understand now that the eighteenth century, with its Voltaires and Fredericks and French revolutions, has receded so far into the distance; now that so many new forms of scepticism have appeared, and so many new ways of dealing with scepticism have been suggested? And if the nimbus of prophecy has faded from about his head, if we look at him again without prepossessions, as Scott or Coleridge looked at him in his own lifetime, and see in him only a distinguished literary man, the author of certain plays, novels, songs and epigrams, of certain fragments of autobiography, criticism and description, does any ground remain for paying him a homage different, not

merely in degree but in kind, from that which we render to other great literary men who have adorned the nineteenth century—to such men, for instance, as Scott or Coleridge themselves, or as Byron, or as Victor Hugo? Assuredly there is no danger that the author of "Faust" will not take rank with the highest of these men. But do his works justify us in raising him far beyond that rank, into the small first class of the select spirits of all time? Why rank him, for instance, with Shakespeare? It may be fair, perhaps, to say that "Faust" would deserve rank, and even high rank, among the Shakespearean dramas; but then "Faust" stands alone among Goethe's works. What other compositions of the first class can he produce? Is it "Hermann und Dorothea"? That, no doubt, is very pretty and perfect. "Iphigenie" is very noble, "Tasso" very refined, "Götz" very spirited, but "Egmont" is somewhat disappointing, and almost all the other plays are unimportant, when they are not, like "Stella," absurd. The pathos of "Werther" is obsolete; and is not "Wilhelm Meister" dull in a good many parts, nay, perhaps everywhere except where it is redeemed by the exquisite invention of Mignon, or by the vivacity of the disreputable Philine? Do not even Germans sometimes acknowledge that they cannot read the "Elective Affinities"? And who can make anything of the second part of "Faust," or the second part of "Meister"? When we praise Shakespeare, we are not obliged to make so many abatements. Among his plays very few can be called failures, and a dozen at least are undoubted masterpieces. But can Goethe hold his own even against Scott in abundance of imagination? To produce his few masterpieces how much effort was bestowed? What a task of self-culture did he impose upon himself? How many large designs did he conceive and abandon? What has become of his "Cæsar," of his "Mohammed," of his "Prometheus," of his "Ahasuerus," of his great religious epic, "Die Geheimnisse," of his national epic on "Bernhard of Saxe Weimar," of his epic on "Wilhelm Tell," of his great trilogy of plays illustrative of the French

Revolution? Of the trilogy we have a single play, "*Die Natürliche Tochter*," of some of the other works more or less considerable fragments, of some not a trace remains. Meanwhile Scott, taking life easily and making no parade of effort, pours out his poems, ballads, romances and novels without stint, finishes whatever he begins, scarcely ever fails to satisfy both himself and the whole world; and though he had a life shorter by twenty years, has left behind him a far greater mass of literature which is still amusing.

Against such objections as these what is Goethe's case? First, then, it may be admitted that Goethe, though he produced a great deal, was not one of those artists whose career is one easy and continuous triumph. The truth is that his circumstances did not admit of this. Artists are like generals, of whom some find an army ready-made, and therefore win a succession of victories, while others are reduced to prove their genius by the skilful use of insufficient means. An artist is no more to be estimated by counting his successful works, than a general simply by counting his victories. But was not Goethe one of the most fortunate of artists? Had he not long life, easy circumstances, and most generous patronage? Nay, in one respect he was among the much-tried artists who correspond to such generals as Washington or William III., generals to whom victory is difficult, because they have to make the armies they fight with.

It is often affirmed that a great poet is the outgrowth and flower of a great age, and this is true of a certain class of great poets. They live in the midst of great men, and within the rumor of great deeds; they use a language which has been gradually moulded to poetic purposes by poets who have been their precursors and whose fame they absorb. Appearing at the right moment, they reap the harvest which has been sown by others. Subjects are waiting for them, style and manner have been prepared, and a public full of sympathy and congeniality welcomes them. Such poets are not like William III. or Washington, but rather like Frederick, who inherited an unrivalled army created by his father, or like Napoleon, who wielded all the prodigious military

force created and trained by the Revolution. Both Shakespeare and Scott may be said to belong to this class. The first is the normal product of the Elizabethan age, which has filled his imagination with its great deeds and the great changes it has wrought. Scott too had, in the first place, the advantage of models, in whose steps it was safe to follow, since Shakespeare himself and the great novelists had created the style and smoothed the path for him, and since in two centuries of a flourishing English literature there had grown up a common understanding between the authors and the public. But, moreover, the teeming imagination which furnished out Scott's poems and romances was also in a certain sense the result of fortunate circumstances. It was not the mere accident of a gifted nature, but the result of local and family associations. In the brain of the Borderer the wild life of his ancestors survived as a perennial spring of ballad poetry and romance. That brain was like a haunted house upon which the strange deeds of a past generation have left their mark. He said himself that he had "a head through which a regiment of horse had been exercising ever since he was five years old." All the turmoil of the blood which is put to rest by the security of a settled civilization, and which had lingered longer on the Border than in any other region so near the capital seats of civilization—all the intense passions, prejudices, and superstitions which make the stock of the romancer and ballad-writer—belonged to Scott, not simply because he was a genius, but mainly because he was a Borderer, because he was a Scott.

Such a case as that of Scott, which is corroborated by the later instances of Hawthorne and Rossetti, teaches us that we ought to distinguish two kinds of poetic imagination. We often speak of the poet as if he drew his inspiration necessarily from Nature, as if he had not only the sources that are open to all, but a peculiar talent of using them, a power of seeing in nature more than others see. These examples show us another kind of poetic imagination, which may be equally powerful and which strikes us also as genuine, but which does not work upon Nature. It

presents images which the poet himself does not think of as real or even as symbolic of reality, which he does not regard seriously, and yet it presents these images again and again, presents them most vividly, and seems unable to present any others. Often we can trace that in these cases poetry is a survival of conviction, belief in the second generation, hereditary sentiment. Some of those who watched Rossetti at his work thought they discovered that he did not regard his own imaginations seriously; and, indeed, what other opinion can one form of the "Song of the Beryl," or the "Ballad of Little Brother?" Similarly, Mr. James remarks of Hawthorne that it would be a great mistake to infer from the constant recurrence in his romances of the ideas of sin, retribution, and the stricken conscience, that Hawthorne himself was under the influence of such sombre ideas, the truth being that he was an easy-going, contented, and comfortable man. But Hawthorne's puritanic ancestors took these ideas seriously, and Rossetti's Italian ancestors in like manner furnished the beliefs which in their secondary form suggested Rossetti's pictures and poems. Of all artists it is Scott who is richest in this kind of inherited sentiment. The shrewd, good-natured, somewhat worldly Scotch lawyer lives in a world of grandiose thoughts, opinions, sentiments, convictions, out of which he composes at his ease a whole literature; and yet if you ask him what he thinks of these thoughts, opinions, sentiments, and convictions, he can only smile and evade the question. "Superstition," he says candidly, "is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in good stead, but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience." They were serious enough to his ancestors, these ideas of clannish devotion, of chivalry, of witchcraft, and demonology; put to him they have come simply by inheritance. All he knows is that when he unlocks the ample chambers of his imagination he finds them there, that they work up into capital stories, if hardly fit for practical use, that in short they are the old furniture of the house in which Nature has placed him.

The poets who have a great fund of

such inherited sentiment are the fortunate poets, who create easily and abundantly. A poet is more fortunate still when the fund of sentiment he inherits is not obsolete to his reason, and when it is richly supplemented by strong and fresh sensations furnished by his own age. If to all this he add from his own genius an original power of insight into Nature and the universe—then we have the Shakespeare, who, though, as Goethe says of him, the life of whole centuries throbbed in his soul, yet is at the same time himself, since he is inspired by his own age as much as by the past and looks forward with eagerness to the future, and since he gives out from his original vitality as much as he receives whether from his ancestors or from his contemporaries.

Now Goethe does not belong to this fortunate class. He did not come into a great poetic inheritance. When we inquire whence came his imaginative wealth, we are obliged to conclude that, in the main, he must have collected it himself. So far from being the growth and representative of a great age, or the result in literature of the silent nobleness of many generations of his countrymen, this great artist grew out of a people which had been sunk for a hundred years in an imaginative impotence as well as in a national and political nullity. The citizen of a declining imperial town, in a country where, as he himself complains, the citizen-class universally wanted personal dignity, in an age when Germany had fallen behind France and England, was destitute of literature, and had suffered its very language to fall into decay, and among the upper classes into disuse; he found no poetical atmosphere about him, but had to struggle with a reign of prosaic mediocrity that reduced him to despair. The stagnation was no mere temporary evil. An Englishman who finds, as Gray did, that he has fallen on a prosaic age, can shut himself up with Shakespeare and Milton, and forget the poverty that surrounds him in "the pomp and prodigality of Heaven!" But in Germany the poverty was of old standing; Goethe saw no great poetic luminaries a century or two behind him. For Milton he had only Hoffmanns-Waldau, for Shakespeare only Gryphius

and Opitz. He rejects such models, and throughout his career we find him leaning on no German predecessors but Hans Sachs, whose merit he rediscovered, and the old Middle German poet of Reineke Voss. And as Germany furnished him with no models, so she afforded few subjects. The Middle Ages were then little explored and little relished. With one vigorous effort Goethe rescues from oblivion the heroic name of Götz v. Berlichingen. But he can do no more. He makes an attempt to revive the memory of the hero of his patron's house, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, but, as we might expect, his imagination recoils in horror from "the miserable Iliad," so he calls it, of the Thirty Years' War. And what could the later period of Germany offer to him? That which makes history poetical—namely, nationality—was wanting there. Only in his own boyhood, when Fritz beat the French at Rosbach, did German history strike out a momentary spark of the fire which warms the poet.

The strange course which German affairs had taken for many centuries, and which had led to the ruinous disaster of the Thirty Years' War, produced pitiable effects upon the manners and ways of thinking of the people. There was a sort of dwarfishness—he himself calls it childishness—in the generation before Goethe, and in his own generation there was a painful consciousness that almost all that constitutes manhood, that self-respect, independence, patriotism, had been lost and needed to be rediscovered. They felt the loss most distinctly when they tried to write, for then they perceived that the true and right style in literature would not come to them. They could but helplessly imitate French models, and their imitations wanted the drawing-room elegance which made the chief charm of those models. When they tried to throw off the French yoke, and to speak with German frankness and simplicity, they found that instead of vigor they achieved only violence, and that their pathos turned into a miserable whine. It is this unfortunate style that our fathers ridiculed in the "Anti-Jacobin" (where Goethe himself is ridiculed), and that still displeases us when we read "Werther." To throw

it off was all the more difficult, because of the want of native models of a better style. When we grew tired of Pope's couplets, we had only to revive an earlier taste; but Goethe and his contemporaries were forced to go to other countries for models. They began by calling in Shakespeare; then they devoted themselves to the imitation of the ancients; then came the turn of Calderon, Hafiz, and the Sakontala. German literature became rich beyond all other literatures in translations and adaptations; but these, however precious, seemed always foreign and far-fetched acquisitions. We see the insurmountable difficulty that Goethe had to contend with, the want of the proper soil for poetry to grow in, and of the proper atmosphere to nourish it, when we remark that after all that he and others could do, German literature seems still, in comparison with other great literatures, somewhat pale, somewhat academic, and wanting in character.

In these circumstances, it was impossible for Goethe to rival Shakespeare in achieving, with triumphant ease, masterpiece after masterpiece. He had to begin by making his way out of the slough to firm land. His first works could not but be faulty, as, in fact, they are overstrained, mawkish, at times ridiculous. When this stage was passed, he would run the risk of seeming too little spontaneous, too much under the influence of foreign models. And throughout he would be under the necessity of putting forth great effort, of schooling himself with the most assiduous vigilance; and it is to be expected that he would sometimes fail, and that he would make many plans which he would afterward find himself unable to execute. On the other hand, in this struggle with difficulties he might achieve certain great results which are not achieved by the happier genius. Peter the Great was not a very successful general; he was terribly beaten by Charles XII. at Narva, terribly beaten by the Turks on the Pruth; nevertheless, he created modern Russia. Something similar may be said of Goethe. "Werther," is morbid, the "Gross-Cophta" is tiresome; but modern German literature is itself in a great de-

gree the production of Goethe. There is much felicity in the compliment which Byron paid him when he dedicated "Sardanapalus" to "the illustrious Goethe, who has created the literature of his country and illustrated that of Europe." This may seem an exaggerated expression; there are indeed few even of the greatest writers of whom it can be justly said that they created the literature of their country. Yet a very recent critic speaks almost as strongly when he writes of the publication of the first collected edition of Goethe's works, which began in 1788 (when the poet was not forty years of age), and was followed almost immediately by five volumes of new writings:

"It is a mere historic fact that since its appearance by far the greatest part of what till then had been considered, and at that time was still considered, genuine poetry, has continually fallen more and more into oblivion, and what poetry appeared afterward, written by others, stood so evidently under the influence of this new sunrise of beauty, that even the most powerful and original of the new poets, even Schiller, could not convey the full impression of his greatness and individuality till he had made a loving study of Goethe's poetry and genius, and so recognized his own difference from Goethe, and, at the same time, his deep agreement with him."^{*}

But this, after all, concerns Germans rather than ourselves. For us the question is, What do his works contain? and not, What effect did they produce in Germany when they first appeared?

Let us try then to describe the kind and degree of the merit, which by every nation alike, and not by the Germans only, has been recognized in Goethe, and has been acknowledged to be such that it can never be forgotten. It would be possible to meet the lazy and superficial objection which I have been combating by an argument of the same superficial kind. By simply reckoning up Goethe's literary achievements, and comparing them, as an examiner might do, with those of other literary men, it may be shown that he is entitled, as it were, by marks to a place very near the top of the literary list. Beside the five or six consummate works, which by universal consent are above criticism, it may be affirmed that his songs are the best in the world. Heine at least, no bad judge

of songs and no over-indulgent critic of Goethe, thought so. Further, he may be called the greatest of all literary critics. And lastly, though he did not write formal essays, yet in the qualities of the essayist, in subtle and abundant observation of human life, in the number and value of his wise remarks and pregnant sentences, he is by far the greatest writer since Montaigne and Bacon. Even if we look no deeper, it is matter for astonishment that the most tender of lyrists, and one of the most inventive and sublime of dramatists, should be found discussing in "Wilhelm Meister" the duties of landowners, and the details of the management of a theatre, with a hard common-sense worthy of Johnson. In truth, however much men may differ about the merits of particular writings of Goethe, yet his literary greatness in general is so striking and so undeniable, that his fame is not in any way bound up with that of German literature. Those who do not relish the German genius in general, who find it wanting in clearness or manliness, must and do make an exception in Goethe's favor.

But to get a clear view of Goethe's genius we must not compare him with others, nor show that he is equal to this author in this, and superior to that author in that, nor must we try him by the common standard, and consider how often by that standard he succeeds and how often he fails. Rather we must understand how he differs from other writers, what an exceptional personality he has, and accordingly what an unusual standard he sets up for himself, and elects to be tried by. If the variety of his works is remarkable, their unity is more remarkable still; it is unique. And if his power strikes us, if at times he is thrilling or overwhelming, his reserve, his reticence, his abstinence are still rarer than his power, and the level flats which at first disappoint us in his works are found to have an interest of their own.

I have spoken of the hereditary sentiment which makes so large a part of poetry, nay, which almost exclusively composes the poetry of many poets. A vast proportion of the poetry that is in the world is not serious. It expresses not what the writer really thinks and

^{*} A. Schöll, "Goethe," p. 124.

feels, but what haunts his brain, the fancies that come to him unbidden, and these are usually an echo of former beliefs. The serious thoughts of one age *walk*, as it were, as the poetry of the ages that follow. Quite different and much less in quantity is the poetry that arises from a fresh, original contemplation of Nature, the poetry which, though perhaps symbolical in form, the author is prepared to stand by as substantially true. There is not much in any age of such poetry, and it is seldom well received. For the public is much more under the dominion of hereditary sentiment than even the poets; the public desires to find in poetry the old commonplaces, and resents being cheated of them. But it is incomparably more valuable, and in fact is the vital element which alone keeps poetry alive. Wordsworth supplied it to England in Goethe's age. Now hereditary poetic sentiment, I have remarked, was wanting in Goethe's age and country. He was driven to be original, and being thus driven he became the avowed enemy of the conventional style, "the mortal enemy," as he loves to say, "of all empty verbiage." He takes poetry very seriously indeed. It is not enough for him that a poem is eloquent or high-sounding, or that it is popular; not enough even that it acts on the feelings, that it draws tears or excites enthusiasm. "Touch the heart!" he exclaims, "any bungler can do that!" According to him poetry must be *true*, and he presses this principle with such rigor, that he seems to withdraw the art from popular judgment altogether. In short, all the work of reformation that was done in England by Wordsworth was done at the same time for Germany by Goethe. It was done not indeed more faithfully and in the face of less opposition; but it was done with far wider intelligence, and with far profounder results. But that it should have been done at all, adds another great title to those high and various pretensions which Goethe puts forward. The Shakespeare was at the same time the Wordsworth. The great creator who imagined Faust and Gretchen, who certainly could not say with Wordsworth "to freeze the blood I have no ready arts," is nevertheless as vigorous

a reformer, and holds mere popularity in as sovereign contempt, as Wordsworth himself.

Wordsworth went without popularity, and it may strike us as natural that such a serious view of poetry should not commend itself to the multitude. To the multitude, indeed, it seems pedantic and almost self-contradictory; for is not poetry a pleasure, a natural recreation of the spirit, and what can be more perverse than to sophisticate it with reasoning? Was Goethe then unpopular also? The history of Goethe's reputation, and of his popularity in Germany, is long and interesting. I shall return to it. Meanwhile, it is to be said that certainly he suffered no such neglect as Wordsworth. Some of his works were vastly popular. He began with the greatest popular triumph that has been witnessed in German literary history. The reception of "Götz" and of "Werther," was similar to that of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and the first canto of "Childe Harold" in England; and as Goethe was the author of both works, his fame after their appearance was like that of Scott and that of Byron taken together. About 1775 he was by far the most popular poet, not only living, but that had lived, in Germany. Had Goethe been only a Scott, or only a Byron, or only a Scott and Byron in one, he would have taken his fortune at the flood, and poured out during the next twenty years a series of chivalrous romances, and another series of domestic tales of love and suicide. Certainly at that time it could hardly have been expected that he would appear as a vigorous reformer of taste. Again, in the middle of his career, his "Hermann und Dorothea" was enthusiastically received, and of course the First Part of "Faust," which, in its complete form, did not come before the world till Goethe was fifty-nine years of age, had an unbounded popularity. But in the long intervals between these great triumphs he often passed into the background, was often almost forgotten, or was believed to have been spoiled for literature by the distractions of Court-life. Even when his fame was solidly established it became the custom to say, and Coleridge repeated it in England in the only

passage in which Coleridge ever spoke of Goethe, that his writings did not, and never would, go to the heart of the German people as did those of Schiller, and that there was a certain coldness about them. Other critics outside Germany have charged him not only with coldness, but even with dullness; M. Schérer, for example.

On this question of dullness we must distinguish. Goethe had a long old age. Perhaps we ought to consider that the "Westöstlicher Divan," which appeared in 1819, marks the close of his really vigorous authorship. But he lived and labored for twelve years after this date. In the production of those twelve years, no doubt much is languid, and we can only say in apology that the writer is old, and, especially when we speak of the second part of "Faust," that admiration and flattery have caused him to overrate the importance of his writings. But if we find dullness in the writings of his vigorous period, it must be due to another cause. Dullness, when we attribute it to a writer, is after all a relative term; it expresses only a want of correspondence between the mind of the writer and that of the reader. The writer finds something interesting, and therefore enlarges upon it, but the reader does not find it interesting. To that reader therefore that writer is dull; but it is equally true that the reader seems dull to the writer. On which side the dullness actually resides depends upon the question, whether the matter which actually does not interest the reader ought to interest him. When Wordsworth's readers pish and psha at his stories of humble life, and protest that they take no interest in them, Wordsworth answers: But you ought to take an interest! It is not quite nor always, but it is partly and at times, the same with Goethe. What you call dullness he calls seriousness. Wilhelm's interminable description of the puppet-show in the first book of "Wilhelm Meister" puts Marianne to sleep; that is, the writer knows well that he is writing what plain people will find dull, but to himself, since he is seriously inquiring into the philosophy of the drama, these things are interesting and seem to deserve close attention.

Of all imaginative writers Goethe is,

perhaps, the most serious; not the most solemn, nor the most passionate, nor the most earnest, but the most serious. He is absolutely bent upon grasping and expressing the truth; he has no pleasure in any imaginations, however splendid or impressive, which he cannot feel to be true; on the other hand, when he feels that he is dealing with truth he seems to care little, and sometimes to forget altogether, that it is not interesting. This is highly characteristic of the man who took almost as much interest in science as in poetry, and could perform with infinite assiduity the task of a practical administrator. When we consider indeed the methodical and practical seriousness of his character, what surprises us is not so much that his writings should here and there be heavy, as that he should have continued through a long life to be a poet, and a highly imaginative and brilliant poet. What was rather to be predicted of such a nature was, that after a poetic youth he would find the serious business of his life either in science or in administration.

Literature is perhaps at best a compromise between truth and fancy, between seriousness and trifling. It cannot do without something of popularity, and yet the writer who thinks much of popularity is unfaithful to his mission; on the other hand, he who leans too heavily upon literature breaks through it into science or into practical business. Goethe was often in danger of seeing his art thus give way under him; when he says that but for Schiller's sympathy he does not know what would have become of him, he seems to mean that he was on the point, at the moment when Schiller came to the rescue, of abandoning poetry for science. He is always so near to reality, and examines it with such penetrating eyes, that it is a problem how he can remain a poet; for is poetry possible without something of illusion? Yet he remains a poet to the last. Business could not make him dull, nor science sceptical; even when old age was added to both, he might lose something of his force, but his imagination remained warm and glowing. The second part of "Faust" may show signs of decay, but assuredly it is not prosaic. On the point of disappearance, this

great orb of poetry is surrounded by a fantastic pomp of form and color. Nor, on the other hand, does he ever become a mere cold realist. If he accumulates details it is not in the spirit of a Defoe, or for the mere pleasure of producing illusion—for the generalizing tendency, so far from being weak, is almost excessive in him; but because, like the inductive philosopher, he is eager for facts and desires to have the broadest basis for his conclusions.

This taste for facts is not only to be perceived in the minuteness of particular descriptions, but in the whole character of his plays, novels and poems, and it explains how they may often seem dull, and sometimes may really be so. Seriousness and dulness may easily in literature be mistaken for each other. What is uninteresting as fiction may be highly interesting when it is regarded as fact; and in Goethe's works much more is fact and much less is mere fiction than the reader is apt to assume. His most famous work, "*Faust*," is not that which is most characteristic of his genius. He there revels in quaint and audacious invention, quite contrary to the habit, contrary even to the cherished principles, of his mature life. The truth is that "*Faust*," though it was finished and published late, is in its conception a youthful work. He was long disposed to regard the commencement he had early made as among the crudities which in his second period he had outgrown. For many years it lay untouched, and when, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, he turned once more to "these modern phantoms," as he calls them, it is with misgiving and repugnance. But a tide of mediævalism set in, by which, in spite of himself, he was carried away, and the First Part of "*Faust*," published in 1808, was Goethe's concession to the romanticist fashion—a sort of opportunistic abandonment of his mature convictions and return to an earlier style which he had deliberately renounced. Many misconceptions of Goethe have resulted from the habit of estimating him by this exceptional work. In his other works it is a general rule that they are founded in a remarkable degree upon fact. "*Götz*" is a dramatized memoir, so is "*Clavigo*." "*Werther*" was

constructed by combining what had passed between Goethe and Lotte Buff with the circumstances of Jerusalem's suicide. "*Tasso*" is a picture of Court-life at Weimar; and in the relations of Tasso to the Princess, we see a reflection of those of Goethe to Frau v. Stein. In "*Wilhelm Meister*," it is known that the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" are substantially the memoirs of Fräulein v. Klettenberg, to which Goethe has made some additions. Much of this novel also is autobiographical. In the first book there are many pages which might almost as well have appeared in "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*." The very name of the hero is explained when we find Goethe in his early period, and when his enthusiasm for Shakespeare was at its height, harping upon William as the name of his guardian genius. When we find his songs, in like manner, suggested in almost every case by some real incident and some real feeling, we begin to perceive that Goethe regards poetry and literature generally in a way peculiar to himself. He brings it into a much closer connexion than other writers with actual life and experience. We perceive the full force of his own statement, that all his works taken together made up a great confession. With this clew in their hands, the commentators have traced the origin of a vast number of incidents and characters which otherwise would have been held, as a matter of course, to have been invented by Goethe. Thus in the little play, "*Die Geschwister*," we meet again with the Frau v. Stein. The story of "*Stella*" has been traced to the circle of Jacobi. In "*Wilhelm Meister*," numberless identifications have been made. The prince in whose honor the players perform the masque of "*Peace*," is Prince Henry of Prussia; the pedantic count is Count Werther, the countess is the sister of Minister Stein, and so on without end. Such identifications are unimportant in themselves, but they throw light upon the working of Goethe's imagination. They show us in what a singular degree real life furnished him not only with material, but with inspiration. He has himself told us that his only way of getting rid of the experiences which pressed upon him, was to

put them in a book. Many poets set a wide gulf between the real world and the world of their imaginations; most, perhaps, receive from life one or two strong and fresh impressions, which they afterward mix with a large amount of traditional commonplace; few but regard reality as an influence more or less adverse, more or less disenchanting. To Goethe, reality is the sole source of poetry; in his works so much poetry, so much experience.

Only a very great genius can venture to be thus matter-of-fact, and the greatest genius will not always handle such a method successfully. He who habitually turns his own life into poetry, who lays before the public whatever has chanced to make a deep impression upon himself, will at times—especially when, like Goethe, he is not writing for a livelihood—write what cannot possibly be interesting to others; and Goethe has written many pages tiresomely precise, which no one, if they had been written by any ordinary writer, would care to read, and many more which, if not wholly unimportant, seem at least not important enough. More usually he is not in reality dull; but he is, in his prose writings at least, what those who read lightly and for mere amusement call dull. Such readers can make little, for instance of "Wilhelm Meister," a novel with few incidents and only one or two strongly-marked characters—"a menagerie of tame cattle," Niebuhr called it—but full of discussion, strangely labored and minute, on matters more or less practical. It is as uninteresting to most plain people as Wordsworth's "Prelude," and much more prosaic. Goethe has not in this instance made a mistake; he has only given the rein to his realistic and serious genius. But the majority of mankind are not serious, and if they enjoy realism, it is not realism of this kind. He aims at no illusion, and his minute descriptions are seldom humorous. He appears as a philosophic realist, studying life that he may become wise, and describing it that he may make his readers wise. Alas, for ninety-nine out of every hundred of them!

If he had not once or twice, especially in "Faust," had the good luck to light upon a fable interesting to all the world,

and so once or twice charmed, like Shakespeare, the many and the few at once, Goethe would have remained, at least outside Germany, a writer little known and only prized by a curious reader here and there. As it is, his universal fame brings into notice pieces which have no superficial attractions, and makes men study closely other pieces which they would have passed over lightly. Once admitted as a classic, he reaps all the benefit of his seriousness. For his works bear examination if only they can attract it. Those who read them at all will read them over and over. Here is literature which nourishes; here are books which may become bosom friends. Here are high views put forward modestly, grand and large ideas which will not disappoint those who try to reduce them to practice; precepts which are not merely earnest, but, what is so much rarer, serious.

He makes his Tasso say of Clorinda, Armida, Tancred, and the rest, what sounds strangely when applied to them, "I know they are immortal, for they are." (*Ich weiss es, sie sind ewig, denn sie sind.*) Of Goethe's own characters this might very fairly be said, and it is a remarkable saying. He, one of the great poetic creators, hardly believes in what is called the creative imagination at all. According to him, if a character is to be such as will bear examination, it must not be invented, but transferred from real life. The very play from which the maxim is taken illustrates it. Tasso at Ferrara is in reality Goethe at Weimar, not indeed Goethe as he was, for he had precisely the balance of character which Tasso wants, but as he was tempted to be, as he feared in the first years of his Court-life to become. How consistently in all his works he acted on the same maxim his commentators have shown, and those who assume to be his critics should be careful to remember. Perhaps Goethe does not impress us quite as Shakespeare does, whose plays are so full of latent thought, who reveals so much on close examination which is wholly unsuspected by the ordinary reader, that an experienced student of him gives up fault-finding in despair. Goethe, on the other hand, seems quite capable of making mis-

takes; still there is such a fund of reality and of actual fact in his so-called fiction that criticism of it may easily be rash. Thus Coleridge, in the curious passage which is his sole manifesto on the subject of the greatest writer of his age, finds fault with the character of "Faust," which he calls dull and meaningless. It is indeed not quite easy to understand "Faust," as it is not easy to understand "Hamlet." But Coleridge himself more earnestly than any one forbids us to lay the blame of the obscurity of Hamlet's character on Shakespeare. And there is at least a probability that Faust's character too will bear examination, because Faust is no mere imaginary being, but is in fact Goethe himself. If inconsistency has crept in, it is the consequence of a questionable practice which Goethe had of keeping his designs so long by him that his hand altered during the progress of the execution.

Goethe then is not in the same class as Scott, first, because he wants the rich fund of traditional sentiment which came to Scott by right of birth; secondly, because he has a much more abundant supply of what may be called new poetry—that is, poetry derived at first hand from Nature, which is as a spring chillingly cold, yet so pure and refreshing! He is not like Scott, but rather like Wordsworth and Shakespeare compounded together. But before our conception of him can be complete, we must recognize another great quality that he possesses.

Goethe is a perfect Solomon for proverbs; they pour from him in floods. He has such an abundance of them to communicate, that he is often at a loss where to find room for them, and puts them recklessly into the mouths of personages who cannot reasonably be credited with such a rare talent for generalization—the practical Therese, the tender and unhappy Ottilie. The knack of coining pregnant sentences is so remarkable in him, that when we see it so strangely combined with a lyrical talent and a love of natural science, we are irresistibly reminded of the ancient description of Solomon, which says that he "spake of trees, from the cedar which is in Lebanon to the hyssop which springeth out of the wall; also he spake

three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five." He is a sage as truly as he is a poet, and never, unless in Shakespeare, has such another combination of the generalizing with the imaginative faculty been witnessed. But when we examine his wisdom, we find that it is much more than a mere instinctive habit of observation combined with an unrivalled power of expression. His sentences are not mere detached fragments, or momentary flashes, of insight. They are the coherent aphorisms of a sort of system of philosophy. He is not merely a sage, he is even a philosopher. His wisdom, though it is not presented in scholastic form, has unity about it, and is calculated to influence, nay, has deeply influenced, philosophic students. We have had, in recent times, several literary men, who, without being philosophers in the academic sense, yet claim to have something to say and to contribute something original to philosophic discussion. And the most specialized philosophers may well listen with respect, as Mill listens to Wordsworth, to men of exceptional sensibility, who see the universe in a light peculiar to themselves, even when such men are without learning, and cannot command the proper philosophic expression for their thoughts. Goethe looks at the discussions of the school from the outside, and regards them rather with derision than respect, as the readers of "Faust" do not need to be reminded. He continued through life to regard the new systems which sprang up around him with something of the same sceptical indifference which he had shown in youth to the Collegium Logicum. Of all the great philosophers, perhaps, only Spinoza produced much impression on him. Yet he is a philosopher in a higher degree than any other literary man, and has produced a deeper impression than any literary man upon thinkers and students. Though in the modern sense we hesitate to call him a philosopher, yet in the old sense, and in the highest sense of the name, few of the recognized philosophers have nearly so good a title to it as he. For to him philosophy is not merely a study, but a life; it is not summed up in thinking and classifying and constructing systems, but extends to all departments of

activity. And it would be difficult to name the philosopher who has devoted himself with more methodical seriousness than Goethe to the problem of leading, and then of teaching, the best and most desirable kind of life. He conceives the problem in its largest possible extent. From prudential maxims in the style of Johnson, he rises to more general precepts on the choice of a vocation, pouring out a fund of wisdom peculiarly his own on the mistakes men make about their own aptitudes; then he dwells more particularly on the life of the artist, a subject till then scarcely noticed by moralists, but treated by Goethe with the greatest comprehensiveness; then he rises to morality and religion. On all subjects alike he is serious; on all subjects perfectly unfettered. He has the advantage of a vast experience, for he has practised every art, tasted every literature, informed himself about every science, turning away only from quite abstract studies, mathematics, logic, and metaphysics; and beside all that can be acquired from study, society, and travel, he has managed a theatre and governed a small State. He has the coolness and shrewdness of the most practical men; but he has none of the narrowness, none of the hardness, to which practical men are liable. On the contrary, he is full of tender sympathy, and he has also infinite good-humor.

Had Goethe appeared as a thinker and philosopher only, he would have been similar to Bacon. Can we say that he would have been at all inferior? His observation extends over wider provinces of life; he is more honest, more kindly. His faculty of style is at least equally great. There is a certain similarity too in the scientific pretensions of the two men. Both professed to be discoverers, and the claims of both have been denied; but what seems clear is that both had a prophetic sense of the tendency of science, a profound and just instinct of new scientific developments at hand.

I do not speak here of what may be questionable in Goethe's speculations.

I do not raise the question whether his influence may not have been in some respects harmful. The question in this article is simply of the extent or magnitude of his influence.

What an imposing total do we arrive at if we add together all the qualities that have been enumerated! The creator of the literature of his country, the author of the freshest lyrics, and one of the grandest dramas, the high-minded literary reformer, disdainful of popularity, who kept his works free from rhetorical falseness, the unrivalled critic and observer; this man is also the teacher, and at the same time the example, of a great system of practical philosophy.

Scarcely any man has been to any nation all that Goethe has been to Germany. When we think what he did, we are irresistibly led to inquire what he was. He, himself, in "Dichtung und Wahrheit," showed that the key to his writings is to be found in his biography. His countrymen have taken the hint with German docility, and followed it up with German industry. It has been said that the life of Louis XIV. might almost be written from day to day, and we begin to know Goethe's life with the same minuteness. The revelation certainly heightens our sense of his greatness. If we look merely at the fulness of his life, at the quantity of action, sensation and thought comprised in it, if we try merely to reckon up how much work he did, we are lost in amazement, and admire more than ever the rare quality, the freshness and exquisiteness of so much of that work. Our conception of Goethe is completed when we add to all the numerous and various excellencies shown in his writings, that in the man himself as he lived and moved, there was a spring of vitality so fresh ("a heart as strong as a mountain river"), that the mere story of his life without any help from strange adventures, the mere narrative of his undertakings, travels, plans, conversations, loves and friendships, is fascinating.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE ATTITUDE OF CARLYLE AND EMERSON TOWARD CHRISTIANITY.

BY R. C. SEATON.

IN the November number of this *Review* the respective intellectual positions of Johnson and Carlyle were discussed, and it was shown that even those who reject the supernatural sanctions of Christianity are forced almost in their own despite to fall back for support on the fundamental moral conclusions of Christian theology.* It is proposed to indicate in this paper the attitude of Carlyle toward Christianity, and in doing so it may be useful to say something of another writer whose name is often joined with Carlyle's. I mean Emerson, who is sometimes—especially by those who talk as if an epigrammatic expression were a valid substitute for accurate thought—called an "American Carlyle." Now in one sense—in the broad sense that both these thinkers were opposed to the materialistic view of the universe—they do agree. But this is so general an agreement as not to form a basis for comparison, and from every other point of view if their names are to be brought together they should be contrasted and not compared. One cannot be adequately expressed in the terms of the other: Carlyle might as well be called a "Scotch Emerson." In truth if it had not been for the fortunate visit of Emerson to Craigenputtock in 1833, before Carlyle's moroseness had become a habit, one may safely predict they would have found no mutual attraction. This, however, is not the place to draw out the contrast into details, more especially as Emerson has never exercised much influence on English thought, but rather to confine that contrast to one special point, that is the relations of both to historical Christianity.

In the paper above referred to, it was pointed out that Carlyle treated the evil which is in the world as being rather the result of outward circumstances than of anything inherent in human nature. Emerson did not make this mistake, but he considered this evil too exclusively

from one point of view. It appeared to him only as a desire for perfection. Man, he says, is a God in ruins, the dwarf of himself, but in this very thing consists his superiority to the beasts.

He is capable of self-improvement—

The fiend that man harries
Is love of the best.

Even the greatest crime is evidence of the strength of the moral sentiment, else how could it be a crime? For

We envy not the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Hence Emerson looked forward to an indefinite advance in human society. "Wordsworth," he says, "writes of the delights of the boy in Nature:

For never will come back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.

But I have just seen a man, well knowing what he spoke of, who told me that the verse was not true for him; that his eyes opened as he grew older, and that every spring was more beautiful to him than the last." Man must in the future rise to his former stature and recover his original brightness. Nothing less can be destined for such a being.

His tongue was framed to music,
And his hand was armed with skill,
His face was the mould of beauty,
And his heart the throne of will.

Here is Emerson's great defect. There is a terrible want of humility about him. "What have I to do with repentance?" he frequently asks, and says it is an unhealthy sign when a man has much to do with his sins. While vastly superior to Carlyle in breadth, he has no consolation for the afflicted soul. "Think of Him whom thou worshippest, The Crucified, who also treading the wine-press *alone* fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it, and made it holy, and built of it a 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' for thee and all the wretched." Thus does Carlyle address Marie Antoinette. Emerson *could not*

* "Johnson and Carlyle: Transcendentalism *versus* Common Sense." By W. J. Court-hope.

have written this sentence. He must be read while one is in good health and spirits. He is all ice, Carlyle all fire. Emerson rebukes what he calls the impertinence of private grief before the infinity of Nature. For Nature supplies morality as well as everything else. "All things," he says, "are moral . . . every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments." This, however, is precisely what the ordinary man cannot believe. He finds that Nature treats good and bad alike. The fact in human nature, which to Emerson appears as the desire for improvement, presents itself to the other as primarily a sense of sin—a need of something external to one's self on which to rely. He looks around and can find no morality in Nature. He is therefore obliged to conclude that beyond Nature there exist realities to correspond to certain feelings in his heart. As there is no natural desire which has not its appropriate object in Nature, so he thinks there is no spiritual desire which has not its appropriate object, if not in Nature, then beyond it. And this belief is faith—the steadfast assurance of things not seen. Emerson is as far as possible from materialism. The devil of the modern world, he says, is Goethe's Mephistopheles—the dedication of the intellect to the gratification of the senses. It need never be feared that materialism as a creed can ever become popular for long. The theory of evolution may or may not be true in physics. Carlyle always rejected it with scorn as "stupidity," but probably he never troubled himself to examine it. Emerson, on the other hand, welcomed it as a valuable addition to human knowledge. He writes:

The electric word pronounced by John Hunter a hundred years ago—arrested and progressive development—indicating the way upward from the invisible protoplasm to the highest organisms, gave the poetic key to natural science, of which the theories of Geoffrey St. Hilaire, of Oken, of Goethe, of Agassiz, and Owen, and Darwin, in zoology and botany, are the fruits—a hint whose power is not yet exhausted, showing unity and perfect order in physics.

But, however true it may be in physics, it can never be accepted in morals.

Mankind will never reconcile themselves to an "hereditary conscience" because it is clean contrary to the facts of human nature. We reject it at once. If it were true, why should it be so immediately rejected? Can it be that together with the "hereditary conscience" there has grown up an hereditary conviction that there is *not* an hereditary conscience? One conclusion is about as good as the other.

The chief difference between one man and another is in the number of things he takes for granted—the number of his principles or fixed points, about which he entertains no doubt whatever. These lie as a background to all his reasoning, and it is generally found that when people differ really and not verbally it is because they disagree on some fundamental point, which argument cannot touch. The more of these fixed points a man has, the narrower are the bounds within which he exercises his reason, and consequently the larger is the domain of faith. But without *some* principles there can be no faith. The most important thing about a man is what he believes. It seems, therefore, to be a foolish remark of Mr. Symonds in his *Life of Shelley* that Shelley is too great to be a text for a sermon, unless he is prepared to maintain (which is not credible) that a man of genius is to be free to conduct his life as he pleases, and Shelley was the last person to advance such a claim for himself. If Keats ever said, as he is reported to have said, that he had no opinion upon anything in the world except matters of taste, he ought to have been ashamed of himself. "No one," says Fichte, "need pride himself upon genius, for it is the free gift of God; but of honest industry and true devotion to his destiny, any man may well be proud." We read that there are certain fish living near the bottom of the sea which have within them an explosive force capable of resisting the weight of water above. When drawn to the surface they burst, not having the necessary pressure outside. So it is with faith. It is an internal force to counteract the moral difficulties of the world; and if everything was perfect and everybody was happy, there would be no need of it. If we think a moment, the goodness and

mercy and justice of God are simply matters of faith. Looking at the world, and what goes on in it, with the intellect merely, it is much easier (to speak with all reverence) to prove God to be a demon than a God of benevolence. In short, as J. S. Mill said, "If God is omnipotent, he wills misery, and there is no escape from the argument." But it is overlooked that it may be doubted whether we have a right to argue in this way. It is a confusion of planes. We imagine that God, who sees all, sees as we do, who only see a fraction. To quote Emerson again, "It is to carry the law of surface into the plane of substance, to carry individualism and its fopperies into the realm of essences and generals, which is dislocation and chaos." The preacher says, "Be not righteous over-much," that is, more righteous than God. This is that suicidal tendency of the intellect which Newman sees in "Liberalism"—that terrible solvent leading to sheer atheism, which it is the business of the Church of Christ to resist. It is this merely human knowledge of which the poet says—

What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain
Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

There must be no arguing on first principles. They are given us to act from, not to talk about.

Neither Emerson nor Carlyle, then, had any taint of scepticism as to the existence of God or the transcendental nature of morality as above remarked. Again, they both rejected Christianity as exhibited in history; but they rejected it not quite on the same grounds, nor quite to the same extent. Carlyle has a higher conception of the character of Christ when he says that Christianity introduced some new standard into the world, the "Worship of Sorrow," differing not in degree, but in kind, from all doctrines of philosophers, differing, "as a perfect ideal poem does, from a correct computation in arithmetic." But he rejects the miracles. "It is as certain as mathematics," he says, "that no such thing ever has been or can be."

It may be unbecoming to treat with

levity so famous and time-worn an argument against miracles as Hume's, viz. "that it is contrary to experience that miracles should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false," but the only remarkable thing about it seems to me to be that it should ever have become famous. It proves too much. It proves not merely that a miracle has never happened, but that it could not happen. But surely all our knowledge of what is external to ourselves depends on the evidence of our senses; and the same evidence that shows the uniformity of the (so-called) "laws of nature," can also in a particular case show their want of uniformity. What is really wanted to prove anything of which we have had no experience is not different evidence but stronger evidence. But to argue that because a thing has been observed to happen in one way it must always happen in that way is childish. Thus Theodore Parker, in his *Discourse on Religion*, says of some of the events narrated in the Old Testament that they are stories "so absurd that no amount of testimony can make them credible." It is only labor thrown away to spend any time over an author who can write such a sentence. General considerations as to the probability or not of an event happening, are out of place in the face of direct and unimpeachable testimony of its having happened. It is as if a man were convicted of stealing on the clearest evidence; and then witnesses to character were to be called to prove that it was impossible he could have been guilty of such a crime, because he was such a respectable person! Of course Professor Huxley does not make such a mistake, and his remarks on this subject in his *Life of Hume* are well worth attention. He says, then, that the definition of a miracle as a "violation of the laws of nature" is an abuse of language. For nature "is neither more nor less than that which is the sum of phenomena presented to our experience. Every event must be taken to be a part of nature until proof to the contrary is supplied. And such proof is, from the nature of the case, impossible." Every word of this is perfectly true, if you will only make one assumption which the Christian can never allow to be made,

namely, that there is no God existing outside the world we know.

If we can have faith to believe in the existence of a God who rules nature all difficulty vanishes. From this point of view St. Augustine says all there is to be said when he writes "Omnia portenta contra naturam dicimus esse. Sed non sunt. Quomodo est enim 'contra naturam' quod Dei fit voluntate, quum voluntas tanti utique conditoris conditæ rei cuiusque natura sit? Portentum ergo fit, non contra naturam, sed contra quam est nota natura."* The words "laws of nature" in a narrower sense can thus have a very real and plain meaning as denoting the general course of God's providence; and if God has made certain "laws of nature," is it inconceivable that in a particular instance he should suspend these laws? It is, however, often said, how presumptuous it is to suppose that the infinite God should interfere in the petty affairs of mankind! But is it not equally presumptuous to suppose that He should not interfere, is it not indeed more presumptuous, since the doctrine of a special providence is prominently put forward by Christ?

With regard, then, to any (so-called) "miraculous" narratives in the Old Testament, it may be admitted that when it can be clearly shown that a certain thing there recorded to have happened did not happen, and this is, of course, not easy of proof, the Scripture account is not correct, and one might say with De Quincey that Scripture was given us to instruct us concerning subjects we could not find out for ourselves, and is not necessarily infallible in other matters. For the man of Science and the man of Faith as such rotate in different orbits. Each has his proper subject matter and it is merely "want of lucidity" that brings about a collision. Faith asks the questions, whence? and whither? Science, how? and where? Science concerns itself with phenomena and relations, Faith with essences and absolutes. For instance, Transubstantiation is not a physical, but a metaphysical doctrine. It may or may not be true. A Romanist believes it because it was defined to be part of the *depositum*

of faith by the Council of Trent. But it certainly is not proved to be false by the old test of offering the bread to a mouse! Such a doctrine may be, as Newman points out, difficult to imagine; but when it is clear that it is imposed by an infallible authority, it is not difficult to believe. Carlyle rejects Christianity on the ground of experience, Emerson rather on *a priori* grounds; for he does not condescend to argue against miracles, he treats them as the inevitable superstitions of an ignorant age. Emerson, too, always speaks of Jesus Christ as a great moral teacher, thus reducing Him to the level of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, etc. "Historical Christianity," he says, "has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. It has dwelt, it dwells, with noxious exaggeration, about the person of Jesus." "The broad ethics of Jesus were quickly narrowed to village theologies." Again, a second error is this, "that the moral nature is not explored as the fountain of the established teaching in society. Men have come to speak of the revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead."

Now the statement of the first of these "errors" is correct. It is true that Christianity dwells on the person of Christ. The second is true to this extent, that Christians believe that God *did* reveal himself in a special manner and once for all through Christ, and that Christ deliberately taught certain doctrines, nay, more, that He offered Himself as a divine object of worship; but not true, so far as Emerson's words imply that the natural light of the conscience is superseded by any special doctrine. Christianity does not claim to obscure that light, but to render it clearer; to reconcile the apparent contradiction between the course of nature and the law written on the heart. As Pascal said: "En Jésus Christ toutes les contradictions sont accordées." But what Emerson considers noxious errors the Church of Christ asserts as glorious prerogatives, as an answer to that cry of anguish with which all creation groaneth and travaileth. Is any man, then, at liberty to take from the Gospels what chimes in with his *a priori* notions

* St. Aug. *De Civ. Dei*, xxi. 8.

of what Christ said and did, in preference to what he finds there recorded? May he pick and choose the moral precepts from the synoptic gospels and reject the doctrines in St. John's Gospel? May he accept the most divine sayings of our Lord and discard the miracles which give the special point to many of those sayings? Why should the apostles be better witnesses of the words of Christ than of his deeds? The former were as much beyond their experience as the latter. And when it is said that the Christian believed Christianity to be true, because he *wished* it to be true, the reply is obvious. The infinite importance (to him) of the interests involved would prevent his contending the objective fact with the *belief* in its truth. Will a man be ready to renounce all that makes his life worth having (as the world judges) for a sentiment? But, as St. Paul said, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Both Emerson and Carlyle seem to be guilty of making this arbitrary selection. If Christ was in truth only a "moral teacher," it is difficult to say that he was not an impostor, because he certainly claimed to be something more. Besides, we should have heard almost enough of him, as of other "moral teachers" by this time, and agree with Voltaire when he exclaimed, "I pray you, never let me hear that man's name again." As above stated, Carlyle takes a much higher view of Christ than this; but it is rather at the expense of consistency. Because if the teaching of Jesus differs *in kind* and not merely *in degree* from that of all philosophers, etc., the reason must be that He himself was different *in kind* from them—namely, a divine person.

We often hear a demand for the Christian morality without the Christian theology. "What does it matter," people say, "what a man believes as long as he acts honestly? Give us practical virtue and not dogmas." Shelley said to Leigh Hunt in Pisa Cathedral, "What a glorious thing would be a religion founded on charity and not on faith!" And Pope wrote:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Vain expectation! Very specious, very

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XL., No. 4

philanthropic—but impossible; and there is no one like Pope for clothing the untidiest thoughts in the neatest language.

Christian morality can no more be separated from Christian faith than the body from the soul. They are not so much two things as two aspects of the same thing. Morality is faith in energy. Faith is action in possibility. But do what you will, be as "practical" as you like, you cannot escape from dogma. It may not be called by that name, but the thing remains. It is the intellectual side of truth. Whatever we do, that is, consciously and not instinctively, is done by us in consequence of some feeling in our minds which admits of being put into an intellectual form. One thing seems right to be done, some other thing wrong; and the veriest agnostic cannot help doing something in the course of his life. But, it may be replied, granting all this, which everyone must admit, the real objection herein made to Christianity is that it makes certain beliefs in matters wholly beyond the scope of this present life necessary to salvation—matters, indeed, that can have no possible bearing on our conduct in the world. But how, pray, can you tell that? Some opinion may lie quiet in the mind for years, and yet at length, in the infinite complexities of human life, a man is brought face to face with it, and he has to decide how it shall affect his action. Besides, is it so hard a thing to believe when it is recognized as a duty? Does it not remind one of Naaman, whose pride revolted at the simplicity of the conditions on which his cure was to be effected? A man's belief depends on his will, and he is just as responsible for his opinions as for his acts. But eccentricities of action cannot be tolerated by society beyond certain limits, and many opinions are tolerated merely on condition of their not being publicly expressed.

It must be remembered that Emerson was brought up a Unitarian, was for some time a Unitarian Minister, and only ceased to be so because his views became more "advanced" than those of his congregation. The tendency of Unitarianism is to exalt the intellectual element in religion at the expense of the emotional, and so to lose balance

until all boundaries of thought are obliterated, and one Unitarian differs as much from another as that other differs from, say, a Romanist. Thus Channing denies there is such a thing as a Christian creed, but admits the miracles of the Gospel. Theodore Parker concerns himself almost entirely with "absolute religion." Emerson goes further than both, and almost reduces Christ to an abstraction, to the man who is more than any other "an emanation from the Universal Soul."

A little of this soon wearies, and probably its very tiresomeness prevents it from doing much harm, but in itself it is far more dangerous to Christianity than the crude blasphemies of atheistical lecturers. "I do not press," says Emerson, "the scepticism of the materialist. I know the quadruped opinion will not prevail. 'Tis of no importance what bats and oxen think." True enough, and yet the effect of Emerson's writings upon inferior men may well be to encourage the "quadruped opinion."

This picking and choosing from the Gospels is well illustrated in the case of a living writer, much more widely known than Emerson. With all respect for M. Rénan's character, all admiration for his genius, I cannot but think that his *Life of Jesus* shows how an able and conscientious man can pervert his mind by following out his own theory in the face of history. No man who reflects at all can for a moment accept the "sweet Galilean vision." To make the Gospel an idyll, the most salient facts must be omitted or explained away, the most trivial must be exaggerated. No: would a "vision," however "sweet," have broken the strength of the Roman Empire? Would it have beaten down the aristocratic barriers of birth and caste? Would it have controlled the brutal energies of the Teutonic race, and turned their enthusiasm into fresh channels? Would it have lasted in all its vigor to this day? M. Rénan tells us in his recently-published autobiography, with that egotism which is one of his least pleasing characteristics, "that no one but himself in this century has understood Jesus." If that be so, everyone else must have woefully misunderstood Him. M. Ré-

nan says again, "I should have made an excellent priest. I should have been indulgent, paternal, charitable, irreprouchable." An excellent priest indeed! but then St. Paul made a very bad one. It is the first requisite of a Christian to be able to hate—to hate sin. M. Rénan cannot hate enough. Hate must in order of time precede love. Our goodness must have a "cutting-edge" to it, or it is valueless. A Christian must not be a "mush of concession." It would never have been worth anyone's while to crucify M. Rénan. The Scribes and Pharisees, like men of the world as they were, would have passed him by as an amiable but harmless enthusiast. No one can successfully run counter to the world without taking his life in his hands. The world can be subdued by nothing less tough than itself. If you make yourself obnoxious it will try to put you down, and unless you are in earnest it will certainly succeed. It is a hard thing to die for religion, but it is harder still to live for it, and the shores of history are strewn with the wrecked lives of reformers who afterwards recanted.

Why then do men reject Christianity, and those who by nature and education are well fitted to be its boldest champions become its bitterest opponents? Besides the general reasons of human pride, and want of self-control, which do not apply to this class, there are at least three objections which are frequently made, and can be shortly stated, namely, that Christianity is theoretically selfish, that it is an enemy to human improvement as being adapted only to a certain state of society, and that historically it has proved a failure. It must be admitted that many Christians themselves have done much to encourage these objections either by combating them on untenable grounds or even in some cases by denying that, if true, they are objections. I will devote a few words to each in the order named.

1. It is said, then, that on the Christian theory our motives to action are determined by a system of rewards and punishments, that we are to do right, not because it is right, but through fear of punishment. Now it is true that reward or punishment may be the result of an action without its being

an inducement to or against it; but it may be at once granted that this *is* put forward as a motive to right conduct, and is indeed the only adequate motive to *begin* with. It is better to do right from any motive than not to do right at all, and it is not till afterwards that we gradually acquire the power and desire to do right for its own sake. "The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." Horace says:

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore :
Tu nihil admittes in te formidine pœnæ.

But if these words are to be absolutely true, the *boni* must be those who have become good, *οἱ τέλειοι*. The love of virtue is a grace which does not come at once. Faith is prior to works in order of conception, but works came first in order of time; just as Aristotle reminds the reader of his "Politics" that the state is "by nature" prior to the individual, though there must be an individual before there is a state. And as a matter of fact it has proved to be so. It is not those who have started with the loftiest conceptions of the motives to duty who in the world have lived the best lives, but those who, recognizing the inability of human nature to practice virtue without external aid, have gradually, and after many failures, worked their way up into the higher region of right for its own sake, or rather for God's sake. Plato in the *Phædo* recognizes the need of "some divine voice" to sustain human virtue. Nor have these so-called "low-motives" had the supposed degrading effects on the moral nature. The bravest soldiers have been those who were at first only prevented from running away by fear of punishment and disgrace. Only a coward says he was never afraid. What then is in the first instance the inducement, is at last looked on only as the necessary result. This mistaken opinion has led many high-minded men as Schiller, Shelley, the late J. S. Mill, to denounce what they call the selfishness of Christianity. A man, they say, is told to save his own soul. Well, if he doesn't care about his own soul, it is not likely he will care about other people's.

2. Again, it is objected that if we would follow the precepts of Christ we

should be led to communism, because the Christians once had their goods in common; in other words, that the arrangements of a society first founded are to be the rule always. But if any one thing is clearer than another it is this: that the object of Christ was not to have a book written about him, or to leave behind a complete body of doctrine, or merely the memory of a stairless life and a martyr's death, but to form an educational society; in short, to found the Church with which He promised that He would be to the end of the world. And when He likens the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard-seed, or to leaven, He implies the growth and development of this Church. It does not require much sagacity to perceive that every society must, if it would continue, have a certain organization and form of government, which will by degrees become more complex as the society enlarges. "Are we to be bound for all time to the use of the primitive love-feast, to a literal community of goods, to the promiscuous kiss of peace, to the regular hour-services of prayer . . . to the Lord's Supper in private chambers, to baptism by immersion, and, above all, to the exclusive use of the Old Testament as Holy Scripture? Has the Church of Christ no power whatever to alter or adapt anything?"* The unfortunate aphorism of Chillingworth, "The Bible is the religion of Protestants," has done much to keep alive this error. This is certainly not the religion of the Church of England, and can hardly be held in its integrity even by dissenters. There must have been a Church before there was a Bible, or how was the canon of Scripture fixed? The Bible is to prove doctrine; not to teach it. Moreover, as Newman says, "A book, after all, cannot make a stand against the wild living intellect of man."

3. Lastly, it is said that Christianity has failed because all people are not Christians. Thus a prominent politician said some little time ago that "it was not wonderful if some of Cobden's predictions had not yet come to pass, seeing that the Christian religion had not yet found universal acceptance"

* Curteis' *Church and Dissent*, p. 115.

(great applause). But nothing can justly be blamed for not doing what it was never intended to do, and, if the paradox may be allowed, Christianity was in this sense intended to fail. Christ commanded his disciples to preach the Gospel everywhere, but did not say that it would be received everywhere. Indeed, the opposition between the Church and the world is represented in the New Testament as always continuing. The Church is in the world, yet not of it. Its vigor is stimulated by contact with the world, *ab ipso ducit opes animumque ferro*. The Gospel is to be a "witness" to the end. Here it is militant, triumphant hereafter. But even in a worldly sense was it not an enormous success of Christianity to spread itself over the most civilized parts of the earth in the course of three centuries, and that by merely spiritual weapons? It was a good answer of a Christian to Libanius, who asked, when Julian was in the midst of his victorious career: "What is the Carpenter of Nazareth doing now?" "He is making a coffin," was the calm reply. Nor have there ceased to be in the world individual men and women who by the holiness of their lives have almost realized the Christian standard of excellence.

It is almost amusing to observe the patronizing air with which Christianity is treated. It was all very well once on a time, some say, and it did much good in the dark ages as a civilizing influence, but now we have outgrown it. It has had its day like other religions, but now must give place to something that can better respond to the loftier aspirations of mankind, and so on. Carlyle, with more sense and more appreciation of the force of human passion, says that Christianity is a height which man was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having attained it, he can never retrograde. There is to him no question of going beyond it. And what is offered us instead? By some, the religion of humanity, forsooth; as if any ordinary human being is likely to be restrained from committing any serious crime by a regard for people who may be living a thousand years hence. Or as if the people we see around us were so much better than their ancestors as to fill us

with enthusiasm for the future of the race. By others, like Emerson, a religion founded on the notion of a Universal Soul from which all personality is carefully excluded—a synthesis of truth, goodness, and beauty. Others, again, in despair, separate themselves from the world and devote their lives to the worship of beauty in art, or of truth in science. Now such highly-strung conceptions may find an answering chord in the hearts of a few refined individuals living out of the turmoil and bustle of the world, but none of them will bear for long the strain and stress of life, and therefore can never be accepted by the multitude. And, after all, it is with the multitude that we have to do. The battle of Christianity," said a Bishop the other day, "must be fought out in the East end of London. It is there you must send us your first-rate men." The masses are not refined, and if they are not provided with a stronger basis of morals than those mentioned above, many of them will surely lapse into mere animalism. Now this basis Christianity *does* furnish, and of a strength to which no other religion can pretend. It subdues the worldly-minded by the penalties pronounced on pride. It raises the weak by showing a divine source of strength. It satisfies the taste of the lover of beauty by enlisting the services of art, and by its ritual stimulates the imagination of the dull. The natural affections it does not crush but consecrates. It is a net whose meshes enclose all. But these refined people—they are not Christians, but see how much better they are than most Christians, it is said. They are not jealous or slanderers, or hypocrites. Then it may be whispered that they are atheists, and perhaps added that they are "better than their creed." Yes, that is so, and is so far creditable to them; but the most condemnatory thing it is possible to say of a creed—that its professors surpass their own ideal! It is impossible to escape from one's shadow, and many men of this class, while disowning Christianity, cannot rid themselves of its influence. Besides, many of them, whether by nature or circumstances, or both, do not feel strongly the temptations of the world. And is it so easy to be a Christian that some-

thing "more advanced" is demanded? Let anyone try and see if it is easy to practise self-denial. There is no royal road to learning, and no short cut to heaven by the Salvation Army or any other hysterical method. It is a rough tool and may serve for a rough nature for a time, and as a *beginning*, but exaggeration of its power for good leads inevitably to the abyss of antinomianism. Everyone must "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling," and religion is not to be tested by the excitement of the crowded hall in the evening, but by the cheerful performance of humdrum duties in the sober light of the next morning. It may seem that we are rapidly arriving at the reign of *laissez-faire* which Carlyle foresaw, when in spiritual matters no fixed stars are visible, but religious questions are matters of opinion. Even some divines of high station in the Church of England think themselves at liberty to deny one of its cardinal doctrines and yet to keep their position. Oh! but we have got rid of "bigotry." Naturally, when you leave us nothing worth being bigoted about, when the nearest approach to prayer is (according to the saying) "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" In

practical matters, however, behind this chaos, Radicalism—or the government by mere counting of heads—is consolidating its forces and knows well what it wants. If successful for a time, its little finger may in the name of "liberty" prove thicker than the loins of the most old-fashioned Toryism; but the natural inequality of man will prove too strong for it. The era of *laissez-faire* is distinguished by crochet-mongers. In politics we have local-optionists, anti-vaccinationists, advocates of woman suffrage. "They bite us," says Emerson, "and we run mad also." In art, the notion that Mr. Whistler is a great painter, and that so-called "æsthetic" costumes are things of beauty, arose out of *ennui*, and will surely perish of *ennui*. All these pass away, and the fashion of them, for our faith must be "large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end." Meanwhile, in the strife between Faith and Unfaith, it may be a consolation to many to reflect that Carlyle and Emerson—two of the clearest-headed and purest-hearted men of this century, men who were not afraid to look every difficulty in the face—unhesitatingly ranged themselves against the cause of Materialism.—*National Review*.

"TOMMY."

My dear father, one of the best men that ever breathed, but also one of the dullest, and least successful in life, when he lay on his deathbed called me to his side, and pressing my hand said: "Bob, I have nothing to leave you but my example and advice. Be honest, be upright, strive to do good in your generation, and the reward of an approving conscience will be yours. Remember Tommy."

When he had said this, thinking he had said a good thing, he shut his mouth with a snap, and said nothing more in this world.

When I say that he thought he had spoken a "good thing," I do not mean a witty thing. Of that my dear father was incapable; and I do him nothing but justice when I say that he had a very humble opinion of his own powers.

He did what he thought was right, and he said what he believed was true; but his most brilliant coruscations of wit were second-hand fireworks from Joe Miller, and his moral sentiments were taken from copy-book slips. I say nothing but the truth when I add that he ruled his life by these copy-book slips. He was everything that the most advanced copy-book would have a man be—except that he was unsuccessful in life.

After his funeral, when I returned to the house, I went to the study, a *lucus a non lucendo*—there was no studying done there except the perusal of novels—and took down an old illustrated "Reader for Children," and opened it at the "History of Tommy." Then I pulled up the blind, and re-read the well-remembered tale, with full resolution to

impress its lessons deep into my heart.

This is what I read :

"Tom-my was a good boy. But Har-ry was a bad boy. Tom-my and Har-ry were one day play-ing with a round ball. Then the ball went through a win-dow of a good man's house, and Tom-my and Har-ry were a-fraid. Har-ry ran a-way. But Tom-my stood still. Then the good man came out of his house, and said, 'Who broke my glass?' Then Tom-my said, 'Sir, I did, with my ball.' And the good man said, 'You are a good boy to tell the truth. Here is half-a-crown, to show you that vir-tue is its own re-ward.' But when Har-ry's fath-er saw this, he took Har-ry o-ver his knee, and smacked him, and he said, 'You have not got half-a-crown, but you have got a whip-ping. Learn that vice brings to ru-in.'

"One day Tom-my saw that bad boy Har-ry with a lit-tle dog. He had put a string round the neck of the dog, and tied a heav-y stone to the dog by the string. He was going to drown that poor lit-tle dog. Then Tom-my said, 'Take my half-a-crown and spare the dog.' So Har-ry gave up the dog, and took the half-a-crown, and he said to Tom-my, 'You are an ass!' But Tom-my was a-bove mind-ing such vulgar words.

"That night bad men, called Rob-bers, came to Tom-my's house to break in and steal his half-a-crown. But the lit-tle dog bark-ed, and that woke Tom-my's fath-er, and he lit a can-dle, and drew on his trou-sers, and the rob-bers were so fright-en-ed that they went a-way. Then they went to Har-ry's house, to steal his half-a-crown. And there was no dog there, so the bad men got in, and they kill-ed Har-ry, and his fath-er, and his moth-er, and his grand-fath-er and grand-moth-er, and his broth-er and sist-er, and his uncle and aunt, and cous-ins, and his neph-ew, and niece, before they could light a can-dle, and fright-en the rob-bers a-way. They al-so took the half-a-crown. Were they not wick-ed men? So you see, my dear chil-dren, that if you are truth-ful, and kind, and good, vir-tue will bring its own re-ward."

I am not ashamed to say that the

tears rose to my eyes, and I felt my heart soften, and my conscience braced, when I read this moving and moral tale. I rose from my seat, and, with streaming cheeks, I extended my arms and said, "Tommy! be thou my guide through the paths of virtue to prosperity."

My dear father overstated the truth, of course unconsciously, when he assured me that he left me nothing. I found that he left me less than nothing. He died in embarrassed circumstances; and if he had not died when he did, I really cannot see how he could have lived. I found that he was greatly in debt, and the bills came in after the funeral. I behaved with honor, in the spirit of "Tommy." I had a little money of my own, that came to me from my mother, which my father could not touch. With this I discharged all my father's liabilities. His creditors were paid twenty shillings in the pound. To do this I had to sacrifice not only my own little property, but to sell every stick of furniture the house contained, and the books, down to "Tommy." But that mattered little. I had Tommy graven on my heart; and the principles which actuated Tommy filled my bosom, and were certain to carry me into prosperity. The creditors confirmed me in this opinion. They shook me by the hand and said, "Nothing could be more honorable than the way you have behaved in this business, and there is a bright future in store for you, Mr. Robert Flopjohn. Virtue is its own reward."

I was now left without anything except my principles and my education.

My dear father, acting on copy-book advice, had insisted that education was the best gift that could be given a child, and he had taken care that I should be well instructed in Greek, Latin, mathematics, and French, to which I added some free-hand and perspective drawing.

My father believed that a sound grammar-school education was the best equipment for a start in life. I did not, however, find it so. I found the market drugged with education. If he had apprenticed me to a trade, I could at once have found work as joiner, mason, or plumber; but as I was cult-

ured, I had to look out for a tutorship, and I found that there were five hundred applicants for each vacant post. A sawyer can make his thirty shillings a week by merely working his arms up and down, but I could not earn thirty pence with all my education.

At length, however, through the recommendations of the solicitor who had wound up my father's affairs, I did get a situation in the house of a country gentleman. My manners are gentlemanly, my appearance is agreeable, and my principles are, as you know, those of Tommy. I was received with kindness, and soon placed myself on an easy footing in the house. The only son of the master was a delicate boy, and his father regarded him with the tenderest solicitude, as the heir to his name, and to an estate of fourteen thousand a-year. There was a daughter, older, a very sweet, beautiful girl, with golden hair, and eyes of the sunniest blue. I gave her lessons in French and drawing. Then she took a fancy to learn Greek, and I got her well on to the paradigms. As for the poor boy, his hours of work were few. He was allowed to do pretty much what he liked, and to be out of doors as much as the weather permitted, riding or walking. I accompanied him, and not unfrequently his sister joined our party. The park was very beautiful, and there were numerous objects of interest in the neighborhood. Maud took advantage of these excursions to get on with her drawing, with which she made such progress that she began to venture on water-colors.

The natural result followed. I fell desperately in love with beautiful Maud, and she reciprocated my attachment. I was far too honorable to give utterance to my sentiments. What was I—what my position, that I should aspire to the hand of the daughter of a De Vaudville? My family was of yesterday; hers dated from before the Conquest. I was worth nothing pecuniarily; she had a nice property of her mother's. I had no position in the world, and the De Vaudvilles were the first family in the county next to those that were titled.

I was not blind to the affection I had inspired; the father had no suspicions. He would have thought it impossible for

his daughter to stoop so low. Besides, in the event of the death of her sickly brother, Maud would be an heiress—a match to be desired by every young squire in the county.

I was conscious of a struggle in my heart; but I thought over my father's dying words, and the example of Tommy, and I conquered. Neither by word nor sign did I show dear Maud how dear she was to me. I had to exercise the utmost control over myself, and the effort cost me much pain. I hesitated whether I had not better resign my tutorship, when my charge fell ill.

His sickness became serious—dangerous. Then I volunteered to sit with him and nurse him night and day. I knew what was necessary. He must be fed with beef-tea every twenty minutes. Everything depended on this; and the nurses could not be relied on. For three weeks I was with the poor child. If he had been my own I could not have done more for him. I saved his life. The doctor said so. No sooner was he out of danger than I broke down. I had overstrained myself, and was attacked with nervous fever. It was thought advisable to move me to the keeper's cottage. My illness, following so closely on that of the young master, was more than the servants could stand. They rebelled; and the housekeeper suggested the change to the squire, who gave his consent, with the proviso that I should be supplied from the house with everything I wanted. So I was taken to the lodge, there to be nursed; and the best port wine, beef-tea, and grapes were sent from the Hall for my consumption. The keeper drank the port; his wife, who was nursing, found the beef-tea nutritious; and her children greatly enjoyed the grapes. The stalks of the latter were, however, always put on a white plate at my bedside, together with the few skins and pips that could be rescued.

I think that at last some suspicion that I was not well treated entered Maud's mind; for she brought me grapes herself, and insisted on my taking the wine and extract of meat from her own hand. As I got better, she visited me more frequently, kept a posy of flowers always fresh near my seat in the latticed window, read to me, talked to me, and

brightened my convalescence with her sunny presence.

One day, as she rose to leave, and extended her hand to me, her eyes met mine, and then, unable to control her emotions, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear Miss Maud?" I asked. My heart sank. I dreaded what would follow, and yet I felt a secret, a wicked joy at the explanation.

"I am so sorry for you; and it seems so ungrateful in us, after your noble self-devotion to my darling brother. I know that he owes his life to you; and I am ready to sink into the ground for shame when I think how little care we have taken of you in return. Papa does not see it; but I can think of nothing else. He says that the keeper's wife is a worthy body, and attends to you very kindly; but then—she has seven children to look after also, and she cannot devote her undivided attention to you. Oh, Mr. Flopjohn!—it ought not to be; and you—so good—so generous—so honorable—I feel—I feel—that my whole life would be too little repayment for all you have done for us."

I was overcome also. For a moment I forgot Tommy, everything, and clasped beautiful Maud to my heart.

"Noble, generous, heroic soul!" I said.

"Robert," she whispered, "you have loved me. I knew it, though you did everything to conceal your passion. I also have loved you, as I revere your principles. I can do no better than intrust my future to one so upright."

"But, your father?" I stammered.

"My father will not consent," she said. "But I have eight thousand pounds of my own, which at four and a half per cent amounts to three hundred and sixty pounds per annum. Surely we can live and love and be happy on that! We will run away together and get married, and then return and throw ourselves on papa's generosity. He is proud, but kind and forgiving. He would not give consent, but he will accept the *fait accompli*."

I held her hands and looked into her eyes. I could not speak. She said, "I will return to-morrow, and we will make our plans together." We kissed, and she departed.

I could not sleep that night. Here was the sweetest, most charming girl in the world—a girl with three hundred and sixty pounds per annum, with a Norman name, and the bluest of blue blood in her veins—ready to throw herself into my arms. Eight thousand pounds offered to me, without any marriage settlements. I tossed on my bed. Towards morning I became calmer. I thought of Tommy. Then I rose from my bed, dressed, put my poor traps together in a bundle, and at early daybreak, before any one was stirring, I left the house. I fled the temptation to do what I knew Tommy would have scorned to do. As in the cold morning air I walked away, I thought how Harry would have acted if placed in my position. He would not have nursed the sick boy, called thereto by no obligation. Then the boy would have died, and Maud have been an heiress of fourteen thousand a-year. Harry would not have run away alone, but run away with the heiress, and changed his name from Flopjohn to De Vaudville, and reconciled himself with the father-in-law, and succeeded to the estate and the park, and become J. P., and D. L., and sheriff of the county, and put his son into the Guards, and got a baronetcy. I sighed, and felt in my pocket, and found only one pound four shillings and threepence three-farthings there. I had left without drawing my quarter's salary. But if light in purse, I was also light in conscience. I was treading the paths of virtue under the guidance of Tommy.

The next place where I found a tutorship was in the family of a well-to-do farmer, who had amassed sufficient money to think of bringing up his boys to be gentlemen.

I had considerable trouble with these urchins. They were wayward, undisciplined, and overflowing with animal spirits. Indeed I doubt much whether they had in them any other spirit than animal spirit. At least I never lit on the symptoms. They were very full of blood; their lips and cheeks swollen, and looking ready to burst. They hated books, and loved and smelt of dogs. They had no power of concentrating their thoughts; I should have almost said they had not the faculty of think-

ing. They were wholly destitute of the moral sense. I tried to appeal to their consciences—they had none; to the sense of dignity and decency imbued in man—they were without it. I did my best to humanize them, but found my labor thrown away. I did get them to learn *rosa, rosa*, but that was only by threatening not to allow them to see a pig killed unless the first declension were repeated.

They made booby-traps for me. They sewed up the legs and sleeves of my pantaloons and coat. They made me apple-pie beds. They put the soap into the toe of my boot. They gummed together the pages of the grammar. They put gunpowder into the candle. They cut up hair very fine and strewed my night-dress with it. Lastly, they mimicked me. Their parents, so far from reprimanding them, laughed at these frolics, and regarded them as exhibitions of daring originality.

I have always held that moral suasion is a far better vehicle of education than the cane; but I doubt whether moral suasion is of any avail where the moral sense is dormant or non-existent. I believe that, just as nature has provided the auditory sense with an organ, the ear, and the olfactory sense with an organ, the nose, and the sense of sight with an organ, the eye, so she has fashioned an organ for the reception of moral impressions, connected by a nerve with the brain. She has developed this organ into some prominence, no doubt to show how primary and important the moral sense is. She has withdrawn from it all arteries, and has invested it in a delicate network of highly sensitive nerves, to make it serve much as the drum to the ear. The waves of sound beat on this latter and resolve themselves into ideas in the brain; so precisely the pulsations of the cane on this other organ is rapidly transformed into a moral idea, and as such impresses itself on the mind.

I tried very hard to do my duty. I tried to get these boys to study. I tried to lead them to look to higher things than pig-killing and rat-hunting. I tried to infuse into them a sense of honor. But I found in them none of the material of which the Tommies are made.

I was drawing my salary, and doing nothing for it. I had not got these boys to say "horse" instead of "oss," or to use pocket-handkerchiefs instead of the back of their hands. At length the climax arrived. On the 5th of November these urchins made a Guy Fawkes, which was intended to bear, and did bear, a striking likeness to myself. It could hardly do other, as it was invested in my new suit of clothes, not yet paid for. What with the fireworks and the mud with which Guy was pelted, and the general rough usage it received, my best Sunday suit of clothes was utterly ruined. I told Mr. Clodd plainly that I would no longer teach such unruly cubs as his sons, and I left the situation. As a man of honor I first paid the tailor for the spoilt suit, and then found myself with four shillings and threepence three-farthings in my pocket.

I received no thanks for my pains, no recognition that I had done my utmost. The blame was thrown on my head. I did not understand the temperament of the boys; I made no allowances for their exuberant vitality; I was exacting, stiff, and ungenial. I felt that these wretched louts must come to bad ends; they were the raw clay out of which the villainous Harries are moulded. I have lived to see them grow up. My predictions have not been realized. They are now rough sporting young men, with good incomes, farming good estates, and farming them well; and the gallows to which I had consigned them does not seem destined to suspend them.

When I left Mr. Clodd's I reviewed my conduct; and then I felt that I had acted throughout in the conscientious spirit of Tommy. I had striven to do good to these wretches, and I had striven to do my duty, and to do it thoroughly. The result was my dismissal, with four shillings and threepence three-farthings in my pocket. Now, had I been Harry, how different would have been my conduct, how different my situation! I would have winked at the boys' misconduct, excused their mischievous pranks, allowed them to shirk lessons, praised their gallant spirits to the father and mother, assured them that genius lurked behind all their exuberant play of spirit, allowed them to go on in their brutal pursuits unproved, without an effort to

elevate them, have reported their sallies of wit to their parents; and I would have had my salary raised, my position in the house secured, and a future opened to me among the married yeomen's daughters who frequented the place.

On leaving Mr. Clodd's I was appointed master to the parochial school, which was managed by a board or committee, and supported by a voluntary rate. Some of the farmers on the board took my part against the Clodds, of whom they were envious; and so, out of spite to the Clodds, and because I could be secured cheap, gave me the vacant situation.

When offered the school, I hesitated about accepting it. It was not that my pride suffered; it was that I misdoubted my powers. My self-confidence had received a rude shock in the house of the Clodds. I had believed firmly hitherto in moral suasion, and had disapproved of corporal punishment. My views on this point were disturbed. You can make a racer run with a word of praise and a pat, but not a donkey. I had had to do with a well-bred youth—young De Vaudville—and had managed him with perfect success. I had tried the Clodds, and had failed. Should I succeed with children of a still lower class? My diffidence, and my strong Tommeian sense of honor, forced me to accept the mastership conditionally. My tenure of the post was to be terminable at the end of the quarter, without notice on either side. I felt that, should I fail, I would be unable to continue in the situation for three months more with justice to the children, the committee, and myself.

I found the school in a neglected and utterly unsatisfactory condition. The pupil-teacher and the late master had played into each other's hands, giving each other half-holidays alternately on market-days, coming unpunctually in the mornings, and cutting the hours short in the afternoons, spending their time together gossiping in the classroom, leaving the classes under the charge of scholars. This I stopped. The result was, that I made an enemy of the pupil-teacher, and he went about among his friends and acquaintances making complaints, and stirring up a party against me.

I discovered that several of the children did more scratching than scribbling. Thereupon I laid in a supply of carbolio soap, at my own expense, and a fine-tooth comb, and began operations with vigor. What a storm this raised! The parents of the urchins I had combed and carbolized came to me, livid with fury, and dared me to touch their children's heads again. Those with the dirtiest brats were the most indignant. Never before had it been insinuated that their little ones were not so clean that you might have made a meal off them. Why were they to be combed and carbolized, while the sons and daughters of farmers were left unmolested? They were as good as others, and as clean as those who stuck themselves up to be their betters. Several children were withdrawn from the school because of my efforts to make their heads clean. Cleanliness, says the proverb, is next to godliness. At all events, if I might not make the children clean, I might make them godly, I thought. So I turned my attention in that direction.

I was pained to hear the ribald language used in the playground by the boys. Nor was the ribaldry confined to words. I caught some of the worst offenders, and gave them a solemn lecture before the entire school on the use of unseemly language, and the obligations they lay under of refraining their tongues from the use of words improper and profane. Several parents took this up. They complained to the board that I gave religious instruction out of the half-hour limited to such teaching by the rules hung up in the schoolroom, and I was rather sharply taken to task by the farmers for what I had done, as the school was strictly unsectarian in its teaching. So I was not allowed to make the pupils committed to me either cleanly or godly. I would try to teach them the strictly secular learning thoroughly.

I soon found that there was a rotten system of copy-book writing in vogue. Each child was required to make a copy of his best writing every week, and show it to the parents; but these copies were in reality done for them by the master, assisted by the pupil-teacher and monitors. I insisted on the children writing their own copies; whether bad or good,

the example of penmanship should be genuine. Soon after, I heard from members of the board that a general complaint had been made of the falling off in the writing of the scholars. It was evident that in this respect the standard of excellence was deteriorating, and it was conjectured that in other respects the pupils were likewise going back. I was requested to devote myself particularly to the improvement of the writing of the school.

It is well known that the scale of the Government grant to a school is determined to a large extent by attendances. I was therefore most scrupulous to mark these and the absences in accordance with fact. Indeed one or two of the board were detailed to call occasionally and check my entries. I found that my scrupulousness gave dissatisfaction. If a child attended half a day, I might surely stretch a point and make it a whole attendance. When the weather was bad, some allowance must be made for that, and the children not be deprived of a mark when it was practically impossible for them to attend; besides—and here lay the sting—I was adding a penny to the rates by my nicety in this matter, and was not considering either the pockets of the ratepayers or my own, as half the grant would be allowed to the master.

I now resolved to devote myself to the fulfilment of the educational department requisitions with all my earnestness. I soon found that to do so was to commit the greatest injustice of all, for I would force on the clever and neglect the stupid; I would cultivate the few at the expense of the many. I found, however, that this was likely to gratify the inspector and obtain the largest grant, and that the greater the wrong done to the bulk of the scholars, the greater the satisfaction given at Whitehall. I was too conscientious to do this, which would have gained me the approval of the inspector and the support of the board.

There was a poor old widow who lived near the school, half blind, nearly wholly deaf, crippled with rheumatism, living only on the parish half-crown and a loaf, and the sale of a few eggs and poultry she reared. She had nearly white hair; the cataract in her eyes

made them blear, and gave a vacant expression to her face. How the unfortunate creature managed to live through the winter was a wonder to me, as she was too poor to be able to afford fuel, and too blind to collect sticks. This unfortunate creature was the object of mockery to the ill-conditioned boys of the school, who played on her numerous practical jokes. At one time they stole her eggs and sucked them, at another they pelted and killed her goslings. They carried away her little winter store of firewood to make their Guy Fawkes bonfire. They pelted her with snowballs. One day they laid a noose on the ground before her, and when she unwittingly put her stick into the loop, they pulled it, tightened the noose about the staff and whipped it out of her hand, so that she fell on her face in the road, which was newly metalled. The aged woman was unable to rise without assistance, and then it was found that her forehead was cut and bleeding, and that she had broken her remaining teeth.

I discovered the authors of this wanton piece of wickedness, and gave them a good hiding. My blood boiled with indignation. There were five boys concerned in the matter—the same who had killed her goslings in the spring and had stolen her firewood in November.

That settled matters.

The offence had been committed out of school hours and of out school bounds. I had no jurisdiction over the boys when they left the precincts of the school. I was summoned by all the parents of the boys I had chastised, and had to appear before the magistrates in the petty sessions. I was unable to obtain an advocate, being without the means of paying for one. The plaintiffs were ably represented by local solicitors. A harrowing picture was painted of my ferocity, and of the tortures to which I had subjected the boys. The condition of the parts of their person operated upon was described graphically, and very highly charged with color.

I defended myself to the best of my ability. The magistrates then pronounced sentence. The chairman said that the cases were proved against me; that there was no doubt I had exceeded my powers, and had acted with injudicious and intemperate violence. The

laws of England were not framed for the protection of the weak and helpless. The old woman, if aggrieved, was able to prosecute those who had wronged her. (As if she was capable of doing so! As if in her blindness she could find out the culprits!) The laws of England did not encourage Quixotic interference in behalf of the old, infirm, and poor; they discouraged it in every way. There could be no doubt that I had acted in a manner wholly unjustifiable and illegal. The Bench, therefore, on mature deliberation, had resolved to fine me £2 for each assault, and costs; that amounted to £10, 7s. 6d. I paid the money. I had that morning received my discharge from the school committee, and my salary for the quarter. I paid the fine, and found that I was left with 3d. in my pocket.

As I walked away, I reviewed my conduct. In all I had done, I had followed the dictates of conscience. I had tried to be honorable, truthful, and to do good. I had been a Tommy in that situation. Would Harry have tried to make the dirty children clean and the ribald children godly? Would he have eschewed tricks, savoring of dishonesty, towards parents and board? Would he have intertered to protect the old widow? Would he not rather have shut his eyes and passed by on the other side? I was sure of it; and I was sure also that he would have been a favorite with the parents, would have ingratiated himself into the good will of the committee, would have obtained a glowing report from the inspector, and a large grant from Whitehall. I was quite sure also that he would never have been had up before the magistrates for the protection of the feeble and helpless, and would not have been dismissed his post with ignominy. No! he would never have taken the post with the stipulation that it should be "on trial"; and if he had been required to leave it, would have walked away with a quarter's unearned salary in his pocket, and not, like me, with threepence three-farthings!

No! Harry, on resigning his "sphere of usefulness, where he had discharged his duties with such exemplary faithfulness as to win the admiration of all," would have been presented with an electro-plate cruet-stand by the

rector, a timepiece by the committee, and half-a-dozen spoons and forks by the parents.

The only person who at all favored me was the rector, and only in a timid and vacillating manner. The rector was one of those typical parsons who either have no opinions of their own, or who, having opinions, have not the courage to stand by them. He was admirable at hedging. He never made a statement without hedging it; never offered an opinion without saddling it with a doubt; never tendered a suggestion without knocking away its legs. He even ventured to address the school board in my favor. "He believed I was a high-principled and excellent young man, *but* rash and injudicious; that I always strove to do my duty, *but* mistook the direction in which it ran; that I must have learned experience by the past, *but* that it had been at the cost of the school; that it would be hard to find another to take my place so painstaking and so conscientious, *but* that the attempt must be made," etc., etc., etc., *pro* and *con* so exactly balanced as to leave the matter exactly where he had found it.

The rector was about to publish two volumes of his sermons, and he asked of me to make clean copies of them for the press, as his own writing resembled the scrawl of a spider that had tumbled into an inkpot, and was drying his legs on the paper. He undertook to pay me a shilling a sermon for my transcript. There were a hundred in all; that would bring me just five pounds.

Flushed with the prospect of making so much money, and gaining simultaneously so much spiritual profit, I set vigorously to work on the manuscript.

I soon found that it was impossible for me to transcribe the discourses *verbatim*. They were full of inanities, exaggerations, confusion of metaphors, *non sequiturs*, and grammatical errors. As I made my copy I cut out the inanities, toned down the exaggerations, reduced the metaphors, supplied the deficiencies in the arguments, and corrected the grammar. After I had treated four of the sermons in this manner, I received a call from the rector. He looked flushed and moist. His voice and hand shook. His manner was abrupt. He told me

that he had engaged my services as a scribe and not as critic. He tendered me four shillings for the discourses already done, which, he said, it was impossible for him to use, as I had extracted from them their point, fine flavor, and poetry; and then he read me a lecture on my impertinence in attempting to correct and improve the literary composition of a university man so much my senior; and he wound up with an exhortation to humility, which, I believe, formed part of one of the uncopied sermons.

I paid my bill at the cottage where I had lodged for the night, and left with three-farthings in my pocket. Would Harry have acted as I had done? No! he would have transcribed all the vapid, inflated stuff, and sniggered over it as he wrote, and have earned the five pounds.

The next situation in which I found myself was that of clerk to an architect, who was related to my late dear father in a round-about way, and who took me partly out of charity. He offered me thirty shillings a-week, and promised to increase my pay after six months, should I suit him. He hinted as much as that, as he had no sons of his own, if I took to the business and made myself useful and agreeable, he might eventually receive me into partnership. His profession was bringing him in about five hundred a-year, taking one year with another.

I was sent by the architect to supervise the execution of his designs in the erection of a mansion. The works were contracted for. I was to be paid two guineas a-week by the gentleman for whom the house was to be erected, to see that the specifications of the architect were carried out. This was arranged between the gentleman and my superior. I had the plans and the specifications as my guide. I soon found that the latter were not being complied with. First, the earth was to be taken out to the depth of four feet for foundations. I measured, and found the depth nowhere exceed three feet. I complained to the gauger. He winked, and said, "I see; you want greasing. Here are two guineas. Leave us alone. Talk to the governor; he knows all about it."

I found that it was stipulated that the mortar should be made of one load of

lime to two of sand. The proportions used by the mason were, one load of lime to three of earth, and none of sand.

I remonstrated indignantly, and received as answer, "The governor knows all about it, and has been greased. But as you want greasing also, to make all smooth, here are two guineas."

Then, by the specifications, the slates were to have a lap of four inches; they were not given more than three. I complained to the slater. "Oh, ah!" said he; "I see how the land lies. Here are two guineas; say no more about it, and talk to your governor."

The plumber was bound by his contract to use lead for the valleys of the roof, and about the chimneys, of 5lb. to the square foot. It was actually half that weight, as I found by trying. I pointed this out to the plumber. "You be easy," said he; "your governor knows all about it. But I see you want greasing as well as he. Here are two guineas."

According to the specification, the glazing was to be done with *best* glass, 26 oz. to the foot. In all the windows thirds of 15 oz. was being put in, which was half the price exactly. I was indignant, and ordered it all out. The glazier shook his head. "Be comfortable," he said; "we've greased the governor's palm to overlook it, and I suppose you ain't content because we've not greased yours. So here are two guineas."

The carpenter was putting in green wood. I actually found him drying some panels for a door at his stove; they were too full of sap to take the paint. This was a gross infringement of the contract. I pointed it out to him. "Stuff and fiddlesticks!" he said; "the governor has undertaken to shut his eye. I suppose you, too, want to be greased. So here are two guineas." The plasterer, in like manner, was cutting short the hair he had undertaken to mix with the white lime. When I showed this to him, I met with the same reply: "The governor knows all about it. But you, no doubt, require greasing as well. Here are two guineas."

I need hardly say that I refused these seven offers of two guineas. I would not sell my conscience, and sequence of the example of Tommy, for £14, 14s.

od. I went to my superior in high indignation and disgust, and told him of the general fraud which was being carried on. Indeed, I said I was taking part in the fraud if I received two guineas a-week from the gentleman to protect his interests against the contractors, and betrayed my trust for bribes.

My "boss" rubbed his chin, and looked at me over his gold spectacles, a little uncertain at first what to say. I persisted in putting my view of the case before him in strong language. Then at last he interrupted me, and said, "My dear Mr. Flopjohn, we must live; we belong to the nineteenth century. Your theories are admirable; your morals those of the copy-book. But they cannot be carried out. They are as impossible in this century as martyrdom or the crusades. Where the deuce did you pick up your antiquated notions?"

"From Tommy," said I, solemnly.

"And pray," he asked, "who is that individual?"

Then I replied, "Tom-my was a good boy. But Har-ry was a bad boy. Tom my and Har-ry were one day playing with a round ball. Then the ball went through a window of a good man's house."

"That will do," said the architect, interrupting me. "I distinctly recall Tommy and Harry. The first sentences of their history as you recite them come back to me, and recall old days, like the smell of painted toys and the strains of Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl,' 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' and so on." He bowed his head in his hands for a moment, then shook off his momentary weakness, and said in a firm, grave voice, "My dear Mr. Flopjohn, Tommy was an incubus to me in my youth, and I never got on in life till I had broken my idol and cast him to the bats and owls, and till I realized how much greater a man was Harry, and how false was the moral of that miserable tale. If children are taught that honor, truth, conscientiousness lead to success in this world, they are taught lies." He beat his desk with his fist. "No! what succeeds is the semblance of Tommy and the spirit of Harry. Rectitude and sincerity have no place in our nineteenth-century civilization.

They are impracticable virtues. Business, trade, cannot be carried on till the conscience is rid of them. By a spirit of irony we call our civilization by the name of one who, when offered wealth and success and honor by the Spirit of the Age, refused them; and he ended his days on the gallows. It is the same now. We must stoop to and do homage to the spirit of the age, if we are to attain to prosperity, wealth, and the approval of our fellow-men. He who resists that and follows his conscience, comes to utter and irremediable grief—in this world. And the sooner children are taught that the better, that they may not start in life with erroneous notions, and may make their choice with the several ends clear before them." He paused, and looked at me steadily. Then he resumed. "I see that you are quite unfit to be with me. I make my five hundred a-year because I am not a Tommy. You are a Tommy, and how much has that brought in to you?"

I put my hand in my pocket, and drew forth—NOTHING.

"You may go," he continued. "Unlearn as quick as you can the maxims instilled into you by your father, unless you desire to end like him. Now you have nothing. Go on a little longer, as you are now, and you will come, like him, to *minus* Nothing. I wish you a good day, and more wisdom."

I turned to leave the room. As my hand was on the door, he called to me, "By the way, Flopjohn, have you seen anywhere my anti-stylograph pen-filler? I have mislaid or lost it. You know what I mean—the apparatus for injecting into it its supply of ink?"

"No, sir," I answered; "I have not." Then I went out. I walked away, my head down, and both hands in my empty pockets. I had lost my salary, my two guineas a-week—the fourteen guineas—through Tommy.

Then the gall in my heart mounted. I ground my teeth; my eyes sparkled with rage; I clenched my fists in my pockets; I cast myself into the hedge, and glowering before me into the glaring, dusty road, cursed Tommy.

At that moment my eye rested on something glittering before me on the road; it flashed in the sun like glass. I paid no attention to it at first, but its

light attracted my curiosity, and presently I stooped to see what it was. I picked up a little glass vessel, with a nozzle at one end of the tube, and an india-rubber receiver at the other. I knew at once what it was—the lost filler of the anti-stylograph pen.

Then the thought rushed scalding through my brain, "Under the circumstances, what would Tommy do? Would he not at once return to the governor, and say to him, 'Sir, you discharged me because I did my duty; now I heap coals of fire on your head—for your evil I return good: here is the ink-injector of your anti-stylographic pen, which you had lost, but I have had the felicity to find?'"

Then I sprang up and said, "I will *not* do it. I renounce you, Tommy. I will be led by you no more."

Pacified by having formed this resolution, I sat down in the hedge again. I had no purpose where to go or what to do. I had no money in my pocket. My mother's property, my one pound four shillings and threepence threefarthings, had all been swindled out of me by Tommy. Tommy had cleaned me out completely. I drew forth my pockets and let them hang on either side of my thighs, limp evidences against Tommy.

Then, hardly knowing what I did, I filled my left palm with dust out of the road, and amused myself with charging the little ink-syringe with it, and driving it forth again in a cloud, by compressing the india-rubber vessel at the end. I thought of nothing all the time, and observed nothing but this toy, till I was roused by a voice addressing me, and then I looked up. Opposite me stood a farmer, as I conjectured by his dress and general appearance. He was watching my proceedings with great curiosity.

"Well, master," said he, "I reckon you've a queer sort of a instrument there? What be that now? You be a doctor, I suppose?"

"What else could I be?" I asked, ironically.

"And what be that queer sort of a thing in your hand?"

"A surgical instrument, of course."

"And what be that there powder in the t'other hand?"

"That! Oh, that is the best possible of medicines, the very elixir of life, a compound of the rarest and most valuable of all condiments. Its scientific name is Ton-d'apameibomenos-prosephe-podas-okus-Achilles."

The farmer was immensely impressed with the words—a line of the 'Iliad' which rose uncalled for to my lips.

"And now," said he, "might I make so bold as to ask what that medicine is good for?"

"Every malady man is heir to. We all come to it at last, and the sooner the better."

"I'm bad in my liver," said he. "Now, if I may take the liberty to ask, does it touch the liver?"

"Touch the liver!" laughed I, with bitterness in my tone; "it touches it more strongly than calomel or podophyllin."

"Is it to be swallowed?"

"Well, I can't but say that I've eaten a lot of it; but that is not the way I would administer it."

"May I—you'll excuse the freedom, but I do suffer shocking of the liver—may I further inquire how you would administer it?"

"I would throw it in people's eyes," said I, savagely.

"Dear heart alive! and what good would that do?"

"Now, look you here," I said. I was in a bitter and scornful mood. My misfortunes had made me so. I was in no merciful mood,—I had had no mercy shown to me. I was in a reckless mood,—my idols were broken, I had no more faith. "Now, attend to me. What is the centre and seat of all sensation and life? Is it not the head? You see with your head, you taste, you smell, you hear, you think with your head. Your head is the focus of all your powers,—it is to you what the root is to the flower; and Aristotle well said that man is an inverted plant. His bulb is upward, and his branches downward. If you desire the health of a plant, you nurture the root,—you give that proper dressing. So, if a man is ill, it is trifling to attack his malady through the stomach, or with foot-baths, poultices, embrocations. No, my good man, you must operate on the head; and as the brain is the core of the head, you must strike at

that, and the readiest way to reach the brain is through the eye. Are you aware that a nerve, called the optic nerve, passes from the back of the eye to the brain, and at once conveys to it what affects the organ of vision? I dare say you are not aware of that, and yet that is known to every medical student,—I may say, to every educated individual. Strange to relate, this has been universally known; and yet, entangled in erroneous traditions, the Faculty have failed to act on their knowledge. Here it is that my system comes in to overturn all exploded doctrines of medicine. I do not give baths, poultices, embrocations, powders, pills, elixirs, draughts. I go direct to the brain through the eye. I warrant you, my medicine and my treatment are infallible."

The farmer was greatly impressed.

"Dang it!" said he, "I wish you would throw your dust into my eyes. I don't mind paying you for it. What is your charge?"

"Five-and-six for such as you," I said. "The quality—a guinea." He drew forth his purse at once and handed me the money.

"There now," said he, "blow away."

I sent a puff of dust into his eyes.

He applied his handkerchief to them, and then said, shaking himself, "Dang it! I believe you are right. I feel easier in my liver already. There is my old woman, she's bad with lumbagie. Now, do'ee think you could do her an improvement?"

"Try me," said I.

"Well, I will," he said. "Come along. It's not far off to our place, and if I might make so bold as to ask you to take a bite of dinner with us, I'd take it kindly. Here's another five-and-six, paid aforehand for the old lady; and if she is better, dang it! in a day or two we'll have you throw your dust in our eyes again."

Ten minutes after I had deserted the paths of Tommy, I had half a guinea in my pocket.

After I had puffed dust into the eyes of the farmer's wife, and promised to call again, I hastened to the office of the principal local newspaper and inserted an advertisement:

—"DR. ROBERT FLOPJOHN, M. C. S., Salamance; D. P. L., Mantua; Professor of Experi-

mental Chemistry, Leyden, is visiting this town for a few days only. He is in possession of a panacea for all maladies, having arrived by a concatenation of evidence at a conclusion which has escaped all empirics. Dr. R. F. has practised for a number of years in the principal towns of the Continent, and tried his specific on a number of complicated cases, and has *never known it to fail*. In offering this new—yet world-old—remedy to the public, it is not like bringing out an untried article. For over twenty-five years it has been put to the severest test of experience. Fully understanding its ingredients, Dr. R. F. is prepared to say that not only will no injurious results follow, but that absolute success must ensue. He has never known it to fail to either relieve or cure the disease for which it was taken. He has letters from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia, Turkey, and Greece, from those that have been cured of different complaints, which he will be proud to show to any one who desires to see them. Consultation from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and again from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.

It was really amazing to see how my door was besieged with persons desirous of having dust thrown in their eyes after this advertisement had circulated. Money poured in. I was engaged in blowing dust into the eyes of my patients all day and till late at night. 10 P.M. was too late to receive; 9 P.M. too late to knock off work. Patients of all classes came to me. Some paid guineas, some half-guineas, most five-and-sixpence. I was now easy as to my future: it was secured. It was secured a week after I had trampled on Tommy.

As time passed, and I found that I had more patients than I could attend to, I extended my operations. I advertised in every country paper I could hear of. I spent hundreds of pounds in advertisements, and every hundred I spent thus, brought me in ten per cent—that is, a thousand pounds. Of course I could not attend to all who sought an interview. I therefore did up little parcels of dust in blue, red, and gold paper. I had them stamped as quack medicines, and sold them at 2s. 1 1-2d. per packet. The injector I sold separate at 5s.

But even this did not satisfy me. I announced that I would give away a packet to every one who would apply to me *gratis*. I put this advertisement in something like three hundred newspapers, and the result was that applications poured in to me from every

quarter. I am afraid to say how many thousand packets of common road-dust I thus distributed free of charge. With each packet I enclosed a printed form, to the effect that though the powder was given gratis, yet the necessary apparatus for its injection into the eyes could not be given away without a small charge of five shillings to cover the outlay of its manufacture. These little squirts of glass and india-rubber cost me three-halfpence each, of the manufacturer. I knew that I sold 3600 of them, which alone brought in £900, less their cost, which was £22, 10s.; so that the net profit I made was £877, 10s. After that I had numerous orders for packets of eye-dust. On an average I sold five to each syringe; and that, at 2s. 1 1-2d. each, amounted to £1912, 10s. By visits and personal attendance on cases I made as much as £25 per week, or £1300 per annum. That made per annum—

Sale of squirts, . . .	£877	10	0
" dust, . . .	1912	10	0
Professional attendance, . . .	1300	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£4790	0	0

I have not deducted the cost of advertising and printing, nor of the red, blue, and gold paper in which I wrapped up the dust, nor of the sealing-wax impressed with my seal (without which none was genuine). Roughly calculated, throwing dust in folk's eyes brought me in an annual income of £3500.

But the most extraordinary feature of the case was, that I received testimonials as to the efficacy of my remedy from all quarters, without any solicitation. I subjoin a few—a very few—as samples:

Case 1.—J. B. O'Kelly of Gormanstown, Ireland, says: "I have suffered from rheumatism for years. I expected to be in bed the last attack five or six weeks as usual. The Ton - d'apameibomenos - prosephe - podasokus-Achilles powder soon eased my pain, particularly in the back; I am now able to go about the house as usual."

Case 2.—Hypolite Alphonse d'Aurelle of Sauveterre writes: "I have been affected for

eighteen months with acute headache, which had quite incapacitated me from work. I am now, thanks to the application of five of your eye-powders, entirely free from pain, and able to return to my business."

Case 3.—Henry Walker of Bristol says: "The eye-powders have completely cured my chilblains. I have been a martyr to this distressing complaint every winter since I was a child. The chilblains form on hands, feet, ears, and, most distressing of all, on the point of my nose. Since I have used your eye-dust, my chilblains have entirely disappeared."

Case 4.—A lady from Liverpool writes: "My child was suffering from the thrush. I administered a few of your powders with such an unpronounceable name, and a wonderful cure has been effected. I would not be without them in the house for worlds."

These will suffice; they are taken at random from a vast pile of similar letters. Indeed every post brings me in recognitions of the wonderful results that have followed on the throwing of dust into people's eyes.

You might suppose that those who had once tried my remedy and found it to fail, would have given it up in disgust. No such thing. They went on with it with unshaken credulity, till laid hold of by some other quack.

I was not, however, quite easy in mind that the nature of my specific would not be found out and my method "blown." I therefore cast about for a more durable foundation than common road-dust on which to rear the fabric of my fortunes.

There was an ugly lady who was still an old maid, very rich, who suffered from a complication of imaginary disorders. I attended her for some time, and blew a great amount of dust into her eyes. At last I proposed to her, and she became my wife, and made me absolute master of her fortune. I had no love for her; indeed her presence inspires me with disgust. This, however, I do not let her see. I still blow dust into her eyes, as I do into the eyes of all the world; and I find that the secret of success in this world consists in maintaining the outward demeanor and expressing the sentiments of Tommy, but modelling the conduct upon the principles of Harry.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A SUNKEN TREASURE.

BY ROBERT ASHTON.

IT is not with the object of seducing any busy brain into promoting a company for the recovery of sunken treasure that these words are written, but simply to give an authentic instance of riches reposing at the bottom of the Deep, which has hitherto defied the ingenuity of man to wholly extract the spoil from its guardianship. The list of treasure lost in the sea would indeed be a long and melancholy one: instancing, for example, the "Madagascar," from Australia, which, in the early days of the gold fever there, having on board the precious yellow dust in enormous quantity, was never heard of, and left not even the faintest clue to speculation as to her fate. And, in later years, the "Thunder" steamer, from Calcutta to China, with some 300,000*l.* worth of silver, destined never to reach the expectant consignees, was supposed to be lying abandoned among the awful sandbanks at the mouth of the Hooghly, but, in spite of many rumours, never to be seen there. These are instances, out of many, of treasures never heard of. The wreck of the "Royal Charter" steamer, from Australia, lost in a frightful gale on the Anglesea coast in October 1859, with some 800,000*l.* of gold on board, will doubtless occur to the reader's mind, coupled as it was with such a lamentable loss of life. In this case, happily, a great part of the treasure was recovered subsequently, but there is still a fortune left at Moelfra for the fortunate being who can find it. In old days Vigo Bay had always an attractive sound to treasure seekers, from the reported wealth on board the Spanish fleet destroyed there by Sir G. Rooke in 1702; but the infinite pains, money, and patience expended upon its recovery have been thrown away, the silver (even if it is there, which is somewhat doubtful) obstinately refusing to make a reappearance in the world.

In writing of the treasures that the sea has in its keeping, one is always painfully reminded of the romance that surrounds them, and of the illusory character of their whereabouts: the vain

search after which has cost immense labor, much money, and many valuable lives. However, the present article is not to follow any *ignis fatuus*, such as Captian Kidd's reputed hoards in the West Indies, &c., &c., but to relate the sober truth of an enormous sum in specie and bullion buried in a watery grave, and only awaiting the fortunate meeting of certain conditions of wind, tide, and sand yet to gladden the eyes, and enrich the pocket, of the happy beholder.

As in most stories the narrator begins with the birth of his hero, so, in this instance, we commence in like manner with the building and launching, by the French government, in 1785, of the "La Lutine" frigate of 32 guns, whose sad fate it is purposed here to chronicle. It is not, however, until the year 1793 that our interest in this ship begins, and then she formed part of a very notable exploit wrought by Admiral Hood. In December of that year, the Admiral then at Toulon finding that the Republican troops were rapidly increasing in his neighborhood, and had erected batteries which commanded both the town and the fleet, was compelled to evacuate the town, having first brought off all his forces, some 8,000 men, without any loss, and set fire to, and destroyed, the famous arsenal. He next turned his attention to the men-of-war in the harbor, and destroyed the major part of that magnificent fleet by fire, carrying away with him, for the future use of his country, one ship of the line of 120 guns, three of 80 guns, eight of 74 guns, two frigates of 32 guns, and one sloop of 24 guns. One of the frigates in this nice little present to King George was our "La Lutine," and she was promptly fitted out by the Admiral as a bomb ketch.

Our story now leaps over the space of six years, to 1799, in which year a most grievous crisis had arisen in the commercial world of Hamburg and Bremen, mainly owing to the stagnation of commerce occasioned by our expedition to Holland. Nearly all the great bankers

and leading merchants, whose connections extended through every great city in Europe, were declared bankrupt, and many a giant of finance was laid low: the total amount of failures which took place in Hamburg in the short space between September 6 and October 25 was 26,753,763 banco marks,* which sufficiently shows the severity of the crisis. The losses to our merchants were very great in consequence, and credit sustained such a terrible shaking that the ordinary mode of remitting money by bills of exchange was perforce suspended, and one million and a half sterling was the sum that the London merchants had resolved to send over immediately, to revive confidence and trade. The large Jewish bankers in London, also, were obliged to send specie and bullion to the relief of their brethren in Hamburg, and it was in the service of transporting part of these treasures that the "Lutine" was employed on her fatal voyage. It is necessary that the real nature of her employment should be known, as it has been stated more than once that she was bound for the Texel, that her precious freight was intended for the payment of his Majesty's army in the Netherlands, and that also the crown jewels of Holland were on board, and such like fables; but we know she sailed on October 9, 1799, from Yarmouth, for the Elbe, and this is abundantly proved by the correspondence preserved by the Admiralty, written by Admiral Duncan, in which he says "that the merchants interested in making remittances to the Continent, for the support of their credit, having made application to me for a King's ship to carry over a considerable sum of money, on account of there being no packet for that purpose, I complied with their request, and ordered the 'Lutine' to Cuxhaven." She was commanded by Captain W. L. Skynner, who, to make the story still more sad, was engaged to be married, on his return from his cruise, to a daughter of a most respectable and wealthy merchant in London.

Of the passengers who were on board

* Over 2,000,000*l.* sterling; but this, of course, in these days would represent a much larger sum.

the "Lutine" very little mention is made, beyond a general statement in the newspapers that there were "several, including some London merchants;" but the "Times" of that date is a little more explicit, for it says "that among the persons of distinction lost on board the 'Lutine' frigate was the Duke de Chatillon, son of the Duke of Luxemburg," and, further, that there was a nephew of Mr. Goldsmid (the great banker of London and Hamburg in those days) lost with the rest; but, beyond this meagre record, the names of the unfortunate drowned, either crew or passengers, do not appear to have been made public. The apathy over their fate seems, to us, astonishing, but we must remember that the times then were very stirring and exciting, and men's minds were fully occupied with the wars with France and Holland. Domestic troubles in Ireland and elsewhere, together with a political strife that was very keen, made the fact of the loss of a man-of-war comparatively of very little surprise or comment, beyond a passing expression of regret; and the matter was speedily forgotten by all except the relatives of the hapless officers and crew. Our vessels were wrecked (notably on the very coast where the "Lutine" found her grave) in numbers astonishing to us, to whom the loss of a single ship is a serious event, demanding a searching investigation; but then, the gaps thus made in our navy, were more than filled by the prizes taken from our enemies, so that very little remark was occasioned at the loss of one of our wooden walls.

It was on October 15, 1799, that the news of the disaster of the "Lutine's" disappearance reached Lloyd's; but the Admiralty did not receive official knowledge of it until October 19, in the shape of a letter from Vice-Admiral A. Mitchell, then commanding our fleet on the Dutch coast, communicating the total loss of the frigate on the outward bank of the Fly Island Passage on the night of the 9th inst., in a heavy gale from the N.N.W. A few further details are supplied in a letter from Captain Portlock, of the "Arrow," to Admiral Mitchell, dated Fly Island, October 10, in which he says: "I am much afraid her crew, except one man who was saved

on a part of the wreck, have perished. This man, when taken up, was almost exhausted. He is at present tolerably recovered, and relates that the 'Lutine' left Yarmouth Roads on the morning of the 9th inst., bound for the Texel, and that she had on board considerable quantity of money. The wind blowing strong from the N.N.W., and the lee-tide coming on, rendered it impossible with schowts or other boats to get out to her aid until daylight in the morning, and at that time nothing was to be seen but parts of the wreck. I shall use every endeavor to save what I can from the wreck, but, from the situation she is lying in, I am much afraid little will be recovered." It may be as well to say here that this single survivor died before reaching England; he was a Mr. Shabrack, a notary public. The newspapers of that date scarcely comment on the wreck, excepting, perhaps, a passing lament on the loss of specie, etc., with a little wail over the death of her commander, and they throw but small light on the catastrophe. In the "Times," however, of October 24, 1799, we pick up a crumb or two of information. It says: "At the time the 'Lutine' frigate struck the ground on the Vlie sandbank, she was going at the rate of ten knots an hour; it was the violence of this shock which caused her to bilge so quickly." And again, on October 26, it says: "According to letters received yesterday from the Helder, it appears that the loss of the 'Lutine' is attributable to having been drawn imperceptibly too near the island, by the strong currents which set into the rivers Weser and Elbe."

Rumor seems to have sprung into existence as to her safety, but, alas! it proved to be only another instance of that dame's lying tongue, and was not verified. The "Times" of October 24 says: "It was yesterday very currently reported (though we scarcely know how to indulge a hope of its confirmation) that the 'Lutine' frigate may have escaped. The circumstance which gives birth to this idea arises in the account given by the only individual who was supposed to have escaped from the wreck. This person was washed overboard by a tremendous wave, which carried away the spars and whatever

was loose upon the deck. When he recovered himself there was no frigate anywhere to be descried, neither was visible, nor has there since been found, any part of the vessel, any bodies, or other circumstance which could lead to suppose there had been a wreck." Her mails were, however, afterwards found floating near the bank on which she was lost, and returned to the General Post Office.

Singular to say, the exact amount of specie and bullion on board the ill-fated vessel was never publicly known. The amount generally stated, at first, was 140,000*l.*, but this was very far below the actual sum, and referred, probably, to the public money shipped by her. The "Morning Herald," of October 21, in some remarks it made on the loss of the treasure, says: "It is even said that one house in the City, whose active and general benevolence has created more than common interest with the public, had sent 150,000*l.*, and that the whole sum which thus went to the bottom amounted to half a million, of which 200,000*l.* had been insured." But this probably by no means represented the loss, one million and over being the estimate in later years. Of course, attention was directed towards the salvage of this great sum; and public enterprise was stimulated by the following paragraph, which appeared in several newspapers at that time: "If the wreck of the unfortunate 'Lutine' should be discovered, there may be reason to hope for the recovery of the bullion on board of her. In the reign of James II., some adventurers fitted out a vessel to search for and weigh up the cargo of a rich Spanish ship, which had been lost on the coast of South America. They succeeded, and brought home 300,000*l.*, which had been forty-four years at the bottom of the sea. The Duke of Albermarle had 90,000*l.* for his share; Captain Phipps, who commanded, had 20,000*l.* for his share. A medal was struck in honor of the event in 1687."

The Admiralty did nothing practical in the matter, beyond writing, three weeks after the loss, to instruct Captain Portlock "to take such measures as may be practicable" to recover the stores of the "Lutine," as well as the property

on board. Meanwhile, the underwriters, with characteristic energy, had acted more promptly, and sent out several persons to reconnoitre the ground, and see if anything could be snatched from Neptune's grasp; in the interim, settling, as has always been their wont, a total loss with the greatest promptitude. Their agents, however, failed to save anything for the benefit of their employers. The Dutch, being at war with England, speedily rose with the occasion, and claimed the prize; but, while the two nations were fighting, the peaceful Hollanders of the coast were quietly at work at the wreck in the sand. The ship was partly visible at very low tides, and, at the period of her loss, was easily accessible by a channel which then existed; and the fishermen, with their rude appliances, managed to extract from it the nice little sum of about 83,000*l.* sterling. These bullion fishers afterwards declared officially that they had raised, between June 1800 and November 1801, 58 bars of gold weighing 646 lbs. 23 ozs., 35 bars of silver weighing 1758 lbs. 8 ozs., and 42,403 gold and silver coins. One third of this find was granted by the Dutch Government to the salvors, and the remainder went to enrich the Treasury, being converted into Dutch currency by the mint at Dordrecht, and was valued at 55,000*l.*

At the end of 1801 operations were suspended, owing chiefly to the obstacles presented by the ever-shifting sand, which had covered the wreck, and, perhaps because the salvors thought there was no more to be got out of her; and, for a dozen years, Dutch phlegm was paramount, and nothing was done. During these years, too, the story of the "Lutine's" disaster was nearly effaced from Englishmen's minds, as so few souvenirs had arrived to keep it in remembrance. One or two personal trifles were fished up with the treasure, which, perhaps, were of inestimable value to the relatives of those to whom they once belonged, as mementos of their dear lost ones. Some silver spoons, marked with the captain's initials, were sent to his father, a clergyman in Lincolnshire; and also a sword was recovered, with the initials "C. G. A.," which proved to have been the property

of Mr. Aufrere, first lieutenant of the ship. None of the bodies were ever discovered, and the underwriters, having paid the loss long ago, probably forgot all about it, being occupied, let us hope, in the more congenial work of making money.

However, such riches lying at their very doors were not to be neglected much longer, and, after twelve years' repose, the matter of salvage was again revived by one Heer Eschauzier, who was a resident not far from the scene of the wreck, and a sort of minor Government official connected with the lordship of the manor. He, being of course well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, came to the conclusion that the greater portion of the treasure was still lying in the wreck. He argued, very reasonably, that the gold and silver bars recovered by the previous salvors had certain marks and numbers on them, which were not consecutive running numbers, clearly indicating the existence of many more; and he proved, almost without doubt, from various appearances that there were no less than 569 gold bars remaining within the wreck. His arguments seemed so conclusive that he obtained a grant from the public exchequer to defray the expenditure of an attempt at salvage, the king of the Netherlands, Willem I., being much interested in the experiment. But, with all this powerful support, the attempt was a complete failure, nature proving stronger than man. Heer Eschauzier's idea was that by dredging he would be able to reach the treasure, but the body of the wreck was too firmly embedded in the always-moving sand to admit of any approach; still, with splendid perseverance, this gentleman for seven years would not abandon what seemed a hopeless task: and, though rewarded with but the most meagre results (some seventeen pieces of coin only), he paused but to find some better means of grasping the hidden treasure. King Willem I. still preserved his faith in the enterprise, and granted, on September 14, 1821, to Heer Eschauzier the exclusive right to undertake the salvage, on delivery of half the recovered bullion to the Government. A species of syndicate was formed, and, money forthcoming, a diving-bell, together with

some experienced divers, was procured in London, and operations were again commenced in July, 1822, and continued some months, but were no more successful than the previous attempts; 5,000*l.* having been spent with literally no return for the money. The Dutch Government bought the diving-bell, the divers returned to England, and the "Lutine's" grave was once more undisturbed.

Faith in the ultimate success was, fortunately, not altogether dead; and it was London, this time, which showed its readiness to take up the abandoned project. The last attempt had caused some talk in maritime circles, and the outcome of the stir was that the underwriters at Lloyd's determined on an effort to raise what they considered their property, they arguing that the Netherlands Government had really no claim to it, either in law or equity. Diplomacy was set to work, and, after experiencing the usual delay, it was arranged that the Dutch Government should make over their right to fifty per cent of the salvage to the English claimants. Owing, however, to disputes with Heer Eschauzier and his partners, who claimed the remainder of the salvage, and obstructed by the antipathy to England, and everything English, prevalent at the time (a dislike which even the hopes of earning a golden harvest could not abate), they failed to work amicably with the underwriters, and many years were suffered to elapse ere anything was done. However, in 1857, a new company was started, with the proviso that half the salvage should be made over to Lloyd's, and the results, at first, were very encouraging; the adventurers being aided by the removal of the sand from the wreck by a violent gale from the right quarter, *i.e.* from the N.N.W. Some few coins and a quantity of cannon and shot were their reward primarily; but, later on, a further sum of specie was raised, and, moreover, the cheering discovery made that the vessel was entire. With the aid of a diving-bell a very considerable quantity of

treasure rewarded their efforts in November 1857, and operations were then postponed till the summer of 1858, which was to bring a rich harvest to the adventurers, to the tune of 50,000*l.* or thereabouts. It was in this year that the divers exhumed the bell of the "Lutine," weighing eighty pounds, which is now to be seen in the library at Lloyd's, where, also, a handsome chair and table, made from the rudder of the ship, raised at the same time, testify to the soundness of her timbers, despite their sixty years' immersion.

The salvage operations were conducted with but little energy after this, as the old enemy, the sand, had once more swept over the wreck, and in 1859 the find amounted to only 4,852*l.*, whilst in 1860 and 1861 it only reached 68*l.* The total sum which Lloyd's benefited by the salvage was nearly 22,000*l.*, and as the underwriters' books were all burnt in the fire which consumed the Royal Exchange in 1838, making proof of their individual interests well-nigh impossible, and the original subscribers to the policies being, of course all dead long ago, this money became the property of the Corporation of Lloyd's, and by Act of Parliament in 1871 sanction was given them "to do all lawful things as they may deem expedient to further salving from the wreck of the 'Lutine,'" a gracious permission which has not been acted upon in recent years.

Perhaps some day a happy combination of favorable wind, tide, and sand may again uncover this veritable gold-mine, bringing a bountiful reward to the adventurous seekers. That there is still something worth picking up in this Tom Tiddler's ground can hardly be doubted; for it was estimated on very good authority, by the last salvors, that the total amount of the treasure originally on board was 1,175,000*l.*, whilst the value of that saved was about 120,000*l.*, still leaving over one million pounds in the dreary sand-flats of Holland—a sum not to be undervalued, even in these days of millionaire fortunes.—*Belgravia.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE, EXTENDING OVER TWENTY YEARS.

BY JOHN COLEMAN.

PART I. INTRODUCTION.

NOTHING in the following pages can be half so remarkable as the source to which these reminiscences owe their origin, and the circumstances under which they came to be written.

My career has probably been more varied, and associated with more remarkable incidents, than most men of my age and profession. In years gone by, I have often beguiled the time by relating my adventures to Mr. Reade, and he has over and over again urged me to commit them to paper. The cares, the drudgery, and the ever recurring vicissitudes of fortune incidental to my position as actor, occasional dramatist, and manager of a number of theatres, left me, however, little leisure, and less inclination, to follow his advice.

Almost the last time I saw him, he returned to the charge more earnestly than ever, and finally offered in the most generous spirit—if I would avail myself of his suggestion—to launch my first book with the support of his name attached to it as Editor; and now, by the irony of fate, these mementoes of my relations with him are published as the first instalment of the work he himself so often suggested.

May 23d, 1884.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago (I forgot the precise date), when, in my "teens," I was principal tragedian in Bath and Bristol, Mr. E. T. Smith offered me an engagement to make my *debut* in London, in a piece written by Charles Reade, called "Gold." At that time I was successful beyond my deserts, nothing less than Hamlet would have suited my modest aspirations; and the offer was declined I fear with more curtness than courtesy. "Gold" was subsequently acted at Drury Lane for five or six weeks, and, it was alleged, enabled Mr. Smith to clear upwards of £1800. The author's honorarium amounted to £20 a week,

and the use of a private box. Even that sum the manager thought too much, and after the thirtieth night he proposed to reduce it to £12 a week. Mr. Reade declined to assent to this proposal, and he withdrew the piece altogether. From that day to this, "Gold" has never been acted in town, and it was never acted in the country except at two theatres, in both of which it was a dead failure; yet this unfortunate play, which had disappeared altogether from the living drama, and which, in my boyish arrogance, I had disdained to act in, was not only destined to become the medium of my acquaintance with my dearest friend, but also to become a landmark in the history of dramatic literature.

Everybody knows that Mr. Reade was a fellow of Magdalen College, and took his degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, yet he has often assured me that his original bent was toward the drama, and the drama alone!

For fifteen or sixteen years after attaining his fellowship, and being called to the Bar, he oscillated 'twixt Oxford, London, Edinburgh, and Paris, and once, in conjunction with his friend young Morris, son of the Haymarket manager, he took a pedestrian tour half over Europe. During this period he wrote for the magazines much, studied more, and acquired his intimate acquaintance with the French Theatre, although he frankly admitted that, much as he desired to do so, he never could emancipate himself entirely from the "fetters" of that which he usually designated "our cumbrous, sprawling, Anglo-Saxon drama."

He had fondly hoped that the production of "Gold" at Drury Lane would have opened all the theatres to him, but to the end of his life he alleged that he was perpetually baffled by the caprice and stupidity of the public, and the perversity and obtuseness of the managers. Barely twelve months ago, he told me that he had made an appointment only a short time previous, to read a play of his in a certain fashion—

able theatre. He was kept waiting for more than an hour, and the manager did not deign to put in an appearance, nor did he afterward condescend to explain or apologize for this impertinence. Still more recently, Mr. Reade wrote to the management of another fashionable theatre, offering to send a printed copy of a new comedy for approval, and he never even received an answer to his proposal.

At the commencement of his career the Haymarket was under the management of Mr. Morris. Mrs. Seymour, a charming and accomplished actress, then in the very flower of her beauty, was one of the principal attractions of the company, and Mr. Reade was as much impressed with her ability as by her personal charms. He frequented the theatre nightly, studied the actress's method, and composed a comedy, of which he intended her to be the heroine. Obtaining an introduction from his friend young Morris, he carried his play under his arm, and presented himself in Jermyn Street, where he found the pretty actress at tea, or to be more precise, at the actors' popular "tea-dinner," with her husband, and Captain Curling, who divided the expenses of the household with the Seymours. Mr. Reade impressed the little family party so favorably that they invited him to join them. During his first visit, he was shy, nervous, and embarrassed. A few days later, on returning from the theatre, Mrs. Seymour found that the servant, after having helped herself to her mistress's wardrobe, had taken her departure, without preparing the tea-dinner. At the very moment when Reade called to pay his second visit, the fair Laura was vainly endeavoring to light a fire to set the kettle boiling, and the young author volunteered to assist her. This incident he afterward utilized, and elaborately developed in the highly humorous dramatic situation between Charles and Nell Gwynne, in the last act of "The King's Rival."

The Seymours did not think much of the comedy, but they thought very highly of the author, and finding that he occupied very expensive apartments, invited him, with a view to economize his resources, to join their modest *ménage* as a member of the family upon

the same footing as Captain Curling. Hence commenced an intimacy which terminated only with the death of Mrs. Seymour long subsequent to the decease of her husband, and his Pylades, Bunce Curling.

It was in the year 1851 that Mr. Reade, then thirty-seven years of age, made his first dramatic experiment.* It was in an adaptation of a comedy by Scribe and Legouvé, anglicized under the name of "The Ladies' Battle," and chiefly remembered for Mrs. Stirling's admirable impersonation of the Comtesse d'Autreval. After this came "Gold," with the result already stated. His next composition was a drama founded upon certain romantic incidents connected with his own history, which occurred during his sojourn in Scotland. This play he sent to the late Tom Taylor, then a rising and popular dramatist supposed to possess considerable influence with the managers of the day. Mr. Taylor himself informed me that he read the drama through one night, while swinging in his hammock at his chambers in the Temple. He was struck with the power and vigor of the diction, and the exciting nature of the incidents, but thought the plot quite unsuitable for dramatic action. Under this impression he got up in the "wee small hours ayont the twelve," and wrote to Reade, urging him to convert the drama into a story, suggesting a particular mode of treatment, and concluding the letter with the famous quotation, "'Yea by—!' said my uncle Toby, 'it shall not die!'"

Adopting Taylor's suggestion, Reade ultimately converted the drama into the delightful story of "Christie Johnstone." He, however, alleged to me, no later than last September, that he still felt that his first idea was the correct one, and in corroboration of the opinion, he quoted the fact that "Christie Johnstone" had been adapted and acted in America, with remarkable success, thousands of times.

* Since the above was written I have seen a copy of a yet earlier dramatic effort, an adaptation of Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle." It was published at Oxford. On the title-page is written in the author's own hand this ominous inscription: "Bosh! Bosh!! Bosh!!!—C. R."

Previous to the production of this work in narrative form, he wrote "Peg Woffington." Taylor thought the subject admirably adapted for dramatic treatment, and he proposed to Reade that they should collaborate in the transmogrification of the story into the comedy of "Masks and Faces," which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, and in which Mrs. Stirling and Ben Webster distinguished themselves so highly as the large-hearted Peg, and the poor starving author, Triplet.

Although this work brought great credit, it brought little coin to the authors, who, under happier auspices, repurchased their rights, and were ultimately enabled to realize a considerable sum from royalties accruing from the performance of the play at the Prince of Wales's, the Haymarket, and elsewhere.

"Christie Johnstone" immediately followed the publication of "Peg Woffington," and Charles Reade made his first mark as a novelist.

In her youth Mrs. Seymour had enjoyed the advantage of being on terms of friendly intimacy with all the distinguished actors of her time, including Macready and Charles Kean. Many a time and oft, when people used to complain of Macready's temper, have I heard her exclaim, "Ah, you didn't know him! He was a darling, and the truest, noblest gentleman in the world!" Charles Kean she also declared was a most lovable, charming fellow (and so he was). Owing to Mrs. Seymour's influence with Kean, Reade and Taylor's now almost forgotten play of "The First Printer" was produced with questionable success at the Princess's. This was soon followed by "The Courier of Lyons," in one respect a truly remarkable piece of stage craft. Most of Reade's dramas are distinguished by prolixity and redundancy, but here in adapting another man's work, he produced a masterpiece of construction. Except Palgrave Simpson's adaptation of Edmund Yates's novel, "Black Sheep," which is a model of dramatization, there is nothing on the modern stage which for terseness, simplicity, and strength, can compare with Charles Reade's arrangement of the third and fourth acts of "The Courier of Lyons." This is a mere expression of individual opinion,

but it may at least be accepted as an impartial one, since I myself had previously adapted the play, and had acted it repeatedly; but upon seeing Reade's version, I put my own behind the fire. Excellent as his manipulation of the work was, "The Courier of Lyons" did not at that time do much to advance Mr. Reade's reputation. Finding the majority of theatres closed against him, and determined not to be kept out, he, in conjunction with Mrs. Seymour, went into management at the St. James's on his own account, where he commenced his campaign with "The King's Rival," a strong but clumsy play, remembered principally for being the medium to introduce Mr. Toole to a London audience, and for Mrs. Seymour's inimitable performance of Nell Gwynne, and above all for the noblest epitaph on the Lord Protector (the great Oliver) the English language (no disrespect to Carlyle) has yet produced.

This season, I fear, involved a serious loss, to retrieve which a tour in the provinces was projected and carried out, with anything but successful financial results.

On returning to London, Mr. Reade collaborated with Mr. Tom Taylor in the composition of "Two Loves and a Life"—a noble play, but never attractive to the extent of its merits, either in town or country. As literary work, in my opinion, it is in advance of any drama of the same class in this century, yet such is the perversity of public taste, this play was only acted in one or two important country theatres, and has never been revived in London since its first production at the Adelphi. I had such faith in it, that during the first year I went into management I expended three or four hundred pounds upon its production, with most direful results. The manager, as well as the author, is unfortunate who is "before his time."

It was at this crisis in Mr. Reade's career that the sound, practical common-sense of Mrs. Seymour came to the rescue, and she incessantly urged him to quit the precarious pursuit of the drama, in which he was so often defeated, and to devote his great powers and his undivided attention to narrative literature.

He was now forty years of age, and as yet had done nothing to satisfy his ambition; but he knew his own strength and felt convinced that everything, the world itself, comes round to him who knows how to wait and who lives long enough. It was at this time he said to his brother Compton, "I am like Goldsmith and others—I shall blossom late." And he kept his word.

Four years later he awoke one morning to find himself famous. "It is Never too Late to Mend" had been published, and in one bound he had leaped into the foremost rank of living authors. Then followed in regular succession all the works which constitute the claim of Charles Reade to be remembered as one of the greatest writers of fiction of this century.

Up to forty-three years of age his life had appeared almost a wasted one. Before he had reached fifty he had acquired fame and fortune. Yet amidst his continually increasing successes as a novelist, he perpetually hungered for the glamor of the footlights, the applause of the audience, and he was never happy out of the theatre. With this feeling ever dominant, circumstances now occurred which were peculiarly aggravating. "It is Never to Late to Mend" caught the public eye and heart, rushed through several editions, and became the rage of the hour. Its great and continually increasing popularity attracted the attention of the minor theatre dramatists. Various unauthorized dramatizations of the novel were produced in town and country, which crowded the theatres nightly, and replenished the managerial coffers, while not a cent ever found its way to the pocket of the original author. It must be confessed that to a less irascible man this would have been annoying enough, but it incensed Charles Reade almost to madness.

At this period I read the book—fortunately I had not seen any of the spurious plays on the subject—and I was immediately struck with the dramatic capabilities of the story. Without delay, I ran up to town, presented myself at Bolton Row, May Fair, and introduced myself to Mr. Reade.

Thus after all these years, the obsolete drama of "Gold"—at which I had

turned up my nose in my youth—at my maturity brought me into immediate communication with the author of "It is Never too Late to Mend," and led to an intimacy of twenty years' duration.

CHAPTER II.

ON arriving at Bolton Row, I was shown into a large room littered over with books, MSS., agenda, newspapers of every description from the *Times* and the *New York Herald*, down to the *Police News*. Before me stood a stately and imposing man of fifty or fifty-one, over six feet high, a massive chest, herculean limbs, a bearded and leonine face, giving traces of a manly beauty which ripened into majesty as he grew older. Large brown eyes which could at times become exceedingly fierce, a fine head, quite bald on the top, but covered at the sides with soft brown hair, a head strangely disproportioned to the bulk of the body; in fact I never could understand how so large a brain could be confined in so small a skull. On the desk before him lay a huge sheet of drab paper, on which he had been writing—it was about the size of two sheets of ordinary foolscap; in his hand, one of Gillott's double-barrelled pens. (Before I left the room, he told me he sent Gillott his books, and Gillott sent him his pens.)

His voice, though very pleasant, was very penetrating. He was rather deaf, but I don't think quite so deaf as he pretended to be. This deafness gave him an advantage in conversation; it afforded him time to take stock of the situation and either to seek refuge in silence, or to request his interlocutor to propound his proposal afresh. At first he was very cold, but at last, carried away by the ardor of my admiration for his works, he thawed, and in half an hour he was eager, excited, delighted, and delightful.

When I said that I wanted to dramatize his book he told me he had dramatized it already, that he had sent printed copies to every manager in London, and they had not the decency even to acknowledge his letters on the subject. He had lost all hope and heart about it, he said, but if I liked I might take the book and read it, and form my own opinion as to its chances of suc-

cess. I read the play that night, and breakfasted with him the next morning, when we arranged to produce it forthwith at my theatre in Leeds.

Mr. Reade's frank egoism is so well-known, and he was so *naïve* and manly about it, that I cannot refrain from chronicling my first impressions of it. After breakfast, he asked me to read him George Fielding's farewell to the farm. There was a lady present and the tears rose in her eyes at the touching lines about "church bells, and home." Seeing this, Reade rose, and paced the room in violent agitation, muttering to himself, "Beautiful—beautiful—music—music!—isn't it?" He then turned upon me abruptly, and desired me to give Tom Robinson's curse in the prison scene. I did, to the best of my ability. When I had done, he became quite wild with excitement, and exclaimed, "Sublime! sublime! My only fear is, if you let him have it like that they'll be sorry for that beast of a Hawes. Now—seriously, on your honor, sir, do you think that Lear's curse is 'in it' with this?"

When we laughed at his almost boyish exuberance, he was not at all offended, but laughed heartily, as he said:

"No, no, it isn't exactly that—but I can't help kicking when those d—d asses, the critics, try to hang dead men's bones round living men's necks!"

That night there was a cozy little dinner-party improvised in Bolton Row in honor of "the young man from the country," who had had the temerity "to beard the lion in his den"—so Reade always described the process of my introducing myself to him. The only persons present besides myself were Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Dr. Dickson, Mr. Reade and Mrs. Seymour. This charming woman had long passed her *première jeunesse* when I became acquainted with her. She was still beautiful, but in the heyday of her youth she must have been supremely lovely; and Mr. Reade always maintained that at her zenith she was the most delightful and ebullient comedy actress he had ever seen. And I can well believe it. The first time I ever saw her was on the stage of my own theatre at Sheffield with the Haymarket company. On that occa-

sion she acted as Mrs. Charles Torrens in the comedy of "The Serious Family." I can see her now as she appeared then, just in the full ripe prime of womanhood—a trifle below the middle height; a fair complexion, oval face; frank open brow; large bright hazel eyes with long dark lashes; a profusion of light brown glossy, curly hair; a delicate aquiline nose; an exquisitely cut mouth with dazzling teeth; a slender waist and a magnificent bust; a bright ringing laugh; a crisp, clear, sympathetic voice, which at times was "soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

In her Quaker dress of lavender silk she was piquantly charming, but when she appeared in ballroom costume, which revealed her majestic neck and shoulders, she was dazzlingly beautiful. I almost think I can hear her now as she exclaimed, "I have been deceived, betrayed, insulted! Take me from this house, Charles, or I shall stifle."

Years afterward, when our friendship had ripened into intimacy, Mrs. Seymour informed me that she was the daughter of an impecunious physician who hailed from somewhere in Somersetshire. From her earliest childhood she was the Little Dorritt of the family, and had to be breadwinner for her sister and herself. As early as fifteen years of age Miss Alison made her *début* as Juliet at the Victoria Theatre, then under the management of Abbott and Egerton, and subsequently she transferred her services to Braham the singer, under whose management she appeared at the St. James's Theatre and at the Coliseum in Regent's Park. Thence she went to the York Circuit and subsequently to the Theatre Royal, Dublin. On her return to town, the necessities of her family urged her to a marriage with Mr. Seymour, a man much older than herself, and reported to be in affluent circumstances. It appeared that this rumor had no foundation in fact. Soon after her marriage Mrs. Seymour, accompanied by her husband, went to America, vainly hoping by the exercise of her profession to obtain the fortune which her marriage had certainly not brought her. The American tour was a disappointment, and the newly married couple returned to Eng-

land. At or about this time I am under the impression that she acted Desdemona and parts of a similar character with Macready. Ultimately she was a member of the Haymarket company, where Mr. Reade became first acquainted with her.

When Mr. Reade chose, he could be austere as a stoic, dumb as an oyster; but when he unbent, he was a boy, and could talk like a woman. On this delightful evening he was as frolicsome as the one and as garrulous as the other.

Boucicault was, and is, a delightful *raconteur*—the ladies, too, contributed their quota, and Dr. Dickson was inimitable. Availing himself every now and then of a pause in the witty warfare between the two authors, he would let out some quaint pawky saying, which evoked continual laughter. I had just been reading "Hard Cash," and Dr. Dickson's manner struck me so much, that I couldn't help hazarding the remark: "Pray, pardon me, but you remind me wonderfully of Dr. Sampson." At this, there was a roar. Dr. Dickson was Dr. Sampson himself, and his honest face flashed with gratified vanity, as indeed did the author's, at my involuntary compliment to the fidelity of the likeness.

"Ah! you villain," said Dickson, "see how brutally you've caricatured me; since this boy is enabled to spot me the moment he sees me, I'll bring an action for libel against you, Charlie, I will now, 'pon my soul, I will."

Some time afterward, speaking to Mr. Reade about his remarkable portraiture of this gentleman, he said, "Come into my workshop, and I'll show you how it is done." We went into his study, where he picked out of a hundred huge sheets of drab millboard, one headed "Dickyardiana." ("Dick" was a pet name for Dickson.) The sheet was divided into sectional columns, like a newspaper, and every column was filled with MS. in Mr. Reade's writing, containing anecdotes, traits of character, peculiarities of pronunciation, and a perfect analysis of Dr. Dickson. It was thus that Mr. Reade labored from first to last in the construction of character, and in the building up of all his works.

After dinner, Boucicault sang us "The Wearing of the Green" (this was before

the production of "Arrah na Pogue") with such fervor that it set every drop of Irish blood in my body boiling, and made me for the time being as big a rebel as my grandfather was before me, and he was pitch-capped twice, and hung up to a lamp-post once, once taken out to be shot, yet was at the last moment saved through the intervention of the Duchess of Leinster, and lived to tell the story nearly half a century after '98. But I am digressing.

With that night commenced an intimate friendship between Mr. Reade and myself, which continued until his death.

"It is Never too Late to Mend" was produced for the first time at Leeds. It elicited considerable enthusiasm during a run of four or five weeks, although it never paid its current expenses! Fortunately I was able to bear the brunt, and as I believed in the piece, I too resolved, like uncle Toby, that it should not die! I arranged, therefore, a tour of all the principal towns, commencing at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The sequel justified my confidence, and wherever we went the theatre was crowded nightly.

My friend, the late George Vining, at that time manager of the Princess's Theatre, came down to York and Manchester to see the play, and eventually arranged for its production in town.

The first night at the Princess's was made memorable by a deplorable scene, not wholly unprovoked by a revolting piece of realism, introduced against my advice, in the Prison scene. A perfect riot ensued, and a by no means undistinguished man of letters so far forgot himself as to jump up in the stalls, and harangue the audience, protesting against the conduct and character of the drama.

Annoying as it was to the author and actors at the moment, this shameful scene served to attract attention, and indeed was a sensational advertisement. The play was a great commercial success, and crowded the theatre nightly until the termination of the season.

After its production at the Princess's, the late Benjamin Webster reproached me bitterly for not having recommended the play to him, utterly oblivious of the fact that it had passed through his own hands, and he had never taken the

trouble to read it, although he knew Charles Reade to be the author. I have dwelt upon the circumstances relative to the production of this play at length, for the encouragement of young authors. Here was a work of great popularity, by a very able writer, which went begging from stage-door to stage-door, and no manager would look at it, yet after its production in the provinces, it became a great metropolitan success, and is so to this day.

The triumph so long delayed, but at length achieved, filled Mr. Reade with a fever of delight, and contributed greatly to the intimacy which existed so long between us. For many years he always found a home whenever he pleased in my house, and whenever I came to town I found a home in his.

CHAPTER III.

DURING my frequent visits to Albert Gate I had ample opportunities for observing Mr. Reade's systematic mode of going to work. He scoffed at the idea of burning "the midnight oil." Maintaining that a man of letters had no need to lead the life of a recluse, he worked in the early part of the day; the remainder he devoted to society. Literature was the business of his life—society, its relaxation.

At the period of our early intimacy, he got up at eight, skimmed the papers, breakfasted at nine. In those days he had a healthy appetite, and usually made a substantial meal, which set him up for the day. Fish, flesh, eggs, potatoes, fruit, nothing came amiss to him. From breakfast-time he never tasted bit, bite nor sup till dinner at seven, or when he went to the theatre, at six. From ten till one or two, he stuck to the desk. Two chapters he considered a fair average day's work. I have often sat with him for hours together, without our exchanging one word. Sometimes indeed he would jump up and say—"My muse 'labors,' but the jade won't be 'delivered.' Come into the garden, John, and let's have a jaw."

After a few minutes' talk, he would return to his work with redoubled ardor.

One day every week was devoted to his agendas, and scrap-books; magazines

and papers of every description, from all parts of the world, were piled round him in shoals. Armed with a long pair of scissors, sharp and glittering as a razor, he would glance over a whole sheet, spot out a salient article or paragraph—a picturesque illustration from 'Harper's,' or 'Frank Leslie's Pictorial,' the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, the 'London Journal,' down to the *Police News*—snip went the scissors, slash went the article as it dropped into the paper basket. During these operations, he would sometimes pause to let out an exclamation of astonishment or disgust, or a Gargantuan roar of laughter, or occasionally he would read a more than usually interesting paragraph aloud, and comment on it. When the slashing was completed, and the room was littered over in every corner, the maid was called in to clear away the *débris*—then came the revision. Paragraphs and illustrations were sifted, selected, approved or rejected. Those that were approved, were there and then pasted into scrap-books, and duly indexed—long articles were stowed away into one or other of his numerous agendas, so methodically that he knew where to lay his hand upon them at a moment's notice. It was by this process that he prepared those wonderful storehouses of information, which his friend Edwin Arnold describes thus: "The enormous note-books which he compiled in the course of his various publications, with their elaborate system of reference and confirmation, and their almost encyclopædic variety and range, will rank hereafter among the greatest curiosities of literature, and be a perennial monument of his artistic fidelity."

Of all his contemporaries Charles Reade yielded the palm alone to Dickens. Him he always acknowledged as his master. Next for variety and scope he thought came Bulwer.

Carlyle, he said, was "a Johnsonian pedant, bearish, boorish, and bumptious, egotistical and atrabilious. His Teutonic English was barbarous and cacophonous; yet, notwithstanding, every line he wrote was permeated with vigor and sincerity, and his 'Cromwell' is a memorial to two great men, the hero and the author."

Macaulay always posed himself:

"As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'"

but with this intellectual arrogance he combined a grand rhythmical style, a marvellous learning, and a miraculous memory.

Disraeli was "the most airy and vivacious of literary coxcombs, the most dexterous and dazzling of political harlequins, the most audacious of adventurers, the most lovable of men (when you got on his weak side), and altogether the most unique and remarkable personage of the age."

"Esmond," he added, "is worthy of Addison at his best, but some of "The Yellow Plush Papers" would be a disgrace to Grub Street, and the miserable personal attacks on Bulwer, who has written the best play, the best comedy, and the best novel of the age, are unworthy of a gentleman, and a man of letters!"

"Trollope wrote a good deal that was interesting, and a good deal that was—not interesting."

"For literary ingenuity in building up a plot, and investing it with mystery, give me dear old Wilkie Collins against the world."

"George Eliot's *metier* appears to me to consist principally in describing with marvellous accuracy the habits, manners and customs of animalculæ as they exist under the microscope."

"Ouida has emerged into dignity, and there is nothing in literature more touching and beautiful than the tale of "Two Little Wooden Shoes."

"Victor Hugo is the one great genius of this century; unfortunately he occasionally has the nightmare."

"George Sand should have been a man, for she was a most manly woman."

"Glorious old Alexandre Dumas has never been properly appreciated—he is the prince of dramatists."

"Walter Scott was one of the world's benefactors."

Reade execrated poetasters, but adored poets; although he maintained that there was no nobler vehicle to give expression to thought than nervous, simple prose.

Tennyson, he alleged, "is more pretty than potent." When "The

Cup" was produced at the Lyceum, he said, "It might have proved an interesting spectacle if the words had been left out!"

"Browning is a man of genius, but he gives me too much trouble to understand."

"Buchanan is a poet, but I like his prose best; it is most poetic prose."

"Edwin Arnold has sparks of the divine afflatus, and holds his own among the best."

"Swinburne has a heart of gold, a muse of fire—a little too fiery perhaps; but I was young once myself, and I, too, love the great god Pan!"

He always harked back to Byron, Shelley and Scott—the latter, however, was his greatest favorite, and he would recite by heart, with fervor, cantos of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake."

He sometimes complained bitterly of what he called "The Shakespearian craze," stoutly maintaining that the people who talked most of the bard, knew least about him. In a more genial mood he frankly admitted the supremacy of the "celestial thief" to all men who came before or after him. If I could only set him going about "Othello"—the one perfect play through all the ages—he would discourse "thunder and lightning."

Music was his special delight, but his taste was as exacting as it was cultivated. Italian opera he always maintained was both in form and method an emasculated and degraded school of art. Wagner was a giant a hundred years in advance of his age, and his theory was sublime; but alas! he lacked melody.

It was very trying to one's temper to sit beside Reade in a theatre—especially if we happened to be in the stalls. He would writhe under an atrocious entr'acte, and not hesitate to express his opinion openly and freely about it. Once in his own collegiate chapel at Magdalen, I thought he would really have gone mad during the "murdering," as he called it, of some choral piece.

"High art" in music he didn't believe in. "What," he would exclaim, "call that braying brass, and torturing of catgut—music! Ah! give me music with melody."

Among our neighbors he admitted

that Rachel and Lemaitre were geniuses, but he could not endure Fechter. One night, during the latter's management of the Lyceum, we went to see "The Master of Ravenswood." During the Contract scene, Edgar became very angry with Lucy, and in approaching her, gesticulated so violently, that for a moment it seemed as if he were about to strike her. Reade growled: "He'll hit her in a minute. Ah! it's always the way with those Frenchmen where women are concerned—when they are not sneaks, they are bullies."

The teacup and saucer comedy with the semi-chambermaid heroine, and the *petit croqué* hero thereof, he despised utterly.

"Give me," he would exclaim, "a man—one of Queen Elizabeth's men. A woman—none of your skin and bone abominations, but a real woman; let both man and woman have heads on their shoulders, hearts in their bodies—limbs they know how to use, and 'hair of what color it shall please Heaven'—voices that I can hear, voices that fire me like a trumpet, or melt me like a flute. Those God-like instruments make more music for me than all the fiddles that ever squeaked since the time that Nero fiddled, when Rome was a-fire."

Among his brother dramatists, he yielded Boucicault the first place. "Like Shakespeare and Molière," he said, "the beggar steals everything he can lay his hands on, but he does it so deftly, so cleverly, that I can't help condoning the theft. He picks up a pebble by the shore, and polishes it into a jewel. Occasionally too he writes divine lines, and knows more about the grammar of the stage than all the rest of them put together."

The success of "It is Never too Late to Mend" being an established fact, Mr. Reade's work was now in demand, and Mr. Alfred Wigan selected "The Double Marriage" (taken from "Le Château Grantier" of Macquet) to inaugurate the opening of the new Queen's Theatre—that unfortunate building destined to prove hereafter so disastrous to Mr. Reade, so ruinous to me. Here was a magnificent opportunity. A new, elegant, and commodious theatre, in an eligible situation—a fashion-

able management, with abundant capital at its back—sure never was there a better chance for author to distinguish himself.

The play began well—the audience were pleased; as act succeeded act, they became more and more interested. At last came the great situation of the fourth act, which, it was confidently anticipated, would take the house by storm, and it did—but not in the way the author intended.

Josephine, the heroine of "The Double Marriage," has given birth to a child under circumstances which, though ultimately explained satisfactorily, appear at the moment most compromising. The child is discovered—the unfortunate mother's honor, happiness, her very life, are at stake. In this supreme moment, her sister, a young girl the incarnation of truth, purity and innocence, comes forward in the presence of her affianced husband and her mother, the haughty Comtesse Grandpré, and, to save Josephine from shame, brands herself with infamy. Taking the child in her arms, the innocent girl declares that it is hers.

I can conceive no dramatic situation in existence stronger than this. Miss Ellen Terry had returned to the stage—to her well-grounded skill was intrusted this striking incident. Circumstances had invested her first appearance with unusual interest. She was equal to the occasion—her form dilated—her eyes sparkled with fire—her voice trembled as she exclaimed in tones of passionate emotion: "I am its mother!"

At this moment, Reade told me that there burst forth a roar of derision which shook the building, and a howl of savage laughter arose, which he should never forget if he lived to the age of Old Parr. The curtain fell amidst yells, and the piece was doomed there and then; indeed it was only kept in the bill until something could be prepared to take its place.

Here was a bitter disappointment for my poor friend—and at the very moment when he felt assured that he had got firm hold of the dramatic public, hey-presto! the phantom vanished, and he had to begin all over again.

Immediately preceding the production of "It is Never too Late to Mend,"

"The Colleen Bawn" had achieved a great success. Boucicault and Reade were on terms of friendly intimacy. It occurred to them that the names of the authors of "The Colleen Bawn" and of "It is Never too Late to Mend" were names to conjure by. They would write a novel first, and dramatise it after.

In its narrative form "Foul Play" was highly successful; then came the question of the dramatization, and it was soon found that "when two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." Both authors objected to take a back seat, and each rode off in different directions. Boucicault took his version to the Holborn Theatre, where it failed most signally. Reade brought his adaptation to me. It was a powerful but sprawling play; strength, however, it had in abundance, and all that was necessary was to lick it into shape. Mr. Reade was amenable to reason, and accepted my practical suggestions; for example, when it was first put into my hands, the second act was in seven scenes. I put them all into one—suggested the whole of the business of "The Crossing the Line" in the third act, and transposed and arranged the Island act, until it assumed its present form.

The drama was produced the first season of my new theatre at Leeds, with immediate and pronounced success, and I am emboldened to say was one of the best acted and best mounted plays that has been produced in this generation.

Despite his elaborate theories about art, Mr. Reade was in reality only guided by practical results. I have frequently known him take grave exception to an actor's conception of a part at rehearsal, but if the offender struck fire at night, the end justified the means, even if his views were diametrically opposed to those of the author. If from some adverse circumstance—a bad house, an east wind, an unsympathetic audience—the play did not elicit the usual modicum of applause, then the actors were stigmatized as "duffers"—"Duffers, sir, who have defiled my composition, mixed ditch-water with my champagne, murdered my work." The next night perhaps there was a

good house—perhaps the wind was not in the east, perhaps a thousand things—at any rate, if the play was received enthusiastically, then all was condoned and forgiven. The popular applause was music to Mr. Reade; he would ensconce himself in his box, turn his back to the stage, and as the audience laughed or cried he laughed and cried with them, and their tears or cheers were always him barometers of the actor's ability. I have often heard him say that he thought the great orator or the great actor quaffing the full wine of applause crushed in one moment into a golden cup and drained from the public heart, was the most enviable of human beings.

No man, except himself, ever combined, in one and the same person, such an extraordinary mass of contradictions as Charles Reade. Of course, it is well known, that if any one assailed him, he dipped his pen in vitriol, and poured the vials of his wrath upon his luckless adversary. On these occasions nothing could restrain the headstrong rush of his impetuosity, nothing check the torrent of his objurgations. Yet, on the other hand, if called upon to advise a friend under similar circumstances, he frequently exercised quite a judicial function and was the very incarnation of mildness.

A remarkable illustration of this occurred while we were at X. The night before our opening a certain press-man had announced his intention of "slating" us. This ornament to literature turned up at night very drunk, and absolutely unable to get into the theatre without assistance. He slept quietly and composedly through the greater portion of the performance. All the same, the next day, we got the promised "slating." Perhaps no man has been more fulsomely flattered, or more villainously abused than I have, consequently, I have "ta'en fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks;" but this onslaught, knowing its origin, was more than I could stomach, so I rushed at pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter that was probably more distinguished by vigor of vituperation than anything else. When I had finished this precious epistle, I took it to Reade. He read it carefully and said very quietly:

"Yes, a good letter, very good; couldn't you make it a little hotter?"

"I'll try," said I, and in the innocence of my heart I took it away, and after half an hour spent in polishing it up, and embellishing it with every epithet of scorn and contempt in my vocabulary, I returned with it in triumph.

"Not hot enough by half, my boy," said he. "Put it by for a week, then read it; put it by for another week, and then—put it in your scrap-book, or better still, put it in the fire. Stop! I'll save you the trouble," and he put it on the fire, there and then, saying, "Now it is as hot as it can be made." So there was an end of that letter.

Now for the obverse of the picture.

During the run of "Foul Play" in Manchester we had gone over, to pass Sunday, at my house in York, and on our way back, after my wont, I bought all the papers and magazines I could lay my hands upon at the railway station. Among them was a copy of a satirical journal called the "Mask." Upon opening it, I found a loathsome caricature of Reade and Boucicault on the first page, and further on a violent personal attack on both authors, accusing them of wholesale robbery from a French drama (by an author whose name I have forgotten) called "La Portfeuille Rouge." Side by side with the Boucicault and Reade composition was printed the text of the French author. As I looked up I saw Reade, in the opposite corner of the carriage, with his eyes closed. In certain moods he had a facility for feigning sleep, just like a cat waiting to spring upon an unfortunate mouse. Holding my breath I furtively tried to slip the "Mask" under the seat. At this moment, to my astonishment, he opened his eyes wide and said:

"John, when you've done with that yellow magazine, hand it over this way."

I handed him the "Cornhill," and tried to hide the other behind me.

"Not this!" he said, "the other yellow thing!"

There was no help for it, so I gave it him. He cast a disdainful glance at the

caricature and shrugged his shoulders in silence; but when he had finished reading the *acte d'accusation* he flushed up to the eyes, exclaiming, "It's a lie, an infamous calumny! I never even heard the name of the infernal piece!"

It was customary for Mr. Reade's detractors to assert that although he stigmatized them as thieves when they stole from him, yet he laid French authors under contribution with impunity.

It must be admitted that "Les Chercheurs d'Or" was the foundation of "Gold," nor can it be denied that the inimitable "Jacky" was suggested by a long forgotten drama called "Botany Bay." What then?

"It is Never too Late to Mend" is English to the backbone. The men are sons of the soil; Susan Merton is as sweet an English maiden as ever came out of Berkshire; the lines are idyllic English. There is not a pastoral scene in the story either in England or Australia in which the spectator does not "see green meadows and hear the bleating of sheep," while the crude savage of "Botany Bay" is transformed by the hand of genius into the wonderful creation of "Jacky." All authors are more or less plagiarists; but *il y a fagots et fagots*. Since Homer's time, men have more or less parodied his incidents and paraphrased his sentiments. Molière alleged that he "took his own where he found it." But "the thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire thief," who stole right and left from everybody; but then, he "found things lead, and left them gold." Reade's complaint was that his plunderers found his work gold and left it lead!

'Tis quite true that he utilized Macquet's "Le Pauvre de Paris" in "Hard Cash;" 'tis also true that he adapted his novel of "White Lies" and his drama of "The Double Marriage" from the same author's "Le Chateau Grantier;" it is equally true that he founded "Drink" upon Zola's "L'Assommoir;" but in each and every one of these instances he recognized the justice of the French author's claim by obtaining their consent and paying them a liberal commission for the right to utilize their works.—*Temple Bar*.

GOSSIP.

BY THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

"NOBLEST things find vilest using." And certainly it is a rigorous destiny that Gossipred should have come to signify one of the worst of social vices. There is something venerable in the pious confabulation of godfathers and godmothers over caudle-cups and postle-spoons : but there is something murderous in the conspiracy of Gossips. It may be that the christening of an infant may have usually let loose a flood of small talk, and volumes of charitable hopes that the son may be better than his father, and the daughter less intolerable than her mother. This mixture of detraction and prophecy is the original sin of gossiping : and it has descended with rapid propagation to all races and languages among Christian men.

There are many varieties in the Gossip kingdom. First, there is the Harmless Gossip, who, being good-hearted but empty-headed, talks incessantly in a kindly, bird-witted, scatter-brained way of all sorts and conditions of men. Such a one cannot talk of subjects scientific, literary, or historical, for he knows nothing about them ; nor of things generally, for he is habitually unobservant ; but his whole talk is of persons. What such a one has done, is doing, is about to do, would do, or will do : and what such another has said, or is saying, and so on, through all the moods and tenses : how Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as a supralapsarian, but has gone over to the social democracy : and how no Duchess of Sutherland would ever have in her wardrobe less than 144 pocket-handkerchiefs, every one of which cost twenty-five guineas : how Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in early life tried to be a Dominican, but was sent away because of his hard drinking and contagious melancholy. Such gossips are, however, as free from guile or malice as they are from common-sense or discernment of what in men or things is credible, probable, or possible. Nothing comes amiss to them. Gossip they must, by a second nature. If they have anything to say, they will say it : if nothing, it is all one ; they

buzz on amiably, *sicut chimæra bom-bilans in vacuo* ; amiable, buzzing creatures, the bluebottles of social life.

There is next the Unconscious Gossip, who repeats all he hears to all he meets, with no greater perception of the fitness of time, place, or person, than he has of colors in the dark. What somebody told him he tells to everybody ; mostly to the person who ought last to hear it, and whom it most concerns. The unconscious gossip is an adult *enfant terrible*—a sort of *pétroleur* or *pétroleuse* on a large scale, sprinkling society with petroleum, believing it to be as harmless as salad-oil. Such innocents have not even the vice of curiosity. They have not sufficient perception of either the eternal or the transient relations of things to excite curiosity, or to make them conscious of the social explosions, earthquakes, conflagrations they are daily causing. The law against arson ought to be extended to such unconscious incendiaries. Their only plea at bar is : " Who could have ever thought that the man I met in the train was accused of the crime or afflicted with the unhappiness of which I told him ? I did not even know who he was."

To these must be added the Professional Gossip. This is a kind known to the Clubs. He knows everybody ; is particularly intimate with the people you are talking of ; he saw them yesterday ; or is going to dine with them, to meet the Russian Ambassador, to-morrow. He puts no handle to any man's name : they are his familiars and clients, patients, and penitents, Lords, Commons, and Lions. They all consult him ; tell him everything, do nothing without him. He was called last night after twelve o'clock by telegram to Hawarden Castle or to Alnwick, but was not able to go, being sent for from Buckingham Palace. He knows the outline of the Land Bill ; and how many Peers will be made to carry it ; and who are to be made Peers. Such gossips have one fatality. Their prophecies never come to pass ; and of their

secrets, what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. Each day wipes them out; but they are like tales of fiction, a pleasant excitement for the moment. Such gossips are not malicious. They are too well pleased with themselves to bear ill-will. A quarrel, or even a duel now and then, they may create without meaning it; but they make it up by sacrificing themselves, which costs them nothing, and they begin again the old trade with new capital.

But Gossipdom has inner *bolge* or circles less innocuous. As we enter further, we encountered next the Malignant Gossip. Of this kind there are two sorts—men who murder the reputations of others, and women who throw vitriol over it. They have an ear always wide open to catch all evil that is said, truly or falsely in the world. Their ears are spread in the dark, like the nets of bat-folders: nothing escapes them. It is enough to be ten minutes in a room with them, to see the rent in every man's coat, or the wrinkle in every woman's temper. As a sponge sucks in water, so these malignant gossips draw in, by affinity, all malignant histories. They have, too, a laboratory in the brain, and a chemical acid by which all that is malignant is at once detected, and drawn out for use in a concentrated form. Such men are man-slayers: for to a good man and an honorable man a fair name is dearer than life. And such women are domestic *vitrioleuses*, more guilty than the male malignities, as the nature and dignity of woman is mercy, tenderness and compassion. The distortion of their nature is therefore more intense.

There remains one more kind—the

Mendacious Gossip. We put him last, not because he is necessarily worst, but because he makes more havoc, and provides, both willingly and unwittingly, weapons and vitriol for the use of the malignants. For such gossips by no means are always conscious or intentional liars. They have gasping ears, and itching tongues, and wandering wits. They are never sure of what they hear, and never accurate in what they repeat. They magnify, and multiply, and put carts before horses, and all things upside down, first in their own minds and next in their histories. They would not misrepresent if they knew it, nor do mischief if they were aware of it; but all their life long they do mischiefs of lesser or greater magnitudes. They are not false, for they have no intention to be untruthful; but they are not true, for a great part of what they say is false. With all their good intentions they are dangerous as companions, and still more dangerous as friends. But there is another kind of mendacious gossip, who knows that he is inventing, inverting, exaggerating, supplementing with theories and explanations of his own, the words and actions of other men. The Italians call such a man *uomo finto*. He is a living fiction; and all he touches turns to fiction, as all that Midas touched turned to gold. He is reckless of the name, and fame, and feelings, and dignity of other men, having none of his own; and he is hardly conscious of the pain he inflicts, though he would still inflict it even if he could feel it himself: for in him the malignant and mendacious gossip meet in one brain—and a miserable brain it is. *Quisque suos patimur manes*. Self is our worst scourge.—*Merry England*.

BERLIN IN 1884.—CONCLUSION.

IV.

THE Emperor William stands alone at the head of the German nation. Nobody is on the same level. Even those most nearly connected with him occupy places far below his throne. His wife, the Empress-Queen Augusta, cannot be said, and does not claim, to have any

influence on the Government of Germany. She is surrounded by a small circle of devoted friends and servants, with whom she has led for some years past a quiet and almost retired life. The Empress is very gracious to strangers who are presented to her, and has that liking for foreigners which, up to 1871, was pretty general all over Germany,

but has gradually disappeared since the Germans have grown proud of their own nationality. But the Empress's feelings do not seem to have changed with those of her people. The Emperor, too, has remained unaltered; but then he was always thoroughly German, or rather Prussian, and never shared those cosmopolitan ideas which were the fashion in Germany up to the time of the French war. Germans have learned to like this in him; and in certain circles the fondness of the Empress for foreign literature, foreign arts, and foreigners in general, is not seen with pleasure. However, if this predilection is a weakness, as many assert, it is at all events an amiable one, and foreigners, at any rate, have no reason to complain of it.

It is said that the Empress shows rare discernment in her appreciation of men and women, and that she has always been particularly happy in the choice of her friends and servants, who are, as a rule, sincerely devoted to her.

Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses—all those, in fact, who are born and educated on the social summits—may lay claim to a wider horizon than the humbler people who move below them and have to elbow their way through the crowd; but they cannot see and know human nature in its details like those who are in familiar contact with humanity, and to whom the majority of men and women are really fellow-creatures. Therefore, I have, as a rule, my doubts as to the knowledge of human nature possessed by kings or queens. They may, by natural gift or careful study, succeed in guessing a great deal of what is going on in the hearts of ordinary mortals, but they cannot have any personal experience to be compared with that of other men and women. Kings and queens have very few fellow-creatures: they have subjects, and that is quite another thing. When they were children and misbehaved, they were reprimanded with mildness; they never had to fear the wrath of an irascible teacher; they never had to fight for their position at school; old men approached them respectfully; even the children who were allowed to play with them knew how to keep a proper distance between the princes and themselves,

and to leave them, so to speak, alone. Young princes, however rational and liberal their education may be, do not grow up like other children. You may always notice in them a premature seriousness, which, later on, develops into dignity, but into a peculiar kind of dignity, a natural majesty, which no other man, be he ever so dignified, acquires. Great familiarity, such as may be sometimes seen between princes and their present or future subjects, proves, in most cases, a want of tact on the part of the latter, and is generally put an end to one day by the prince, who bears it for a time while it amuses him, but in the long-run becomes tired and impatient of it. When Falstaff approaches King Henry V., who, as Prince Hal, has allowed him every familiarity, he is disdainfully repulsed:

"I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace."

Most of the familiar friends of princes are more or less of the Falstaff type. Those who frequently have occasion to approach princes, if they are careful of their own dignity, will also be careful of the dignity of the prince, and will always speak respectfully to him. A gentleman of great tact and of high position, who is brought often into personal contact with great personages, once told me that he made it a rule always to speak to a sovereign or a prince of the royal house as if he had just been presented to him: "I never presume on past kindness; one cannot shake hands with a sovereign; if he offers me his hand, I respectfully seize it and bend over it."

This is quite correct, and I doubt whether any other fashion would always meet with the prince's approval. But this shows how difficult it must be for a king or a queen to get a clear insight into character.

The Empress of Germany possesses in the highest degree the native dignity of a princess who has never been approached otherwise than with the deepest respect. She has a placid, benignant countenance, in which the large deep blue eyes still shine with singularly youthful kindness. Some time ago she met with a serious accident. She fell

while walking in her room, and sustained such severe injuries that from that day she has not been able to walk. On rare occasions she shows herself at Court, where her appearance cannot fail to inspire sympathy and pity. The traces of long suffering are clearly visible on her wan face—a face that was once very beautiful. To see her at her drawing-room, unable to move without help, surrounded by her ladies-and-gentlemen-in-waiting, youth, rank, and beauty passing and bending before the throne, while her eye wanders around with a sad, helpless expression—to witness this, and to know that this poor invalid, to whom life seems to offer nothing henceforward but suffering, is Augusta, the Empress of Germany, the Queen of Prussia—begets many philosophical reflections which I will leave every reader to make for himself.

Of the Emperor's two children the Crown Prince alone need be mentioned here. His sister, Princess Louise, born in 1838, married, in 1856, the Grand Duke of Baden, and since her marriage has only left her own house now and then to pay short visits to her parents at Berlin.

The Crown Prince is very popular in Berlin. This may be said of almost all the members of the Hohenzollern family, but more particularly of him and of his eldest son Prince William. The heir-apparent of the throne of Germany is fifty-three, but looks remarkably young and strong for his age. He is above middle height, broad-shouldered, and altogether of a fine, manly presence. His fair hair is still thick, and only a few gray hairs begin to show in his ample beard. He has the characteristic large clear blue eyes of the Hohenzollern, and looks very directly, but at the same time very kindly, at those with whom he converses. It must be said in his praise that he has no political party either in the country or in Berlin. He has never laid claim to be more than the first subject, the most respectful and dutiful son of his illustrious father, being in that respect an example of what a Crown Prince, the heir of a powerful empire, ought to be. When the Emperor William escaped almost miraculously the murderous attack of Nobiling, and was unable for some time to dis-

charge the duties of his office, the Crown Prince, by his father's order, temporarily assumed the regency. During that period he did his work as head of the Government most conscientiously and diligently—in accordance with what appears to be an unvarying tradition in the Hohenzollern family; and on the day that the Emperor felt himself strong enough to resume the reins of government, the Crown Prince quietly relinquished them, and retired into the comparative simplicity of his former life. Not the slightest change of policy either in home or in foreign affairs was observable during this temporary regency—a good proof of the solid political mechanism and working powers of the present Government of Germany.

During the wars in which the Crown Prince took a prominent part he proved himself a good general, thoroughly trusted by his soldiers, and respected by his enemies, who, when vanquished, were treated by him with great humanity. What part his personal ability may have had in the successful issue of the great battles in which he was engaged cannot be ascertained, as an excellent rule prevails in the German army by which a victory is held to be the result of the hard work conscientiously done by every man, from the Commander-in-chief down to the private soldier—so that every one present who does not neglect to do his part may claim his full share in the honors of the day.

The Crown Prince himself, with commendable modesty, has never attempted to place himself in the foreground; but it is known to all that when he marched his men to Königgrätz, Weissenburg, Wörth, and Sedan, he was to all intents and purposes the right man in the right place.

When speaking of Prince Frederick William as a soldier, it should be mentioned that, like all his ancestors, he possesses undoubted personal courage.

His life is pure as was the life of his father; he is a faithful husband and a kind and careful father, and, like the Emperor, he has a strong sense of order and justice. He is a reading man, generally well informed, but more particularly versed in German history. He is fond of all bodily exercises, and is a first-rate swimmer. To the officers and

other members of his household he shows invariable kindness.

The Crown Princess, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, is well known in England. I need only mention here that the qualities, both of heart and mind, which distinguish her in a high degree, and would stamp her as a superior woman even if she were not a Princess and the future Empress of Germany, are appreciated by all those who have the honor to approach her. She is a true Princess—earnest, gracious, and kind; she is a good wife, an excellent and watchful mother, a kind mistress, and a trusty friend. She possesses a keen sense of good-natured humor, very seldom to be found among princes, with whom generally, when it does exist, it easily degenerates into unkind sarcasm. Her familiar acquaintance with various branches of science, art, and literature, is quite surprising, and is only partly accounted for by her marked predilection for the company of distinguished scholars and artists. It is certain that she must read and study a great deal more than most women, and it is a wonder how she finds time for it. She speaks English, German, French, and Italian so well that it would be difficult to say which is her native tongue. Gifted with an honest hatred of all hypocrisy and meanness, she is herself true and faithful in her attachments. Though she has now lived more than twenty-six years in Germany, she has remained strongly attached to her native country and to her old associations there. Her two eldest children are married, and though only forty-three, she has already three grandchildren.

Prince William, born in 1859, who will one day be Emperor of Germany, is, as I have already said, very popular in Berlin, and is indeed of singularly prepossessing appearance: cheerful, daring, with a frank and honest expression, fair, with bright smiling eyes, strong good teeth, square shoulders, the perfect type of a young soldier.

His wife, Princess Augusta-Victoria of Sleswig-Holstein, has chiefly lived in Potsdam since her marriage, so that the Berlin people do not as yet know her well. Those who approach her intimately say that her great goodness, which shows in her fair, quiet, sympa-

thetic face, makes her a most gracious and amiable lady. She leads as retired and quiet a life as is compatible with her high position and her great future prospects; but those who see her gently moving about that Court, where a short time ago she was a perfect stranger,—never embarrassed, never in a flutter, though she is young, and cannot possess great experience of Court life,—with a kind, considerate, and appropriate word for everybody whom she addresses, feel confident that one day, as Empress of Germany, she will be equal to her high office.

The eldest daughter of the Crown Prince, Princess Charlotte, born in 1860, married at eighteen Bernard, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and is "the beauty" not only of the Hohenzollern family, but of the Berlin Court. Strikingly pretty, with a most graceful figure, she represents at the dignified old Court youth and loveliness.

Her husband, the future Grand Duke of Meiningen, born in 1851, occupies at present the position of a colonel in the German army. He has inherited the artistic tastes of his father, the reigning Grand Duke, and has made a serious study of music; but, above all, he cares for military science, and has got himself attached to the general staff, where he is considered a most earnest pupil of that school of scientific soldiers formed and presided over by Count Moltke.

The Prince of Meiningen and Princess Charlotte reside in Charlottenburg, but they may be seen frequently in Berlin, and no festivity in which the Court takes a part, would appear complete if it were not brightened by Princess Charlotte's graceful beauty.

After the Crown Prince and his family, the Hohenzollern prince nearest to the throne is Prince Frederick Charles, well known in England as the "Red Prince," and so called because he is generally seen and represented in the red uniform of the famous "Zieten Husaren" regiment, of which he is the chief. Prince Frederick Charles, who like his first cousin the Crown Prince, is a General Field-Marshal, is a daring and ardent soldier. He distinguished himself during the two great wars which Germany has waged under the reign of the present Emperor; and his name was

on every man's lips when he commanded the army that besieged and finally marched victoriously into Metz.

Prince Frederick Charles is much devoted to field-sports, and gives but little time to society. When he does mingle in it, his countenance betrays that he is simply fulfilling one of the duties of his rank, and apparently not one of the most agreeable; for he generally looks stern and thoughtful, and but seldom engages in that light kind of conversation which is usual in society. He lives surrounded by a circle of friends, chiefly companions in arms, whom he entertains frequently at his palace, and with whom he is said to be communicative and cheerful. These intimate meetings, from which ladies are excluded, are described as bearing a certain resemblance to the somewhat strange gatherings in which the father of Frederick the Great, King Frederick William I., sought enjoyment and repose, and which are historically known as the meetings of the "Tabacks-Collegium."

The wife of Prince Frederick Charles, Princess Maria-Anna of Anhalt, once possessed remarkable beauty; and now at the age of forty-six has an appearance of great dignity.

Prince Albrecht, the son of Emperor William's third brother, who died in 1872, resides in Hanover, where he commands an army corps. He is a very tall, fair, soldier-like looking man, well known in Berlin, where he is often to be seen. His large fortune, inherited from his mother, who was a Dutch princess, enables him to carry out his plans for the improvement of his numerous fine estates. He has lately been mentioned in the newspapers as the possible heir to the throne of Holland.

Prince George, also of royal blood, but more distantly related to the Emperor, is chiefly remarkable for not sharing the military tastes of the other Hohenzollern princes. He has given himself up to literature, and is the author of several dramas and tragedies which have been represented at Berlin and elsewhere in Germany, and which denote a poetical mind with a strong tendency to melancholy. Prince George is unmarried, and leads a most retired and studious life. He scarcely ever appears at Court or in society, but he is well

known in Berlin, where one may meet him frequently in the streets, wandering about quite alone, apparently absorbed in deep thought, and noticing only in an absent way the respectful salutations which are addressed to him.

His elder brother, Prince Alexander, also a bachelor, has been for many years in a precarious state of health, and in consequence lives in retirement.

To complete the list of princes and other personages who form the Court of Berlin, and are the representatives of the high aristocracy, I have still to mention a few names. There is Prince August of Würtemberg, a gigantic old soldier, who commanded the Prussian Guards at St. Privat, at Sedan, and before Paris, and is a personal friend of the Emperor, to whom he bears a certain resemblance in face and figure, though he is fifteen years younger. Prince August is a noble type of a straightforward, loyal, and unassuming soldier. He is the most truthful and trustworthy of men, and is gifted with an almost touching goodness and simplicity of heart.

Then there is Prince Frederick Hohenzollern, the third son of the reigning Prince Charles Anton Hohenzollern, brother to Prince Charles—now King Charles of Roumania—whose candidature for the throne of Spain was the pretext for the Franco-German war. Prince Frederick and his graceful young wife—*née* Princess of Thurn and Taxis—are regular guests at all the aristocratic festivities of Berlin.

To them must be added the Duke of Ratibor, President of the House of Lords, brother to Prince Hohenlohe the German Ambassador in Paris, and to Cardinal Hohenlohe in Rome; Prince Pless, one of the richest landed proprietors of Prussia; the Duke of Sagan and Prince Radziwill, married—the one to a daughter, the other to a niece, of the French Marshal Castellane; Prince Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg, married to a most charming Russian lady, first cousin of Count Paul Hatzfeldt, Minister of Foreign Affairs, etc.

I would make too long a list were I to add to these princely names those of the great personages who occupy high positions at Court and in society, and who form the German element in the

aristocratic world of Berlin. The foreign element in this society is but small, and is almost exclusively derived from the diplomatic body; for in Berlin there is no pleasure-seeking cosmopolitan society such as is to be found in Paris, for instance. Among the foreign diplomats residing in Berlin, I will only mention Lord Ampthill, the English Ambassador, who—thanks to his friendly relations with the Crown Prince and Princess—occupies an exceptional position in Berlin society; and Prince Orloff, the newly appointed Russian Ambassador, who enjoys the privilege of being an old and personal friend of Prince Bismarck. His truthfulness and general nobility of character are highly appreciated by the Chancellor. Prince Orloff has, however, scarcely made his appearance in Berlin—having been appointed only a few months ago as the successor of M. de Saburaw.

The balls given every winter at the Imperial Castle by the Emperor and Empress, and also by the Crown Prince and Princess, offer the best and indeed the only opportunity for seeing at the same time all the personages I have mentioned above. These Court festivities have a certain air of grandeur about them which is only to be found in old monarchical countries. All the gentlemen, with very few exceptions—civil functionaries as well as officers—appear in gala uniform; and the ladies, most of whom belong to the oldest and richest families of Germany, have that peculiar air which the most democratic observer cannot but recognize as the enviable privilege of old noble families all over the world. The young people amuse themselves by dancing in the famous "White Room" (Weisse Saal) resplendent on these occasions with gilding and light; the Emperor, the princes and princesses, the elder ladies and some high dignitaries, sit on a kind of low platform, or form a standing circle of spectators round the dancers, while the rest of the gentlemen walk about the other rooms, quietly waiting for the supper, and, though having no particular opportunities of enjoyment, seem nevertheless perfectly satisfied with having been thought worthy of the honor of an invitation to the Emperor's presence. All the arrangements at these

Court festivals are regulated with almost military precision. Every guest appears punctually to the minute, so as not to miss the entrance of the Court; the dances are conducted by some young officer of the Guards who has been especially ordered by the Emperor for that duty; and, as a matter of course, nobody would think of leaving, before the Emperor, by retiring himself, has given tacit permission to do so. The number of invitations for these great balls varies between one and two thousand. The Emperor and the princes now and then stroll through the "White Room" to converse with some of the guests. Whenever they pause to speak to any one, a small empty space is left around them so that they may talk without being overheard. The princesses keep their seats, and if they wish to dance or to speak with some of the guests, they dispatch their gentlemen-in-waiting for the person selected by them. Nobody, unless he be himself of royal blood, would venture to invite a princess for a dance without having been ordered to do so by herself. The same etiquette is observed at all other balls—those given by members of the diplomatic body, for instance—where the Court appears.

Count Moltke is frequently present on such occasions; but here, again, as in the streets of Berlin, he walks about alone, thoughtful and silent, stopping only now and then for a short conversation with one of the elder princes who may happen to meet him and to speak to him. At the Castle balls, and whenever the Emperor is present, he remains till the Court has left; but on most other occasions he merely makes an appearance, generally retiring at the end of a few minutes, after having silently bowed to the host and hostess, or to those of the guests with whom he happens to be personally well acquainted, and whom his wandering cold eye may have distinguished in the crowd. As for a royal prince, a free passage is always opened for him as soon as he is seen approaching.

However, "it is not given to every one to go to Corinth!" The great majority of foreign visitors to Berlin will scarcely have a chance of going to Court, or to the Duchess of Ratibor's, Princess Hatzfeldt's, and Lady Amp-

thill's parties, or to meet in society the members of the Imperial family, the diplomatic body, and the highest German aristocracy. I must therefore say a few words about other circles, into which he is more likely to gain admittance.

The financial aristocracy of Berlin is very hospitable, and its members outvie one another during the winter in giving magnificent entertainments, where one is always sure to meet a great many interesting people. These festivities have generally a cosmopolitan character. The German element predominates of course, but in other respects they precisely resemble the gatherings of the same kind in London or Paris, with the single difference that "supper" is perhaps a more serious affair in a German evening-party than in a French or an English one. From this point of view (I refer to the cosmopolitan character of these great entertainments), the parties given now and then by high and wealthy functionaries, or by distinguished artists, and literary and scientific men, offer more interest to the foreign visitor. But even there he will notice little that is especially "German." Germans are fond of travelling; they are naturally good observers, and have a decided tendency to imitate what they have seen abroad. London and Paris manners and fashions have, by slow degrees, penetrated into German society; and any one who, on the faith of certain fantastical descriptions of Berlin society, hopes to meet with strange and eccentric customs, will certainly be disappointed. People belonging to good society in Berlin, dress, walk, dance, talk, and eat exactly as their contemporaries do elsewhere in Europe. The conversation between a Parisian beauty and her admirers may be more lively and witty than the small-talk of German young ladies and gentlemen; but I think that, on the whole, the one will be found about equal to the other, and neither of them of any value. The gift of conversation—like that of letter-writing and of public speaking—often belongs to second and even third rate minds. I do not mean to assert that the fact of being able to keep up an amusing or interesting conversation shows inferior intellectual powers; the reverse might easily be proved. The conversational powers of

Prince Bismarck, for instance, are quite extraordinary; M. Thiers, M. Ernest Renan, M. Alexandre Dumas have often been quoted as being unusually interesting and amusing in society; but, on the other hand, highly superior men and women are frequently to be found who are anything but lively in their intercourse with casual interlocutors. George Sand was celebrated for her "dullness" in society; and as for Count Moltke, I doubt whether any one has ever found him entertaining. No doubt, a great many Germans are heavy and dull; but again, there are many who are quite the reverse. At all events, the foreigner who moves in good Berlin society will meet a great many people with whom he can converse with pleasure and facility—even if he himself does not speak German. The majority of well-educated people in Berlin are familiar with at least one foreign language; while many of them speak French and English fluently, and show in their conversation a remarkably good knowledge of French and English literature. Shakespeare, for instance, can scarcely have more enthusiastic and numerous admirers in England than he has in Germany. However, I readily admit that the foreign visitor to Berlin, if he is pleasure-seeking, will soon make the discovery that life in Berlin is by no means so amusing as in Paris. The chief reason of this is probably that one class of men, which is very numerous in Paris—the class of rich young idlers, who spend their time and their money in search of amusement—scarcely exists in Berlin; so that he who merely seeks pleasure will always be in want of congenial companionship. The young German, however wealthy or high-born he may be, can scarcely ever dispose freely of his own time. If he were to try to lead in Berlin the life which a French *fils de famille* may lead for years with perfect impunity and without any damage to his character, he would soon be shunned by all respectable people. Every young German is expected to "work"—not only to make believe that he is doing something, but actually to work, and sometimes even to work hard. The royal princes are made to set an example in this respect, which is followed by nearly every one. There are

exceptions, of course, but they are rare ; and the young men who form these exceptions are generally obliged to reform very soon or to leave Berlin. It must be added that, as the German army absorbs a very great number of young German noblemen, the aristocratic youths of Germany find opportunities of being useful with greater facility than they would in England or in France.

Club-life is of comparatively recent date in Berlin, and by no means so developed there as it is in London, or even in Paris. I know of only four large clubs in Berlin : the "Casino," the "Union," the "Resource," and the "Berliner Club." The members of the Casino belong chiefly to the army, the highest bureaucracy, and the diplomatic body ; at the Union the sporting element predominates, whereas the Resource is more financial in its tone. The "Berliner Club" recruits its members from different classes of the good, though perhaps not exclusively the best, society. The fact that, taking them altogether, there are not more than about one hundred and fifty people in Berlin who may be called regular club men, shows that club-life there is still in its infancy ; and I doubt if, with the characteristic tastes of the Germans, it will ever attain vigorous development. The regular club-visitors eat at their respective clubs, and then leave, or remain to play cards or billiards. Newspaper-reading and gossip occupy only a few. The reading-room is generally empty ; whereas in the card-rooms, which at the Resource and the Union are very fine, you will always find many tables occupied up to late hours by people deeply engaged in some game, the stakes of which are often very high.

V.

Of all the residents in Berlin, Prince Bismarck is the one whom every visitor would most wish to see. Till within the last six months one could scarcely hope to get even a glimpse of him ; for he lived in absolute retirement, and, when in Berlin, never went out of his palace except to go to see the Emperor, or to speak in Parliament on some question of special interest. But even on those rare occasions it was hardly possible to see anything of him. He drove through

the streets in a plain closed carriage, which would not be likely to attract attention. A foreigner who happened to be in the House on a day when the Chancellor spoke might consider himself lucky ; for nobody could have told him an hour before whether Prince Bismarck was even to be present. And it was hopeless to think of seeing him anywhere else : he never went into society, nor to Court, nor to the parties of ambassadors or ministers ; and to gain admittance into his own house was only possible to those who stood very high in their own country, or who had some special business to transact with him. Old friends or intimate relations alone enjoyed the privilege of seeing him privately. There has been some change in this respect of late. About a year ago, when he was enduring great bodily suffering, the Chancellor put himself in the hands of a physician, Dr. Schweninger, whose treatment proved most successful ; and since then he has been able to resume his habits of regular bodily exercise. When at Friedrichsruhe or at Varzin he walks a good deal ; at Berlin he prefers to take his exercise chiefly on horseback. The inhabitants of Berlin were much surprised when, some months ago, the papers announced that the Chancellor had been met riding through the "Thiergarten." Since that day he has been often seen there. In his youth he was passionately fond of riding, and he is still remarkable for his good seat and easy attitude in the saddle. He sometimes rides with one of his sons, but more generally alone, followed by a groom. A foreigner, who had never seen him before, and happened to meet him, would not need to inquire who he was ; he would recognize even at a distance that tall, powerful figure in the Cuirassier's uniform, and that massive round head, whose singularly characteristic features have been made familiar to every one by thousands of engravings and photographs. There exist several more or less good portraits of the German Chancellor ; but no foreign visitor to Berlin should omit to go to the National Picture Gallery to see one painted by Franz Lembach, one of the best painters of the day. He has succeeded admirably in representing Bismarck, such as he was three years ago, at sixty-

six, and indeed such as he still is—already old, weary, and terribly serious, but certainly looking neither hard nor unkind, and the very type of unimpaired dauntless energy and masterful intelligence. That Prince Bismarck is an old man is shown by the date of his birth; that he is weary is not surprising, for he has borne a lifelong burden of work and responsibility so heavy that most men would long since have broken down under it. How could he be other than pensive and serious, with his clear comprehension of the meanness and sufferings of mankind, after witnessing so many base and pitiful sights during his long life? But that, on the other hand, he is a kind man, all those who approach him closely will affirm; and that his energy is unbroken, his proud intellect unimpaired, is shown every day by his action as the leading statesman of Europe, and also by his untiring efforts to carry out, in spite of powerful and vehement opposition, the great social reforms to which he has devoted himself.

Before proceeding any further, I think it right to explain briefly the point of view I have adopted in speaking of Prince Bismarck. I confess to being strongly imbued with certain principles laid down by Carlyle in his work on the Heroic in History. I am aware that those principles are not a safe fortress—that they are exposed to attacks, and have frequently been assailed, sometimes with apparent success. On the other hand, they have strong points, easy to defend; and it is my opinion that, consciously or unconsciously, they are generally adopted by all writers who, with sympathy for their hero, try to represent him to others as they see him themselves. This mode of proceeding, however, seldom meets with approbation, especially if applied to any one who is still living, and by whose standing competitors and antagonists are to be measured. If you seek popular success in writing of a leader of men, you will attain your object far better by making out that the great man is, after all, no better than common mortals, than by showing that he stands on a higher level, and that his contemporaries have to look up to him. Our time, as Carlyle says, denies the existence of

heroes. Show one to our critics and they will say that he is merely the offspring of his times, that his times did everything and he nothing! Sincere admiration for the truly great they consider a want of judgment, or stigmatize it as "interested flattery." This latter mode of condemnation is particularly popular; for, though exceedingly base, it is very easy, and has the advantage of offending at the same time the obnoxious admirer and the object of his admiration. But what of him who protests so indignantly against "interested flattery"? While he cannot be induced to believe in intelligent and genuine admiration for one man, he finds it quite natural—nay, he thinks it bold and noble—to attribute the very highest qualities to that incomprehensible, undefinable, million-headed unity called "the people." The people he will flatter to the utmost; and if, while doing so, he can shower insult on an individual great man, he will think he has proved great independence of character. "The great nation, the noble nation, the brave nation!" he will say, and then speak contemptuously of its "oppressor!" Listen to a certain class of German politicians and you will be astonished to learn that it is by no means Bismarck who, under the reign of King William of Hohenzollern, and with the help of Moltke at the head of the German army, made Germany what it is, but that the German nation has to thank nobody but itself for having risen to the rank which it now occupies. Nothing can be less true! Bismarck at the head of a horde of Samoiedes or Hottentots would certainly not have been able to accomplish what he has done; but, on the other hand, Germany would never have gone to war with her powerful neighbors, would never have attained the position she holds at present, had not Bismarck, in spite of a numerous and alarmed opposition, rightly estimated the value of Germans as soldiers. Look at the Italian "people" before Victor Emmanuel and Cavour led it to Rome! Look what France, formerly "the great nation *par excellence*," came to, because in lieu of a King William, a Bismarck, and a Moltke, she had a Napoleon III., an Olliver, and a Leboeuf! If in 1870 there had been a French King

William, a French Bismarck, and a French Moltke!

The political history of nations is the biography of their leading statesmen, just as the history of civilization in general is the history of great reformers, warriors, scholars, artists, and writers—in short, the history of the great men who have lived in this world. If you say that the German people made the new German Empire, you might as well say that it wrote "Faust" and "Wallenstein," and translated the Bible; that the English people discovered the law of gravitation; and that Italy painted Raphael's and Titian's pictures. True, you may reverse the question, and say that Goethe, Schiller, Luther, Shakespeare, Newton, Molière, Raphael, Titian, would not have been possible, had there been no German, English, French, or Italian people, such as they were when those great men lived. There is some truth in that, but not enough, in my opinion, to diminish the reverent admiration due to great men. I, for one, will not spoil the satisfaction it gives me to admire the heroes of mankind by trying "to account for them." They were all *men*, and, as such, they had their failings. But millions and millions shared their shortcomings, and only a very few possessed to any extent those characteristic qualities which made them what they were—heroes! That Beethoven was deaf and cross, Titian lamentably obsequious, Raphael dissolute, that Goethe liked to be called "Your Excellency," that Frederick the Great played the flute and took snuff—is of no consequence whatever. That those men were *great* men is alone important; the rest is nothing!

To appreciate fairly Prince Bismarck, we should consider the time in which he lives,—a more fact-loving time than there ever was before, a time which is a far better and more accurate "reporter" than any in the past. We all know, by our own experience, the extreme facility with which legends are formed. To quote one recent example: immediately after the great battles of the last Franco-German war, there sprang up numberless stories about those battles, and though these were in many cases utterly false, and though there existed thousands of eye-witnesses to prove that they

were simply invented, they obtained a world-wide circulation, and finally found credence in all circles—German or French—where they happened to coincide with prejudices and wishes. How often on the French side was heard the famous cry, "We are betrayed!"—how many thousands of Frenchmen really believe even now that they were betrayed! And yet it is as certain as anything of the kind can be, that there was no treachery whatever among the French, and that they succumbed to the Germans simply because the German army of 1870 was in certain respects a stronger and better army than theirs. Again, if you look at the portraits of kings and queens, or of the celebrated men and women of the past, such as may be seen in any picture-gallery, you cannot fail to notice the great number of manly or beautiful faces. Those pictures, we may be sure, deserve, in most cases, but very little credit. Most painters are flatterers by nature. I do not blame them for that: they profess to love beauty; and it is, so to speak, their right and their business to paint everything as beautiful as possible. But this being admitted, the necessary consequence is that we have but very few true portraits of the great men of the past, and that their supposed likenesses possess, in general, a merely legendary interest. As to the pictures which are supposed to represent the heroes of antiquity, they have no authentic character whatever, and merely show us how these men appeared to the imagination of certain painters. There are thousands of pictures of Homer, yet it is a question whether he ever existed. Nor are written reports of the sayings and doings of men in past ages more to be depended on. How many of the beautiful sentences and noble deeds attributed to the heroes of old times originated in the poetical imagination of their biographers! All we know is, that some truly great deeds were performed by the heroes of the past, and it is for these that they were originally considered great men; but if it were possible to represent them exactly as they were, to strip them of all the ornaments with which history or tradition has adorned them, they would in all probability appear much smaller. I for one would

regret this, could it be done. I am quite willing to admire a purely imaginary, or at any rate a very problematic hero, such as Hercules, Achilles, Hector, Odin, or Roland, and I only wish to point out that we are unjust toward our living great men when we compare them with the heroes of the past; for while we see the former as they really are, we are made to admire their predecessors as they are shown to us through the magnifying medium of history and tradition. Had Prince Bismarck lived at the time of the Crusades, we would probably have portraits of him in which he would be represented as a giant eight feet high.

The growth of the daily press during the last twenty-five years, and the influence on it of the electric telegraph and of stenography, have had this result, that the public life of eminent men, and all their sayings and doings, are reflected in the newspapers as in a mirror, and from every imaginable point of view. I sincerely believe that there has never lived a man whose whole life, as far as it has been the life of a public man, has been as thoroughly investigated and as faithfully described as that of Prince Bismarck; his portrait has been taken by the sun, which has reproduced every wrinkle; his speeches have been taken down by inexorably impartial reporters. Prince Bismarck has lived in a glass house. If he loses a pound of flesh—if he lets his beard grow, or shaves it off again—if he takes a ride in the Thiergarten, or goes for a day to Friedrichsruhe—if he receives a stranger at his house, or if he writes a letter,—the public is at once informed. This being the case, it is surprising that he should have furnished so few weapons to his enemies, and that no adversary has been able to damage his character, in spite of repeated and vehement attempts.

The reader who has kindly followed me so far, will perhaps accuse me of having wandered from my subject; yet I have never lost sight of Bismarck while writing the foregoing pages, and I think that what I have said, though it may seem irrelevant, ought to be borne in mind by those who in good faith wish to form a just estimate of the character and deeds of the greatest living statesman.

It would be impossible to attempt a history of his political acts, for that would be equivalent to writing the contemporary history of Europe. It will be sufficient to point to the fact, that when, in September, 1862, Bismarck became the leading Minister of Prussia, that country was the last among the great Powers of Europe, and was completely overshadowed by France, England, Russia, and Austria. In less than ten years Bismarck effected a complete revolution in this respect: Germany has become the most powerful nation of the Continent, and the prestige of her political leader is such that it extends far beyond Germany's frontiers. It is scarcely going too far to say that in the present day a political question may be said to be solved when Prince Bismarck has given his opinion. There can be no doubt that many egregious blunders have been committed by European statesmen since Prince Bismarck has exercised a dominant influence on European affairs; but it is a remarkable fact, and certainly not due to good luck alone, that none of these mistakes have proved injurious to German interests, and that some have actually served them. If the policy of England in Egypt, of Russia in Asia, and the French action in Tunis, Madagascar, and Tonquin have not been opposed by Germany, the reason has certainly been that Germany could quietly contemplate what was going on without any fear of seeing her power or interests compromised.

In the space of eight years Bismarck's policy led Germany into three wars—against Denmark, Austria, and France respectively,—the result of which was the creation of the German Empire, and its establishment as the greatest military Power of Europe. Since then the same policy has placed Germany at the head of a league of peace, formed at Bismarck's instigation, and which affords strong guarantees for the maintenance of the *status quo* as far as the limits of the German Empire are concerned. The cordial relations existing at present between Germany on the one hand, and Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain on the other, are entirely due to the able foreign policy of Prince Bismarck. As regards France, it is a fact that the rela-

tions between the two Governments are excellent. Nations, in their dealings with other Powers, are represented by their Governments alone: direct intercourse from people to people is impossible. Germany was on good terms with the Government of M. Thiers and that of Marshal MacMahon, and it is also on most satisfactory terms with the present Government of France. Politically speaking, the relations between the two countries may therefore be called good. That many Frenchmen hate Germans, and Prince Bismarck in particular, is a fact for which there is no remedy. Prince Bismarck has certainly considered that question with care, but he appears to have come to the conclusion that the price at which French goodwill could be bought is too high; in fact, neither Strasburg, nor Metz, nor Alsace-Lorraine even, could purchase it. French Chauvinists will continue to hate Germans until they have had their "revenge for Sedan"—that is, until they have beaten Germany on the field. No German statesman can willingly give them that satisfaction. The German Government must therefore rest content with the maintenance of good relations with the French Government. And so far, as I have already said, Prince Bismarck has fully succeeded.

As regards England it will be sufficient to say that whatever may be the personal feelings which Prince Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone entertain for each other, they do not seem in any way to have influenced the relations between England and Germany, which, to all outward appearance, have never ceased to be most friendly. Prince Bismarck, as a politician, makes it a rule not to allow his feelings to override his judgment.

In a word, the work of Bismarck hitherto has been to make Germany—united by his policy—the most powerful empire of the Continent, and to establish such friendly relations with the other European Powers as may prove a strong guarantee for the maintenance of the peace of Europe. We have now to examine how he has achieved that great work.

A man who has to do hard physical work requires the free use of his limbs. If he wishes to fell a tree he takes off

his coat, and the best swimmer may get drowned if he is thrown into the water with fettered hands and feet. This rule applies equally to mental labor. If a man is to do his best, he must be allowed the unrestricted use of his faculties. I admit that he may work more carefully, and consequently better, if he feels himself under some restraint, but he will in that case have to make extreme efforts to do what he might have accomplished with comparative ease had he been left uncontrolled master of his actions. Good work done under great difficulties proves great power in the man who did it.

We have seen that Bismarck has done a great work. He did it under extraordinary difficulties. Such difficulties will probably in time cease to be exceptional, and his successors will have to contend with them as he has done; but they certainly did not hamper his predecessors, with whom alone we can compare him. The great statesmen and political reformers of the past were, as compared to Bismarck, free men. What they did, they did of their own free will and judgment. Nobody—to quote only instances from the history of Prussia—stood between the will of the Great Elector or of Frederick the Great and the embodiment of that will in acts. From the vantage-ground of their eminent intellects they understood what it was necessary to accomplish for the greatness of their country, and they boldly undertook it. Boldness is the most characteristic sign of greatness. They had all the power of the nation at their disposal: the reforms they judged good they introduced; they took the State's army and the State's money without asking anybody's leave—it was their own army, their own money—and they went boldly on their way. Had they had to consult "responsible" ministers, and to obtain their signature for their daring enterprises; if they had had to deal with a Parliament,—it is at least doubtful whether they would have succeeded as they did. In saying this, I am not accusing constitutional government: I only wish to point out that its object and result is to act as a drag on the man at the head of the Government.

This drag has always been an impediment to Bismarck's action. He wished

to do great and difficult things, and he has accomplished them, though he has never had the free use of his faculties. He struck boldly into the rapid current, though his arms and legs were fettered; and he has, in spite of all, crossed the stream.

Once in his political career, impatient and angry at the shortsightedness and timidity of his parliamentary "brakesmen," he snapped the chains that were made to stop him, and at his peril, at the risk of life and liberty, he sped forward alone, because he would rather perish than cross his arms and quietly stand still in safety to see the opportunity for making his country great go by neglected—an opportunity which he, and he alone, saw. But he did not return from his victory in an overbearing temper; he took up the chains which he had broken, and fastened them on again upon himself, asking Parliament for a "bill of indemnity" for what he had done—asking to be indemnified for having taken the first, the most daring and most difficult step, toward the unity of Germany. It is more than strange that the men who opposed him in Parliament when he wanted the German army to be made ready for the contest which resulted in the formation of the "North-German Bund," and later on in the establishment of the German Empire, should be the very men who now dare to claim that they, and not he, made Germany great, powerful, and united. Not a penny of Prussian money, not a soldier of the Prussian army, would have been at Bismarck's disposal, when he went to war for Germany's greatness, had he not, single-handed, seized the powers which Parliament denied him. Whether, theoretically speaking, Bismarck is to be blamed for this, is a question which may be left for discussion to the professors of constitutionalism. Politically speaking—politicians only take account of practical results—Bismarck's action was crowned with immense success: he became the most popular man of the country, and was lauded on all sides as the hero of Germany.

That was a great time for Germany—a time of warm unsophisticated patriotism and enthusiasm. Germans were proud of their old Emperor, their admirable

army, their silent, cold chief of the staff, Count Moltke, but above all, they were proud of their political leader, the fearless and prudent Bismarck, whom they styled "the offspring of the Nibelungen." They felt themselves ever so much bigger, stronger, better than before; and they knew, and openly said, that it was Bismarck they had to thank for it. He had made them proud of being Germans; he had, as with a magic wand, destroyed the humiliating feeling of inferiority which, until then, Germans had so often felt when, in foreign countries, they sadly compared the position of Germany with the power and prestige of England and France. All that was changed now; the countrymen of the heroes of Gravelotte and Sedan, and of the Iron Chancellor, were entitled to be proud—and right proud they were.

This time of pure enthusiasm lasted just as long as such times can last. Very soon Germans got accustomed to their new position in the world, and then German sceptics set to work, and began "to account" for their hero. What had Bismarck done, after all, to deserve such praise? Had *he*, forsooth, stormed the heights of Spicheren and St. Privat; besieged and taken Strasbourg, Metz, Paris; exposed his life in the murderous battles where precious German blood had purchased the sweet fruits of victory which they were now deservedly enjoying? He had done his duty! Of course he had! So had every German; and what thanks had *they* got for it? Had *he* not, on the contrary, got the fullest reward? Had he not risen to unprecedented power, honor, and rank? That Germany had contracted a certain debt toward him was true; but had not that debt been fully and nobly paid? What did he expect more? Did he seek to take to himself alone all the credit for the great work done by the united efforts of Germany! Seriously, such a question could not even be debated.

Alas for human nature! it has always been so, and so it will always be: the hero had done his work—now the hero might go! Vanity, selfishness, and envy have always governed popular feeling toward great men. Dead men cease to be competitors. Nations generally honor their dead heroes, but they do

not feel equally inclined to bestow honor on contemporary greatness. Ingratitude, or voluntary blindness in respect of it, is the common rule. Millions of Germans, no doubt, continued to profess sincere and grateful admiration for Bismarck; but these men, mostly of a quiet, contented, conservative turn of mind, who had been slow to trust him, but now stood firmly by him, did not, as a rule, make themselves heard; whereas the opposition, encouraged by their success with "the disinherited of the nation," became daily louder and more aggressive. Political content generally keeps quiet, whereas the essence of opposition is to be noisy. In the press, as well as in Parliament, it soon became the fashion to direct violent attacks against the Chancellor; and many politicians of no personal value, and who had never done anything for their country's good, obtained by degrees a certain political position merely as the opponents of Bismarck, and were noticed because they moved in the luminous circle which surrounded him. These politicians never proposed anything; they were either too timid or too obscure for that. What they might have liked to propose they dared not openly avow, or perhaps they had nothing to avow or to propose. But it required neither great intellect nor great boldness to say "No" to every proposal emanating from the Chancellor, and to prove that those proposals, like every human project, had their faults. Among the opponents of Bismarck there were, no doubt, good and thoroughly honest men who really considered it their duty to stand up against him; but there were many others who had discovered that "opposition" might be made a profitable business, raising those who carried it on cleverly, to wealth and reputation. Some of this latter class of men were, moreover, low-bred and ill-mannered; and to such faults Bismarck is sensitively alive and specially intolerant.

He had no right to expect that everything he proposed would pass without opposition, and his clear mind could not ignore the fact that discussion is the very soul of constitutionalism; but every German owed him respect and gratitude for what he had actually

achieved, and no German ought to have opposed him otherwise than most respectfully. This has not been the case. Men have been found, who, apparently, have thought it very fine to contradict and criticise the Chancellor roughly, so as to goad him into impatience and bitterness; while many others have applauded such meanness, and enjoyed the spectacle of Bismarck's wrath.

It was probably about this time that certain sharp sayings of the Chancellor's about newspaper writers and public speakers as agitators became generally known; but it should be remembered that most of those sayings date from the very time when Bismarck was most popular, and were founded on deeply rooted convictions and opinions, instead of being, as is supposed, the outcome of irritation and ill-humor.

Prince Bismarck is thoroughly monarchical. Loyalty to the sovereign is considered by him not only as a cardinal virtue, but as the first of all political virtues in a man in his position. He has frequently prided himself on being a faithful "vassal" to his king. To him this is a question of personal honor. He could be on the very best terms with a foreign republican; for M. Thiers, for instance, he professed sincere sympathy—and he still honors the memory of that statesman, whose warm, unselfish, and, at the same time, prudent patriotism, was congenial to him; but toward a German who, judged by his standard, fails in loyalty to his sovereign, his feelings are those of contempt or pity. He is so sincerely convinced that Germany's greatness and power are bound up with the greatness and power of the monarchy, that he considers any attack on the sovereign's rights, dignity, or privileges, as treason against Germany. If a German makes it, he becomes Bismarck's personal enemy; for he considers him as one who has either no judgment or no patriotism, and who, at all events, commits a bad action. The majority of Germans are certainly monarchical; but there are many discontented people in Germany—as everywhere else—and discontented people, of course, wish for change, and willingly listen to those who propose it. To propose changes of all kinds is the chief business of a certain class of

obscure irresponsible newspaper writers, who daily proffer advice which, if followed, would gradually diminish the rights and privileges of the sovereign, and lead Germany to republicanism. The same writers who propose these anti-monarchical reforms are naturally those who most violently attack the Chancellor as the chief champion of royalty; but if Bismarck treats such men with bitter contempt, it is because he sees them undermining monarchism, which he considers the key-stone of Germany's greatness. Prince Bismarck knows a good deal about the power of the press, and appreciates it fully, but he thoroughly hates those who make a bad use of it. The abuse of such power is easy; for he who wields it can, if he so wishes, with a little cleverness and discretion remain anonymous. There are little men, gifted with that facility of style so much appreciated by newspaper editors, who would scarcely dare to lift their eyes in the presence of that great Chancellor, and who nevertheless daily inform their readers—and some of them have a great many readers—that "Away with Bismarck!" should be the cry of every true German. "Away with Bismarck!" will become a fact one day, for one day he will be gone; but for the sake of Germany and for the peace of Europe, it is to be hoped that day is far off; for Bismarck at the head of German affairs means nothing less than the perfect security of Germany. His prestige is such that, as long as he directs the political destinies of Germany, one may safely assert that no foreign Power will seriously think of attacking or injuring her. And it is quite as certain that the hopes of the enemies of Germany rest chiefly on the fact that one day the wish of those newspaper writers will be realized, and Bismarck will be "away." Have the Germans who join in that cry reflected what care and sorrow may ensue? Germany's power will not be lost on that day. To say so would be to cast unjust doubts on her national greatness, the tenacity, valor, and patriotism of her citizens: but the feeling of perfect security which Germany now enjoys will assuredly be gone, and then perhaps the immense advantage of the present immunity from fear will be ap-

preciated. Nothing, in my opinion, proves more strikingly the greatness of Bismarck than the fact that he actually personifies the "Watch on the Rhine" of the popular German song, and that Germany feels she is safe so long as Bismarck stands in arms and keeps watch.

I have sometimes wondered what sum France, for instance, would be ready to pay, and justified in paying, to secure the services of a Bismarck. These are idle speculations! Maybe; but Germans might do worse than to indulge in them: it would show them, at any rate, that they have in their leading statesman a priceless possession, which they would do well to keep carefully as long as possible.

Some of the foregoing remarks are also applicable to Bismarck's feeling toward parliamentary government, or rather, I should say, toward a certain class of members of Parliament. He listens to a fine speech just as he reads a cleverly written or sensational leader, and neither makes great impression on him. In a word, he does not hold eloquence in high esteem. He is of opinion that in these days of parliamentary government every politician should be able to state clearly to an assembly the reason why a measure should be adopted or opposed; but he seems to think that there need be no art in such a speech: it should be a sober and clear report, appealing to the judgment, not to the feelings, of those who listen to it. Sentiment, according to Bismarck, is a superfluity and a danger in politics. No statesman should allow himself to be guided by it. Eloquence appeals chiefly to sentiment; its object is often to make people do something which their cooler and better judgment would reject, and to carry them away "almost against their will." A report, to be good, should be clear, accurate, and truthful. Now a masterpiece of eloquence may be inaccurate and deceitful,—may, in fact, be a lie. The lawyer who defends a prisoner whom he knows to be guilty, and who by his ability persuades the jury to pronounce an acquittal, may be a very great orator, but he is not sincere. Prince Bismarck does not esteem such a man; he considers him a dangerous being. A fine speech, judged

merely as a speech, may be a vile action. Bismarck, of whose sincerity as a patriotic German nobody can doubt, and whose best and most powerful speeches are simply sober, accurate, and sincere reports, appealing solely to the common-sense and the judgment of his audience, may well be of opinion that, in some cases where by their cleverness and eloquence his political opponents have been successful, they have acted as unscrupulously as the lawyer.

There is another point to be noted in connection with Bismarck's opinions on parliamentarianism: if you were to strip some of the most popular parliamentary leaders of their eloquence, or rather of their peculiar facility for talking fluently about every possible subject, you would often find that as political characters they are without any real value, and are, in fact, mere *dilettanti*. Now Prince Bismarck himself is a professional statesman, a practical man of business, and as such has a strong dislike to dilettanteism. He served a long apprenticeship before becoming a master; and as a master, knowing well all the secrets of his trade, he has but a poor opinion of amateur work, and strongly objects to statesmanship being considered, as it is by most people, as a kind of heavenly gift. It is evident that a man may be a first-rate scholar, a clever writer, a meritorious banker, and an eloquent speaker, and at the same time a very poor politician. To the account of some of Prince Bismarck's most influential opponents may be placed certain political blunders which no professional would have committed, and which ought to shake the confidence that they and their friends continue undauntedly to feel in their own wisdom. It is certain that the German Parliament contains a great many political *dilettante*, who nevertheless exercise considerable influence on parliamentary resolutions; and it is not surprising that Prince Bismarck, looking back on his own success as a statesman, and on the numerous shortcomings of his opponents, should show himself in no way inclined to acknowledge the superior wisdom of the opposition. Hence the open and violent hostility shown toward him by certain political leaders. They resent as a personal injury the fact that whatever

their scholarship, eloquence, or popularity may be, the Chancellor stands high above them on the eminence to which his intellect and character have raised him, and where public opinion not only in Germany but throughout Europe maintains him. Fame and history cannot take into account the mass of smaller men who, united, may succeed now and again, in turning the scale in their favor against the one great weighty man who stands alone opposed to them all. Fame and history record great actions and the names of the few great men who did them. Greatness consists in the power to will, to dare, and to do. There is no living man who equals the German Chancellor in power and tenacity of purpose and in fearless daring; and that he can *do* what he wills and dares, the history of his life, the contemporary history of Germany and of Europe, have shown. There are, doubtless, men of great ability to be found among Bismarck's political opponents; but not only as politicians, but even simply as men, none of them can be weighed against him. In all civilized countries you will find many other scholars, writers, orators, artists, and distinguished men of every description, to whom they can well be compared—you will not find a second Bismarck. He is a most extraordinary man and you must go back to the heroic type to find others belonging to the same grand species of humanity. In common with all members of the heroic family—so sparsely spread over the earth, but in whose deeds is written the history of the world,—he possesses an inflexible will, dauntless courage, and that singular elevation of mental faculties which allows him to judge rightly the intentions of others while his own designs remain a secret for every one. Like the really great men of all times, he shows, moreover, a marvellous absence of vulgar egotism, an utter want of consideration for his personal position, and a never-failing readiness to risk again and again all he has won for the furtherance of the impersonal objects of his life.

I have been led to speak of Bismarck as a resident in Berlin; but Bismarck is a "general" subject, and has carried me far away from Berlin, the special

subject of this essay. I return to it, but merely to add a few closing words.

A few weeks ago, there was laid in Berlin the first stone of the building in which the Parliament of the United German Empire is to hold its sittings in future. At that ceremony three men were present on whom the attention of all was centred: the Emperor William, the Chancellor Prince Bismarck, and General Field-Marshal Count Moltke—the noblest representatives of Germany's unity, greatness, and power, embodying

German tenacity, German fearlessness, and German discipline and sense of duty; three rare men—a great Sovereign, a great Statesman, a great Soldier! As I looked at them, it suddenly struck me that Berlin did indeed possess something to be proud of; that a great sight was to be seen there; and that those poor people who come to Berlin and see nothing to admire, finding all things common, mean, and ugly, must themselves be very small.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FERNANDO MENDEZ PINTO.

BY P. R. HEAD.

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!"—CONGREVE, *Love for Love*, Act 2, Scene 5.

"HAVE you read the story of China, written by a Portuguese, Fernando Mendez Pinto, I think his name is?—'tis as diverting a book of the kind as ever I read, and is as handsomely written. You must allow him the privilege of a traveller, and he does not soar above it. His lies are as pleasant and harmless as lies can be, and in no great number, considering the scope he has for them."

So wrote Mistress Dorothy Osborne, in the year 1653 or 1654, to her accepted lover, Mr. (not yet Sir) William Temple, the perverseness of elder Osbornes keeping a young gentleman of such uncertain prospects aloof as yet from his lady's side. But we are not at present concerned with Mistress Dorothy, consoling herself with romances and poetry and Pinto's travels in the absence of her lover; nor with the great Sir William in uncertain youth, with all the possibilities before him; nor yet with Macaulay, king of reviewers, who, reading their letters when they were first printed by Mr. Courtenay in 1836, found them strong to touch a reviewer's heart, and fell in love with Dorothy a hundred and fifty years after she was dead and buried. For present purposes Dorothy is chiefly interesting to us because she was reading and enjoying Pinto's book in the old days when his fame was some two centuries fresher than it is now.

The book was much in the mouths of men in those times, but the author was rather hardly dealt with in the nature of the fame he acquired. Like the mythical Munchausen, Pinto's name became proverbial for a liar. We have seen him gibbeted by Congreve; Johnson has a similar reference to him somewhere; and Carlyle, in the "French Revolution," rackets him with Cagliostro as a foil to the superlative mendacity of Barrère. Tastes and fashions change, and it has become increasingly difficult since 1653 for young ladies, or any other type of that frivolous being known as the general reader, to get much diversion out of a closely printed folio. So Pinto's books ceased to be read, but his fame remained, and his reputation grew worse as there were ever fewer to expostulate on behalf of an author whom they found diverting. His fame has become extremely dim nowadays, whether for good or evil. Nobody cares now whether he lied or not, and few will have the curiosity to wade through his yellow pages and discover what he had to tell that gained him such an unenviable notoriety. Nevertheless there is much that is interesting in Pinto. His narrative, although often confused and often exaggerated, has the vivacity that comes of direct contact with the facts. He was no scientific observer, but an unlettered adventurer, and his

untruthfulness is of a kind that must not be confounded with the moral obliquity of deliberate deceit. Many of the marvels he recounts, indeed, incredible as they were to his contemporaries, have been confirmed by the reports of subsequent travellers. The rest are generally such as our scientific age has learnt to distinguish from intentional perversions of the truth. He expected to see wonders; he saw them, and they appeared to him very wonderful. Nor did they lose any of their strangeness from being viewed through the haze of crowded memories when the time came to sit at home and write them down. His book contains abundant evidence of ignorance, confusion, inaccuracy; here and there, the chronology is impossible; here and there he seems to mix up accounts which belong to different parts of the story. But there is nothing incompatible with a conscientious desire to tell the truth. We cannot accept his narrative as evidence of the highest class concerning the state of the countries he describes—not because he meant to give a misleading account, but because to give an exact account was beyond his powers. Such a writer is now judged from a new standpoint. In the seventeenth century he was read with avidity, and abused as a liar. Now that he has ceased to be reproached, he is neglected.

Pinto's "Peregrination," as he called it, was first published at Lisbon in 1614, when, as will be seen, the author must have been dead some years. It speedily became popular. A Spanish translation was published at Madrid in 1620, a French one at Paris in 1628, an English one in London in 1653, and one into German ("Hochteutsche," High German, not Dutch) at Amsterdam in 1671. There are many reprints, both of the original work and the several translations. Bibliographical Dibdin gives the date of the English translation, 1663; but bibliographical Dibdin is mistaken. The edition of 1663 was the second edition, and differs from the first only in some minute points of typography. Pinto had been introduced to the English reader as early as 1625, by Samuel Purchas, the industrious compiler of the five huge folios of "Purchas his Pilgrimes"; an epitome

of the "Peregrination," with amusing marginal comments, forms part of the third volume.

Was Dorothy Osborne reading the French translation or the English in those days of true love not running smoothly? The French is a little more likely; but I prefer to think of her as musing over the pages, fragrant with the delightful fragrance of books fresh from the press, of the same edition which to-day exhales its venerable mustiness before me. It is a volume in small folio, not very thick, tolerably well printed, and introduced, after the fashion of the time, by a title-page as long as a moderate essay. On the title-page the translator is modestly veiled under initials; but he plucks up courage to sign his full name at the foot of his dedication, and reveals the identity of "H. C. Gent." in the person of Henry Cogan. He supplies his author with an elaborate Apologetical Defence; for have there not been "some who in regard of the stupendious things which he delivers, will seem to give no credit thereunto?" Such incredulous persons shall be refuted by citations from "many several authentick Authors," confirming Pinto's marvels, and shall doubt no more. Then he gives a very copious list of authorities, by book and chapter, making a really dazzling show of research. If only incredulity were banished from the world, and one could feel quite sure that Cogan did not get his authorities at second hand! All things have an end, and so has the Apologetical Defence, the sceptics being left in a sadly battered condition; while Cogan handsomely bows his author in:—

"By all this now is my Author thoroughly vindicated from all aspersions of falsehood, that may be cast up this his Work, which, were it otherwise, and meerly devised, yet it is so full of variety, and of strange, both Comick and Tragic Events, as cannot chuse but delight far more than any *Romance*, or other of that kind. But being accompanied with the truth, as I have sufficiently proved, it will no doubt give all the satisfaction that can be desired of the Reader."

Pinto begins the "rude and unpolished discourse" which he purposes to leave to his children for a memorial

and an inheritance with a brief and business-like account of his life up to the commencement of his voyages. He was born of poor parents in the little town of Montemoro Velho, and lived there miserably enough until the age of eleven or twelve, when an uncle took compassion on him, and got him a place in the service of a "very honorable Lady" at Lisbon. This, he informs us, was in 1521; which would place his birth in 1509 or 1510. He remained in this service a year and a half, when an accident befell him, the nature of which he does not mention. The ungentle reader may imagine something discreditable if he pleases. Pinto says that the accident put him in peril of his life, which looks rather suspicious. He ran away from the honorable lady to a small port, when he embarked in a vessel going to Setuval. The voyage soon terminated in disaster. They were boarded by a French pirate, and those who were not slain were clapped under the hatches with a view to the Barbary slave-market. Luckily for them, the pirates fell in with a much richer prize, and, having taken it, turned their course toward France to enjoy their ill-gotten gains at ease. Pinto and some of his companions were stripped naked, and put ashore. They obtained some relief from the country people, and Pinto pushed on to Setuval, whither he had been bound originally. He fell on his legs, as he always had a knack of doing after a disaster, and found a gentleman who took him into his service. Five years and a half of this way of life convinced him that he was not earning enough to live on, and he made up his mind to take his chances among the adventurous fellow-countrymen who were at that time wooing fortune in the mysterious East.

He set sail in 1537, he says. A year and a half with the honorable lady; a reasonable interval for the voyage and capture by pirates, and search for employment at Setuval; five years and a half in service at Setuval: which can hardly be made into much more than seven years, and brings us from 1521 to—1537! Let not the reader of Pinto make haste to execrate; he will become accustomed to chronological curiosities. Time, which flew so fast in

Portugal, in China travels backward for a year and a half.

They sailed round the Cape in a fleet of five, and touched at Mozambique. There the fleet separated—two ships going to Goa, three, one of which was Pinto's going to Diu: these were the two principal Portuguese settlements in India. There was great excitement and apprehension among the settlers, who were threatened with an invasion of the Turks. At Goa, Pinto found an expedition on the point of starting for the Red Sea, to make inquiries as to the enemy's purpose, and joined it. Things went fairly with the expedition at first. They caught a renegade Christian of piratical habits, who had turned Mahometan for love of a Mahometan bride, and "gently persuaded him to acquit this abominable belief." But he was a contumacious renegade, and answered with a brutish obstinacy; wherefore they tied a great stone about his neck and cast him alive into the sea. They landed at Massuah, and went overland to visit the mother of Prester John. When they got back on board ship, their troubles began. They met three Turkish galleys, and a terrible fight took place. All the Portuguese were killed except nine, Pinto among them, who were carried off to Mocha and there sold as slaves. Pinto fell to a Greek renegade, whose cruelty nearly drove him to suicide. At last he was bartered to a Jew for a consignment of dates, and accompanied his new master to Oruz. There he was delivered by the kindness of two Portuguese officials, who raised money to buy him and set him at liberty.

He got back to Goa, not without further adventures, and in the next year (1539) joined the train of Pedro de Faria, newly appointed Captain of Malacca. There was plenty of employment for Pinto at Malacca. First there was a mission to the King of Batas, in the island of Sumatra. Returning from this mission, the ship put in at Quedah. Now, the king of Quedah had recently murdered his father, and was holding a great feast to celebrate his own marriage to his mother. This indecent doubling of the parts of Hamlet and Hamlet's Uncle was the subject of some imprudent re-

marks at a dinner where one of Pinto's companions was present, and the guests were arrested on the information of spies. Their feet, hands, and heads were sawn off, and the king, feeling it necessary that some explanation of the proceedings should be offered to the captain of Malacca's envoy, sent for Pinto. Nothing could give a stronger impression of the good faith of his narrative than the straightforward simplicity with which he describes his abject terror when he obeyed the summons. So dire was his distress on coming into the presence of the king and the dead bodies that a quarter of an hour had to be expended in bringing him round with cold water and fans before the story could be told. He was in no mood to criticize the explanation, and, having got away from the king with a promise to stay another week, was glad enough to hoist sail without a minute's delay, and ship off back to Malacca.

After no long interval, Pedro de Faria sent him again, to convey a present of arms and ammunition to another native potentate of Sumatra. On the return voyage a storm arose, the vessel was wrecked, and only five survivors were cast on shore. One shortly died from injuries sustained in the shipwreck, and two others attempting to swim across a river were swallowed by alligators. Pinto's description of these "great Lizards," as big as a boat with scales on their backs and mouths two foot wide was no doubt regarded afterward as a choice example of long-bow practice. Pinto and the other survivor were at last taken off by a barque, the crew of which rather unreasonably suspected them to be the owners of concealed treasure, and whipped them in the hope of discovering where it was hid. Pinto being nearly dead after the beating escaped the fate of his companion, who was supposed to have swallowed his gold and had a particularly nasty emetic administered to him, whereupon "he cast up both his lungs and his liver, so as he dyed within an hour after." When they landed, Pinto was found useless as a slave, and turned out of doors. He appealed with many tears to a Mahometan merchant, promising that a ransom would be paid by Pedro de Faria on his safe return. The Mahometan trusted

him, bought him for the moderate sum of seventeen and sixpence, took him to Malacca, and got a handsome reward.

The next expedition was the beginning of the greatest and most famous of Pinto's many voyages. He was sent round to Pahang, on the eastern side of the Malay Peninsula, to convey a cargo of goods to one Tome Lobo, Faria's factor there. Then he was to go on to Patani in Siam, on diplomatic business. Soon after he arrived at Pahang, a riot arose in the town, Tome Lobo's house was wrecked, and he and Pinto lost all their goods, barely escaping with their lives. They got away to Patani, and, with the cordial approval of the Portuguese community of that place, righted themselves by summary reprisals on the ships and goods of certain unlucky inhabitants of Pahang.

Soon after there arrived at Patani one Antonio de Faria, who may have been a relation of Pedro's. He brought with him a large cargo of woollen and linen stuffs, which he had obtained on credit at Malacca and hoped to sell at Patani. But finding no market there, he took the advice of experienced merchants and sent his goods to Ligor, farther up the coast. Pinto was one of sixteen adventurers who went on the same vessel with the hope of picking up something for themselves at Ligor. They were doomed to disappointment. At the mouth of the "river" of Ligor (that is, I suppose, the narrow channel between the island of Tantalum and the mainland) they fell in with a terrible Mahometan pirate, one Coia Acem, who cherished resentment against the Portuguese forasmuch as a captain of that nation had killed his father and two of his brothers. Coia Acem set on with vigor and soon had captured the cargo, sunk the ship, and slain all the Portuguese except three. Those who escaped were the captain of the ship, Pinto, and a merchant who shortly died of the privations they underwent on shore. Pinto and the captain were saved by a vessel that happened to pass up the "river" or channel, and taken to Ligor, whence they got back to Patani and announced the collapse of his hopes to Antonio de Faria. He, with the high spirit of his race, "seeing himself stripped of the 12,000 duckets he had borrowed at

Malaca, resolved not to return thither, because he had no means to pay his Creditors ;" but he swore a solemn oath to pursue the pirate and be revenged, and got together five and fifty men for the adventure. Pinto made one of them, though sadly out of spirits, and apparently out of condition too—"having been able to save nothing but my miserable carcass, wounded in three places with a Javelin, and my skull crackt with a stone, whereby I was three or four times at the point of death."

Coia Acem was reported bound for the island of Hainan, and they pursued him, coasting along the Camboya and Cochin China coast. Their rule was if they met a strange ship to fight it, on the hypothesis that it might contain Coia Acem or somebody else as bad. By this system, as their engagements were all victorious, they succeeded in visiting several scoundrels with their deserts as well as in shedding a good deal of perfectly innocent blood. What was of more practical importance, they acquired a great deal of plunder, and began to go so fine in China silks as to arouse the suspicions of the inhabitants of the coast towns. Pinto relates with gusto how they made a quite unprovoked assault on a vessel containing a bridal party who were awaiting the bridegroom's arrival by sea ; they seized and carried off the bride and some of her relations, and as they stood out to sea met the bridegroom coming exultantly with his party in five ships adorned with flags and banners. A band of music struck up merrily, the poor fellow, unconscious of the captive maiden under their hatches, saluted them with exuberant friendliness, and they passed on hugely relishing the joke.

They cruised about in this way—inquiring everywhere after Coia Acem, but never hearing anything of him—until they had amassed 500,000 crowns without any diminution of their indignation at the wickedness of piracy, when the pirate happens to be a heathen. All these gains, however, were lost in a storm, which wrecked them on the appropriately named Island of Thieves—Ladrone Island, near the mouth of the Canton River. In the extremity of their distress the consolations of piety were not wanting. Antonio de Faria

reminded them that God "never permitted any evil but for a greater good ; moreover how he firmly believed, that though we had now lost five hundred thousand crowns, we should ere it were long get about six hundred thousand for them." They listened with tears to this assurance of the divine mercy. "After fifteen days," Pinto proceeds, "it pleased God who never forsakes them that truly put their trust in him, miraculously to send us a remedy, whereby we escaped out of that misery we were in." The miracle was the appearance of a Chinese vessel, the crew of which landed to collect water and wood. The Portuguese hid in the forest, and waited until the Chinamen were fully engaged with their work, when Faria gave the signal (the name of Jesus cried aloud three times) and they rushed to the beach, boarded and shoved off the ship, and fired upon the owners on land with a gun they found in her ; which made them fly into the Wood, where no doubt they passed the rest of the day in lamenting the sad success of their ill-fortune as we had done ours before." On board they found a little boy, an old man acting as cook, and the dinner ready—"whereunto we fell with good stomachs, as being not a little hungry. Dinner done, and thanks rendered to God for his gracious mercy to us, an Inventory was taken of the goods that were in the *Lantea*"—the plunder amounting to the value of 4000 crowns. Antonio de Faria entered into conversation with the boy, a son of the owner of the vessel, and promised to treat him as his own son. The boy replied that they had robbed his father of the savings of thirty years without fear of the divine justice, and that he would rather die with his father than live with such wicked people. Being gently rebuked for this strong language : "Would you know, replied he, why I said so ? it was because I saw you after you had filled your bellies, praise God with lifted up hands, and yet for all that like hypocrites never care for making restitution of that you have stolen." This speech was heard, and is recorded by Pinto, evidently without any other feeling than admiration for such excellent sentiments. They immediately invited the boy to become a Christian, and Faria

began to instruct him in the doctrines of that religion. The boy heard him patiently to the end, and then raising his hands and eyes to heaven, said weeping: "Blessed by thy Power, O Lord, that permits such people to live on the Earth, that speak so well of thee, and yet so ill observe thy Law, as these blinded Miscreants do, who think that robbing and preaching are things that can be acceptable to thee!" Then he lay in a corner, weeping, and refused food for three days. One would like to hear more of this most enlightened boy, but he drops out of the story.

The mariners now made for "Liam-poo," by which Pinto means Ning-po, not without occasional opportunities for piracy and abduction on the way. They fell in with a Chinese pirate named Quiay Panian, who was friendly to the Portuguese, and had several promising young pirates of that nation among his crew. With him they struck up an alliance and swore friendship on the gospels. It is to be observed, that while words are scarcely strong enough to describe Pinto's abhorrence of the detestable crime of piracy, as practised by Coia Acem, Quiay Panian's skill and experience in the same profession are noted with much approval.

It was not long before the joint force discovered and engaged the enemy. They picked up a small fishing-boat, containing a few wounded Portuguese, the sole survivors of a crew who had been attacked by Coia Acem. By inquiries made near the scene of the combat they learned that the pirate was sheltered in a river not far off. After carefully reconnoitring his position, they attacked, and a tremendous fight ensued, which ended in the death of Coia Acem and the extermination of his crew. A house on shore, which had been used by the pirates as a kind of infirmary, and which contained a large number of sick men, was set on fire, and the inmates burnt alive. The goods taken from the Portuguese who had been rescued in the boat were thus recovered, and Faria braced himself up for an astounding effort of liberality. He made the men he had saved a free present of their own property, and expressed a touching confidence that such beneficence would without doubt secure his

eternal salvation. His countrymen seem to have taken a similar view. When the vessels arrived at Ning-po, and his bounty was made known by the grateful recipients, the Portuguese colony at that place organized a grand reception with a special service of great magnificence at the church, as a tribute to so much virtue and generosity.

At Ning-po, Quiay Panian, who had been a useful friend to Faria, died. Faria, casting about to find new scope for his enterprising genius, fell in with one Similau, a pirate, who made a suggestion of dazzling brilliancy. Similau could show them the way to an island, called Calempluy, where seventeen kings of China were interred in tombs of gold, surrounded by golden idols, treasures of gold and jewels, potentialities of plunder beyond the dreams of avarice. Similau was engaged as pilot, and the expedition, consisting of fifty Portuguese and about ninety native sailors and slaves, in two vessels, started at once for Calempluy. The length of the voyage excited suspicions of Similau's good faith. After two months and a half of voyaging through totally unknown seas, Faria delivered an ultimatum; the pilot was to bring them to their destination within three days, or forfeit his life. That night they were in a river, and Similau slipped over the ship's side and escaped. When this was discovered, and Faria had gone ashore to hunt the fugitive, the greater part of the native sailors seized the opportunity, and followed Similau's example. In spite of these difficulties, Faria managed, by capturing and separately questioning the crew of a small barque, to find his way to the golden island. It lay in the middle of a river, and was about a league in circuit. Around it went a wall or platform of jasper, whose stones were so exquisitely cut that the whole wall appeared as one piece; on the wall was a balustrade of turned copper, having at intervals pillars of the same metal surmounted by statues. Within the balustrade a circle of monsters cast in metal held each other by the hand, and seemed to encompass the whole island in the manner of a dance. Encircled by these, and by a row of arches in rich mosaic, was a grove of orange trees, and in it a hundred and sixty

hermitages. And in the middle of the island, surrounded by the orange grove, rose the golden pinnacles of the temples and shrines of the kings.

The jasper wall was pierced by eight entrances. At one of these Antonio de Faria landed with a part of his men, leaving the rest as a guard for the ships. Cautiously and in silence they advanced to the nearest hermitage, and one of the Chinese who accompanied the party knocked at the door. Entering, they found themselves in the presence of a venerable hermit, who manifested great alarm at their appearance. To his inquiries who they were and what they wanted, Faria replied through his interpreter that he was a Siamese merchant, who had lost all his property in a shipwreck from which himself and his crew had escaped with their lives; that they had come in pursuance of a vow then made, on a pilgrimage to that holy island, hoping also to obtain alms, which they would assuredly repay when they should have repaired their fortunes. To this the hermit replied with considerable dignity that his tale was manifestly false and his intention robbery. He continued to threaten the Portuguese with eternal damnation, and to appeal to heaven against the wickedness of men, while they proceeded to ransack the place, breaking open coffins for the sake of the silver coins placed in them, and scattering the bones of the departed saints upon the floor. Faria listened to the hermit's denunciations with calm politeness, and the same impartial approbation of his moral views which he had displayed toward the captured boy. On his return to the ships he was imprudent enough, contrary to the advice of some of his band, to leave the hermit behind, believing that his age and infirmities would prevent him from giving the alarm. But this expectation was disappointed. Before long the island was in a tumult, with bells ringing and beacons blazing as a signal of distress to the dwellers on the banks of the river. All hopes of comfortably looting the golden shrines were at an end. A hasty dash into the grove enabled them to plunder another hermitage, but the booty was only silver, and they were obliged to set sail, Faria "tearing his hair and beard for very rage, to see that

through his negligence and indiscretion he had lost the fairest occasion that ever he should be able to meet withall."

As Purchas puts it, his heat was soon cooled. They had not voyaged very far before they encountered the terrible Typhoon. Pinto, by the way, is said to have been the first to introduce this name for the wind which the Chinese call *tai-fung* into Europe. In vain they lightened the ships by throwing overboard their chests of silver and cutting away the masts; in the middle of the night those who were in the same ship with Pinto heard from the other vessel, which Faria commanded, a cry of "Lord have mercy upon us!" and when the morning came they had disappeared. Pinto's ship struck on the coast about ten o'clock in the morning of Monday the 5th of August, 1542, and went to pieces, fourteen Portuguese escaping with their lives.

Then began Pinto's wanderings by land over the Celestial Empire, lasting nearly two years, and furnishing him with material for the detailed and marvellous descriptions of the cities and manners of China which did more than any other part of his book to win him his fame as an explorer, and which provided the scoffers with their most formidable weapons for the assault against his credibility. The most wonderful of his wonders are now known not to be more wonderful than the truth, and when the necessary allowance has been made for his "personal equation," there will remain very little ground for impugning his good faith. His accounts certainly lack the cut-and-dried flavor that commands the respect of the duller kind of critics. Everything is suffused with a glow of romance, as from a man who had seen the splendid vision of Badroulbador passing to the bath, and spoken with Aladdin in the street. The vast cities, the rich palaces with their quaintly ordered gardens, the gorgeous pageants, the thronging population of the country, the strange customs of that still mysterious land, lost nothing of their impressiveness when described by such a traveller. To attempt to give an example of these descriptions by a quotation of any permissible length would be to imitate the fool in the Greek exercise book who brought a brick into

the market as a sample of the house he wished to sell. Pinto's style, never particularly terse, here revels in diffuseness; a procession trails through his pages as it trailed through the streets of Peking, in ever-varying magnificence and grotesqueness. We can tell what Pinto suffered, but must leave Pinto himself to tell what he has seen.

One thing ought to be remarked, as it has helped to discredit his narrative, though attributable to no fault of the narrator. It is impossible to follow his wanderings completely, as the majority of the names of places he mentions are quite unrecognizable; which will not be wondered at when it is considered that the names were Chinese, and that he was in most cases entirely without guidance in writing down his phonetic recollection of the word as he had heard it spoken years before. His description of the island of Calempuy, for instance, naturally excited the greatest curiosity among subsequent explorers, but the place has never been satisfactorily identified.

The little party of Portuguese wandered about begging from door to door and from village to village, until, being taken up and condemned as rogues and vagabonds, they exchanged their mendicancy for the labor of galley-slaves. As prisoners they were sent first to Nan-kin, and thence upon appeal to Peking, where they were sentenced to one year of a kind of mild penal servitude. In this condition they might have been tolerably comfortable if they could have kept the peace among themselves. Pinto ascribes the quarrel which took place to the malignancy of the "divel" himself; irritated at the sight of their brotherly affection, "he so wrought that two of our company fell into a quarrel . . . about the extraction of the *Madureyras* and the *Fonsecas*, for to know which of these two houses was in most esteem at the King of *Portugal's* court; the matter went so far, that from one word to another they came at length to terms of oyster-wives, saying one to another, *Who are you?* and again, *who are you?* So that thereupon they suffered themselves to be so transported with choller that one of them gave the other a great box on the ear, who instantly returned him a blow with

his sword," and so on, until seven out of nine were wounded in the fray. Condemned in consequence of this scandal to perpetual slavery, "we did not a little detest amongst ourselves both the *Fonsecas* and the *Madureyras*, but much more the divel that wrought us this mischief." Accordingly they took a solemn oath to live together lovingly for the future, and arranged to appoint a chief from among their number in monthly rotation, whom the rest should obey.

Their deliverance from slavery was brought about by an invasion of the Tartars with a huge army, including 80,000 "rhinocerots" to draw the baggage. After storming Peking, the invaders marched upon Quansy or Quinçay, as Pinto calls the place of his captivity (there is a Quang-si about 250 miles from Nan-kin), took the place, and carried off the Portuguese among their prisoners. In a few days their progress was impeded by the difficulty of taking a strongly fortified castle. One of the Portuguese boldly offered to accomplish the task, and was intrusted with a command for the occasion. The attempt was brilliantly successful, the Portuguese were released, treated with great honor, taken in triumph to Peking, and presented to the Tartar king. To assist them on their way home they were allowed to form part of the suite of an ambassador about to start for Cochin China, and the king of that country provided them with a ship and escort to pursue their voyage.

They threw away their own good fortune, as before. A trifling dispute was the occasion of a quarrel, which proceeded to such extremities as Pinto refuses for very shame to relate in detail. Their conductor, thoroughly disgusted, landed them on a small island and left them to their fate. After further troubles, which reduced the number of Pinto's companions to two, they arrived in the vessel of a friendly pirate at Tanega-sima, one of the most southerly of the smaller Japanese islands. Being hospitably received by the chief man of the place, and questioned about their country, they proceeded to lie with characteristic freedom and breadth of style concerning the power and resources of Portugal, and succeeded in impressing

him deeply with a sense of their importance. Their reputation was largely increased when one of their party was seen to shoot ducks with an arquebus, firearms having been previously unknown in Tanega-sima. The fame of the strangers spread, and the king of the neighboring kingdom of Bungo, on the island of Kin-sin, wrote to request that one of them might be sent to him for his diversion. Pinto was selected, on the ground of being the cheerfulest of the party. He found the monarch of Bungo ill in bed with the gout, and had the good fortune not only to amuse him, but also to cure his disease by means of a Chinese remedy. There was excellent shooting to be had in Bungo, and Pinto's arquebus created an immense sensation. Nothing would content the second son of the king, a boy of about sixteen, but that Pinto should teach him to shoot. It was granted after much persuasion that he should have "a couple of charges for the satisfying of his mind." The prince thought, as any boy would under the circumstances, that a couple of shots was but a shabby allowance, and made up his mind to get one or two extra while the owner of the gun was asleep. Taking an attendant with him to hold the match, he got the arquebus, charged it with powder "two spans deep," put in a bullet, and aimed at a tree. The match was applied and the gun burst, nearly taking off the prince's thumb. Pinto woke up and saw him lying insensible on the ground. The king and queen rushed to the spot, followed by courtiers, magistrates, and bonzes or priests. While one of the magistrates tried by alternate cursing and kicking to extract a confession from the weeping Pinto, and the bonzes exerted themselves to shift from one to the other the responsibility of suggesting a treatment for the wound, the boy came to himself, and took the matter into his own hands. Pinto was blameless, and Pinto and no other should cure him, if cure were possible, "for I had rather die under the hands of this poor wretch, that hath wept so much for me, than be touched by the *Bonze of Facataa*, who at the age he is of, of ninety and two years, can see no farther than his nose." The bonzes fumed and expostulated, but the lacerated thumb was sewn up

and bandaged by Pinto. In three weeks it was healed, and he returned loaded with gifts to Tanega-sima.

Returning thence to Ning-po, Pinto excited the cupidity of the Portuguese merchants of that place by his glowing description of the wealth of Japan and the profits that might be made there by traders. An expedition was arranged in great haste, and nine ships set sail, ill-found and unprovided with pilots. A storm came on, and all the vessels were wrecked. The few men who were saved, Pinto being one of them, were cast up on one of the Loo-choo islands. The inhabitants received them and relieved their wants with great benevolence. But on being brought up before the Broquen, or magistrate of the chief town in the neighborhood, they discovered that their countrymen were not in very good odor in Loo-choo. The Broquen animadverted with justifiable severity on Portuguese notions of the development of trade, and remanded them for further inquiries. They were careful to make themselves look as miserable as they could, and to speak in an extremely humble and pious manner; whereby the heart of the Broquen was touched, and they would have been released but for the inopportune arrival of a Chinese pirate, whose evidence as to the characteristic practices of Chinese "merchants" turned the scale in favor of severity. In consequence of this man's statement, which Pinto is pleased to call lies—they were lies that had an inconvenient resemblance to truth—they were sentenced to be cut each into four quarters and displayed in the public streets. But the good offices of the women of the place averted this unpleasant termination to the adventure. In the house of the Broquen's daughter lodged the wife of one of the Portuguese captives, who, when she heard the news of the sentence, tore her cheeks with her nails, till her face was nothing but "gore blood." The natives, who had never seen grief expressed in the European manner, were moved with astonishment and compassion. The women flocked to the house to see and sympathize. They drew up a petition, and prevailed on the king to remit the sentence of death. The Broquen received instructions to give his prisoners alms and a ship, and send

them out of the country. They were entertained in the houses of the townsfolk with the greatest kindness for forty-six days, and then sent back in safety to Ning-po. All this kindness was rewarded by Pinto, when he came to write his book, by a long paragraph describing the wealth of Loo-choo and the unwarlike character of its inhabitants, which he thinks would make it easy for Portugal to seize upon the country. He is not without hopes "to awaken the courage of the *Portugals*, and incite them to an Enterprise, of so much service to our King, and profit for themselves."

From Ning-po, Pinto returned without accident to Malacca, whence he had started five years before (1540). This was not his last voyage by many; but his later adventures may be more lightly passed over. He was sent as an envoy to Pegu, and found the country when he got there in the midst of a bloody war with the neighboring King of Burmah, into whose hands Pinto and his companions fell. They were made slaves, and in that capacity accompanied a Burmese embassy to a mysterious potentate, the Calaminham, which is, being interpreted, Lord of the World. The country of the Calaminham is supposed to have been Tibet, but none of the places mentioned by Pinto can now be identified. He gives copious accounts of the religious institutions and ceremonies of these regions, "for to show how little we Christians do to save our souls, in comparison of that much these wretches do to lose theirs." There were institutions that looked like traces of Christian doctrine; "when they sneeze they used to say, *the God of Truth is three and one*, whereby we may judge that these people have had some knowledge of the Christian religion." The Portuguese, in their turn, astonished the natives by their mighty prowess in drinking. They managed at last to escape from their captivity, and after many vicissitudes of fortune reached Goa.

From Goa the insatiable Pinto started on a fresh voyage, intending to cruise about the coasts of China and Japan, "trading" on his own account, "to see if in those countries where I had so many times lost my coat, I could not

find a better then that I had on." This adventure was interrupted by excursions first to Java, and then to Siam. When the voyage had been accomplished, and Pinto had got back safely to Goa, he determined at last to give up his roving life and go home. He was, however, destined to accomplish one more voyage. A few days after his arrival at Goa, came a letter from the King of Bungo (apparently the successor of the sovereign whom Pinto had cured of the gout) to the Portuguese viceroy, requesting that the great missionary Francis Xavier, who had already preached in his country, should be sent to visit it again. Xavier was dead; but Father Belguior, rector of the Jesuit college, consented to undertake the voyage, and Pinto, as an old acquaintance of the people of Bungo, was requested to go with him. After some pressure he consented, and may be supposed to have enjoyed a novel pleasure in starting with such an eminently respectable motive. The voyage lasted nearly three years. The missionary met with an extremely polite reception in Bungo, but apparently failed to make any religious impression.

This was the last of Pinto's voyages, except the voyage home. He reached Lisbon in 1558, bringing with him documents from the Viceroy attesting his services, which he hoped would establish his claim to some reward from the government. He had his experience of hope deferred, and ultimate disappointment, which he speaks of with resignation, and not without dignity, in the book that amused his declining years. If he was not, he well might have been, sincere in attributing the neglect from which he suffered to divine justice on his sins. But the morality of the best of us is so largely based upon convention that it is hard to frown on him very severely for doing that which all his fellows did; nor can the nation whose sons are engaged at the present day in spreading the sweet influences of civilization among the islands of the South Pacific afford to cast the first stone at the sixteenth-century Portuguese.

Portugal is still proud of the "Peregrination"; and, indeed, the book is good enough to have made its

mark in a literature far more fertile of masterpieces. Perhaps it may one day find an editor capable of answering the questions it suggests, and clearing up the difficulties and inconsistencies which have brought what I cannot but believe to be undeserved reproach upon the much-enduring author. Until that good fortune happens to it, it will be more amusing than instructive to the un-

learned reader. But however little respect we may entertain for Pinto's facts, his work, nevertheless, preserves an historical as well as a literary interest. Such vivid and natural portraiture of manner and life among the earliest European colonizers of the east has a value almost entirely independent of scientific accuracy.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOFF.

BY A. E. STALEY.

I.

GIFTS OF THE TEREK: "DARI TEREKA."

THE Tereke rages fierce and fast
 'Mid rocky masses clashing;
 His wailing cry is like the blast,
 In spray his tears are splashing.
 But he, in crafty guise, when ends
 His flight o'er wildernesses,
 A wheedling courtesy pretends,—
 The Caspian thus addresses:
 "Open, open, O ancient sea!
 Give refuge to my torrent:
 Far wanderings have wearied me,
 No more is rest abhorrent.
 On Kazbek I my life began,
 By milky clouds was nourished,
 And toward the foreign might of man
 Have hatred ever cherished.
 I have, to please thy little ones,
 With cousin Darel striven,
 And hitherward a herd of stones,
 A glorious spoil, have driven."
 Old Caspian, sleepy, feigns repose,
 Couched on his springy beaches;
 But at his ear the Terek, close
 Wheedling, again beseeches:
 "And I for thee to entertain
 Have brought no common stranger;
 A Kabardine, on battle-plain
 Who fell, the first in danger.
 A precious corselet hath he on
 With greaves of steel, and saintly
 Koranic verses graved thereon
 In golden letters, quaintly:
 And sternly knitted are his brows,
 And with a purple color
 The ends of his moustachios
 Tinged by hot blood of valor.
 His open eyes responseless stare
 As when in hatred levelled;

His scalp-lock black, once kept with care
 Curls down his neck dishevelled."
 But softly dreaming on his shore,
 No sound old Caspian utters;
 The Terek, turbulent once more,
 With rising anger mutters:
 "Hark, Father; lo! a gift more rare
 Than these I bring, revealing
 What I have kept till now with care,
 From all the world concealing:
 A Cossack maiden's body fair
 My waves bring o'er the boulders,
 And brightly golden is her hair,
 And darkly pale her shoulders.
 Her saddened face is halo-crowned,
 Calm sleep her sweet eyes hushes,
 Her bosom hath a tiny wound
 From which the red stream gushes.
 But for my youthful beauty none
 Now mourns of all her fellows,
 Except a Greben Cossack's son,
 Alone beside my billows.
 He hath saddled his raven steed,
 In nightly foray eager
 Upon the hills his life to speed
 By some fierce Tchechen's dagger."
 No more the angered river said,
 But over him uplifted
 Dishevelled locks, which on his head
 Like snow in winter drifted.
 The Father then, in glorious strength,
 Rose mightily, like thunder,
 And passionate tears sprang at length
 His dark-blue eyes from under.
 Rejoicing leapt the ocean old
 With warm embrace to greet him,
 And, murmuring his love, unfold
 The waves that rushed to meet him.

II.

THE CUP OF LIFE: "CHASHA JHIZNI."

WE quaff life's cup with dim,
 With covered eyes;
 We blur its golden rim
 With tears and sighs.

 When from our brows at death
 The bonds shall fall,
 And with them vanisheth
 False festival,—

 Then shall we see that naught
 The cup outpours:
 A dream the draught so sought,
 And that—not ours.

III.

COSSACK CRADLE-SONG : "SPI, MLADENETS MOI."

SLEEP, sleep, my pretty son,
Bayushka bayou ;
Calm shines the moon upon
Thy cradle pillow.
While I my stories tell,
While I my songs coo,
Closed be thine eyes, sleep well,
Bayushka bayou.

Turbid the Terek roars
O'er pebbles fretting ;
Tchechens lurk on its shores,
Their daggers whetting.
Father's a soldier tried,
Steeled to war, constant, true ;
So sleep in peace, my pride,
Bayushka bayou.

Thou too shalt live to know
A life of quarrel—
Bold foot in stirrup throw,
Grasp a gun-barrel ;
Thy saddle-cloth all fine
Will I with silk sew.
Sleep, sleep, own child of mine,
Bayushka bayou.

Thy heart of Cossack breed,
Thy mien shall brave be ;
I'll see thee mount thy steed,
And farewell wave me ;
Many a bitter tear
Will in the night flow.
Sleep, sleep, my angel dear
Bayushka bayou.

Weary with long delay
I shall be pining,
Murmuring prayers all day
At nights divining
If, far away, for home
Pining art *thou* too.
Sleep, sleep, till troubles come
Bayushka bayou.

I'll give thee for thy road
An image worthy :
Do thou in prayer to God
Place it before thee ;
And, on the eve of fight,
On mother dream thou.
Sleep, sleep, my soul's delight,
Bayushka bayou.

IV.

THE PRISONER: "UZNIK."

AWAY from the prison-shade!
 Give me the broad daylight;
 Bring me a black-eyed maid,
 A steed dark-maned as night.
 First the maiden fair
 Will I kiss on her ruddy lips,
 Then the dark steed shall bear
 Me, like the wind, to the steppes.

But the heavy door hath a bar,
 The prison-window is high;
 The black-eyed maiden afar
 In her own soft bed doth lie;
 In meadow green the horse,
 Unbridled, alone, at ease,
 Gallops a playful course,
 And tosses his tail to the breeze.

Lonely am I, unjoying,
 Amid bare prison-walls:
 The light in the lamp is dying—
 Dimmer the shadow falls;
 And only, without my room,
 I hear the measured ring
 Of the sentry's steps in the gloom,
 As he treads, unanswering.

Blackwood's Magazine.

COUNT FERSEN.

SWEDEN, for so comparatively small and unpromising a land, has given to history more than its due share of sages and heroes, but the limited field for the development at home has often driven them abroad to unfold their talents and acquire their celebrity. It would be difficult to find in Swedish annals a name invested with a more romantic interest than that awakened by the life of one of the most chivalrous of modern knights-errant, Count John Axel Fersen.

Count Fersen was born on the 4th of Septemoer, 1735, less than two months before the birth of Marie Antoinette, who was destined to exercise a lasting influence on his life. He came of a noble and illustrious family, though implicit faith is not to be put in the genealogical fables tracing his ancestry

back to the MacPherson clan of Scotland. His father was the eloquent chief of the Swedish political party acting in sympathy with France, and his mother belonged to the noble family of Delagardie.

At fifteen Fersen was sent to foreign parts to finish his military education, and to see more of the world. During four years he travelled over Europe, his rank securing him presentation at the royal courts. He early began a diary, and kept it up with more than the usual perseverance of youth; extracts from it are given in the work on him published by one of his relatives a few years since. The young count sought out Voltaire in his Swiss retreat, visited Italy, and naturally gravitated toward France. New Year's day of 1774 found him making the first of his many pilgrimages

to Versailles, where he saw Louis XV. and the unworthy favorite Madame du Barry. The Swedish ambassador introduced him to some of the most aristocratic *salons* of Paris, and for nearly five months his life was one continued round of social gaiety. He went to balls given by the Dauphiness Marie Antoinette at Versailles; he met her again at the masked opera ball in Paris, where she talked with him a long time before being recognized; at a ball in the Palais Royal he was not a little surprised to see gentlemen in richly embroidered coats dancing with fair ladies in the humble costumes of shepherdesses, possibly one of the practical results of the sentimental teachings of Rousseau. Fersen was also a frequent guest at the "little suppers," where the nobility of the ancient *régime* mingled with the philosophers and literary men, whose ideas were so actively fermenting the French Revolution. The brilliancy of that society, unconscious of the bloody guillotine impending over it, survives still in the fascinating memoirs of the time, and it is no wonder that the flattering attentions bestowed on the Swedish count increased the predilection inherited from his father to a passionate admiration of France and her people.

Count Fersen left Paris for London two days after Louis X. V had fallen victim to a well-merited small-pox, and during four months the youthful traveller cultivated the aristocracy of England. He paid his respects to George III., went to a ball at Almack's, and visited the Ranelagh familiar to the readers of *Evelina* and other English novels of the last century, but his pleasant memories of Paris were not eclipsed by his London experiences.

On his return to Sweden Fersen was eagerly welcomed to the court of Gustavus III., who for the time seemed to have no higher aim than to maintain a weak imitation of Versailles. The young count was in the foremost rank of every diversion, now dressed as an English jockey and showing off a learned horse, now taking part in a ballet with his lovely sister. But he was a soldier by profession, held commissions in the Swedish army and one of the foreign regiments of the French service, and the peace of his own country led him to

seek distinction abroad in the spring of 1778. In France he visited a military encampment with his friend Baron Stedingk, and on their way back to Paris they stopped at the famous monastery of La Trappe and speedily lost all desire they might have had to enter it.

At Versailles, Count Fersen was immediately recognized as an old acquaintance by the Queen Marie Antoinette, and in his letters to his father he was very enthusiastic over her beauty and amiability and the cordiality of his reception on all sides. In the palmy days of the ancient monarchy, Sunday was set apart for the public display of royalty; all well-dressed people were freely admitted to the palace at Versailles, and allowed to stare at the royal family, humbly served at their meals by the richly dressed lords and ladies of the court. Sunday evening was given up to the public game, when the whole court was seated around one large table, presided over by the queen in person, and busily engaged in winning and losing money at faro and other games of cards. Almost any one might look on and request the players to stake money for him. Fersen attended this diversion quite regularly, and the queen never failed to greet him and say a pleasant word or two as he stood behind her chair. He was further flattered by an invitation to wear his handsome uniform in her presence.

Malicious rumors concerning Marie Antoinette were circulated long before the affair of the diamond necklace, and the favor shown to Fersen led to the association of his name with that of the slandered queen. Similar attentions bestowed on his friend Stedingk were looked upon as a mere blind to conceal the real love and to secure the presence of the loved one; some of the little parties given by the queen's most intimate friends, the Princess de Lamballe and Duchess de Polignac, were supposed to be solely to allow of a meeting between her and the "handsome Fersen;" long conversations at the Opera Balls, and loving looks exchanged at the familiar gatherings of the Trianon, were recounted, and it was asserted that on one occasion the queen, seated at her piano, sang the lines from the opera of *Dido*:

" Ah ! que je fus bien inspirée,
Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour ! "

then threw a passionate glance at Fersen, and tried in vain to suppress the confusion of her feelings. The presumptuous and disappointed gallants manifested by a thousand wild and improbable inventions of their heated fancy their spite and jealousy at the flattering reception accorded to a foreigner.

There was never a more illustrious, nor more unhappy victim of slander than the wife of Louis XVI. An evil genius seems to have presided over her destiny ; the very day of her birth was marked by the murderous earthquake of Lisbon, cited as a bad omen by her biographers ; the Paris festivities at her wedding were turned to mourning by a panic of the crowd trampling hundreds to death ; the simple and domestic tastes, leading her to break down the iron rule of royal etiquette and seek consolation in the intimate society of a few chosen friends, served only to excite the jealous wrath of the great majority of neglected courtiers ; and a lingering fondness for her native land was distorted to downright treason to her adopted country, and gained for her the appellation of " the Austrian," so hateful to the popular masses of France. But neither can she be looked upon as a model of perfection at all periods of her eventful life. Her youthful education was conspicuous by its absence, for her imperial mother was too busy to attend to it, and her instructors dared not be very strict. At fourteen she was sacrificed to diplomacy, sent with great pomp to France to become the bride of the heir to the throne, an awkward and unwieldy young man, her senior by a little over one year, who preferred to soil his hands and reduce his bulk by hard mechanical work, as an amateur locksmith, to all the charms of the fair sex. So unsympathetic a companionship wearied her, and she plunged into a vortex of social gaiety and forgot the more serious duties of her elevated station. With all her frivolity and love of pleasure, however, the contemporary memoirs and documents disclose nothing to destroy the belief in her innate innocence and conjugal fidelity, and Saint-Beuve, the most cautious of modern critics, can only doubt her virtue as

a subject about which it is impossible to arrive at certainty. The libels of the French Revolution against Marie Antoinette are too ridiculously infamous to deserve a moment's consideration, unsupported as they are by the slightest shadow of proof. Besenval has an old man's love of scandal, Lauzun does not scruple to give the fullest particulars of his conquests, but when they came to the queen, whose favored suitors they wished to be considered, they drop at once into innuendoes, and these innuendoes have been amply refuted in Madame Campan's memoirs. Quite recently a flood of light has been thrown upon the first ten years of Marie Antoinette's residence in France, by the publication of her correspondence with her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, and of the secret correspondence between the latter and the Austrian ambassador to the French court. One of this ambassador's chief duties was to keep the anxious mother informed of every act and thought of her beloved daughter, who never knew the system of friendly espionage watching over her, and whose inmost private life has thus received a more complete illumination than could be borne by most royal personages. Many a time and oft does the empress give her daughter a smart scolding for her heedless, frivolous conduct, but nowhere does the least suspicion appear of any more criminal indiscretion, and the inference to be drawn is that there was no ground for any such suspicion.

With regard to Count Fersen, the Duchess d'Abrantès, in her *Histoire des salons de Paris*, thinks the queen's friendship for him was nothing more than " a very lively coquetry of the heart." In the *Mémoires du Comte Alexandre de Tilly*, Fersen is said to have been one of the handsomest men the author had ever seen, though of a cold physiognomy, which women do not dislike when there is the hope of animating it, and the Swedish nobleman is affirmed to have followed the only successful French courtier in the queen's affections, to have been her second, last, and greatest love, but not a shred of evidence is given in support of this opinion of a graceless libertine, and it is absolutely worthless. Count de Crenetz, ambassador from Sweden to France,

had ample opportunities of learning all the gossip of the day, and regularly kept his sovereign informed of the doings of the Swedes in Paris. One of his secret despatches to Gustavus III. of Sweden is as follows :

"April 10th, 1779. I must confide to your Majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well looked upon by the queen as to have given offence to several persons. I confess I cannot help believing she had a liking for him ; I have seen too sure indications of it to doubt it. The young Count Fersen's conduct on this occasion has been admirable for its modesty and reserve, and especially for the resolution he has made of going to America. In withdrawing he removed all danger, but a firmness above his age was evidently necessary to surmount this seduction. The queen could not take her eyes off him the last days, in gazing at him they were filled with tears. I beg your Majesty to keep the secret between yourself and the Senator Fersen. When the Count's departure was known, all the favorites were enchanted at it. The Duchess of Fitz-James said to him, 'What ! Sir, you abandon your conquest thus ?' 'If I had made one I should not abandon it,' he replied. 'I go free, and, unfortunately, without leaving any regrets.' Your Majesty will agree that this answer was of a wisdom and prudence above his age."

The Swedish ambassador must have been deeply interested by the mere possibility of such fortune for a countryman of his, but there is no further reference to Fersen's great favor in his diplomatic correspondence. Contemporary writers all unite in ascribing a rare discretion and an uncommon reserve to Count Fersen. The Duke de Lévis describes him as tall, with a regular but not expressive face, little animated in conversation, with more judgment than intellect, cautious with men, reserved toward women, serious without being sad, and adds : "His face and air were well suited for the hero of a romance, but not of a French romance, for which he had neither the assurance nor the spirit." This discretion would naturally have been increased at a time when Fersen was meditating an engagement with a London

heiress, though their attachment never resulted in marriage. Fersen acted nobly in resolving to leave the court where his presence occasioned gossip, in sacrificing himself to vindicate the fair fame of the queen, and the tongue of slander was so quickly and completely stopped by his departure that it could have had but little foundation before upon which to build its idle rumors.

The alliance between France and the United States found expression in treaties, February 6th, 1778, amid unbounded enthusiasm in France for the cause of American independence. The philosophers longed to see their principles put in practice, the young noblemen burned for active military service, and Fersen was as eager for battle as any. He used all his influence to secure a place on some expedition, and in 1779 was appointed aide-de-camp to Count de Vaux, whose projected invasion of England never took place. Next he was made aide to Count de Rochambeau, the commander of the expedition destined for America, and with him sailed from Brest, in May, and arrived at Newport in July of 1780. Here the French forces were very hospitably received, but had immediately to fortify their position, as they were blockaded by a British fleet and threatened with an attack. In a letter to his father, Fersen expresses a wish that the enemy may come, but does not think he will be so foolish, and he was right.

We have twenty-eight of the letters written by Count Fersen to his father during his American campaigns, but the details of his personal experience were not often considered worth relating, and we know but little of his life in America. The first winter was passed in inaction at Newport, which the young nobleman of the French army found rather dull after Paris, but they only wanted an order to march against the enemy to console them. A journey of two days on the mainland with Rochambeau favorably impressed Fersen with the country and its inhabitants, unspoiled by European luxury, and he prophesied, "It will be a happy country if it enjoys a long peace, and if the two parties, the Whigs and Tories, now dividing it, do not make it suffer the fate of Poland and so many other republics."

Another journey our aide-de-camp was privileged to make with Rochambeau—to meet Washington at Hartford in September, 1780. The French officers, who have left memoirs of their American experiences, show a wonderful veneration for the national hero of America, and almost surpass his countrymen in praising him. Fersen was delighted at being sent ahead to announce his general's arrival, at having an interview with the great man of the century, and thus describes Washington: "His face, fine and majestic, but at the same time mild and honest, corresponds perfectly with his moral qualities; he looks like a hero, he is very cold, speaks little, but polite and honest. He has an air of sadness spread over his features, that does not misbecome him, and that makes him more interesting." On this journey occurred a little incident, pleasantly narrated by Rochambeau as exemplifying the public spirit of Connecticut republicans. Except the two aids, the party travelled in a carriage, notwithstanding the bad roads of the country, and the carriage unfortunately broke down, so that Fersen had to be sent for a wheelwright a mile away. Our hero came back, saying he had found a man sick and tormented with the quartan fever, who had declared that a hatful of guineas would not induce him to work at night. The French general and admiral then went in person after the man, and explained the necessity of reaching Hartford in time to meet Washington; the wheelwright had luckily read of Washington's expected arrival in his newspaper, and as it was for the public service, promised the carriage for six o'clock in the morning, and was as good as his word. On their return another wheel gave out, and another call was made on the patriotic mechanic, whose scruples against working at night were again overcome, after he had in true Yankee fashion asked his visitors what they were going to do with their six ships opposed to twenty English vessels, how they liked Washington, how Washington liked them, etc.

In January, 1781, Fersen tells us a coolness had arisen between Washington and Rochambeau, and that he was commissioned by the latter to take a letter to the American general and inquire the

reason of the dissatisfaction. This was his first essay in diplomacy, and was doubtless entirely successful, for no more is said about it.

Fersen resided at Newport with Mr. Robert Stevens, at No. 299, New Lane, where he was well entertained, but he was glad enough, when spring came, and the French marched off in June, 1781, to join Washington. The campaign that resulted in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown needs no recapitulation here. Fersen shared all its dangers and honors, his name is incidentally mentioned three times in Washington's correspondence, but though he sent his father a journal of the operations of the siege, he modestly refrained from detailing his own subordinate part.

The French army wintered around Yorktown, and during a little journey in Virginia Fersen was much struck with the aristocratic principles of the planters, and wrote that he should not be surprised to see Virginia separate herself from the other states on the conclusion of peace, or even to see the American government become a perfect aristocracy. In December, 1782, the French sailed for the West Indies and Venezuela, Fersen complaining of the tediousness of their long voyage, cooped up with forty-five persons in one cabin, and on receiving news of the signing of peace they headed for France, and, on the 19th of June, 1783, arrived at Brest, the port they had left over three years before.

For his services in America Fersen was promoted in both Swedish and French armies, being made colonel of the Royal-Swedish regiment serving in the French army; he also received a pension from France and the Order of the Cincinnati from Washington, though the King of Sweden, with despotic consistency, refused to allow him to wear a republican decoration.

After an absence of more than six years Fersen saw his Swedish home once more, and now until the breaking out of the French Revolution, he vibrated between France and Sweden. At one time his family wished him to ask the hand of Mademoiselle Necker, but he renounced his pretensions in favor of his friend Baron de Staël-Holstein. During the great events of the first half of 1789,

ushering in the French Revolution, Fersen had enough to do in averting the insurrectionary spirit from his own regiment. Uncertain whether France would gain much by all these changes, the born courtier was mournfully sure that society had lost much. October brought him once more to Versailles, in time to see the last exit of royalty from the palatial abode of Louis XIV. The meeting of the States-General, their transformation into the National Assembly, the fall of the Bastille, and the other great popular demonstrations had not realized the hopes, of which they were the expression. The people of Paris were still suffering from the scarcity and high price of bread, and attributed their famine to aristocratic plots. The appearance in the streets of black and white cockades, the emblems of mourning and of the Bourbons, in place of the national tricolor, also tended to excite suspicion, and suspicion was changed to furious madness when the news came that the court of Versailles had summoned a regiment of regulars to assist in its defence, and had entertained the officers of this regiment in a couple of banquets or "orgies." The women, to whom household wants seem ever most pressing, taunted the men with cowardice and decided to get up a revolution on their own account. Early on the morning of October 5th, 1789, a young girl stole a drum and marched through the streets of Paris drumming up recruits, and soon several thousand excited females had invaded the Hôtel de Ville, and were threatening to burn the building. Maillard, one of the conquerors of the Bastille, happened to be present, and the mob of women made him their leader. To save the municipal edifice he could think of nothing better than to yield to their entreaties to conduct them to Versailles, and off they started with a troop of roughs and curious idlers hanging on behind. The tocsin was sounded in Paris, the national guard was assembled under arms, and for hours these citizen soldiers begged Lafayette, their general, to lead them also to Versailles, until he had to comply. The news of the coming storm found Louis XVI. out hunting, and Marie Antoinette seated in her favorite grotto of the Trianon garden, and both

hurried back to the palace. The mob of women first sent a deputation to the National Assembly, and then another to the king, who promised to attend to their wants. Some few returned to Paris with the tidings of success, but the greater number remained, taking possession of the galleries of the Assembly to make a night of it or mixing with the soldiers drawn up before the gates of the palace. Such a tumultuous crowd, hungry from fasting all day and uncomfortable in a pouring rain, could not fail to come into collision with the defenders of royalty, and one body-guard and two women were wounded. At midnight, moving lights and distant drums announced the approach of the Parisian army, and Lafayette hastened to reassure Assembly and royal family and exhort every one to court slumber, himself setting the example, most unfortunately for his reputation. At six o'clock next morning a little band of men of the people penetrated into the court-yard of the palace, and one workingman among them was shot dead, but his death was soon avenged by the slaughter of two of the hated body-guards. Rapidly increasing in numbers, the invaders drove everything before them; some armed with pikes, axes and pistols, forced their way to the queen's apartments, but the valiant resistance of a body-guard, who barred her door with his wounded body, gave the queen time to fly half-dressed to the king's chamber. The body-guards took refuge in the famous *Oeil-de-boeuf* apartment and barricaded themselves as best they might, but the furious rabble thirsted for their blood, and blows were raining fast upon the door, when all at once the tumult ceased, and the grenadiers of the national guard knocked for admittance. They had come to the rescue of their more aristocratic brethren in arms, and under Lafayette's directions order was soon restored. Louis XVI. showed himself on the balcony to the crowd; there was one grand cry that he should go to Paris—he signified his willingness to do so. The insurrection of women had succeeded; with their king living among them they fondly imagined there would be no more hunger to endure. In the afternoon the royal family was escorted almost like captives to Paris by a tri-

umphal procession, made up of militiamen, with loaves of bread transfixed on their bayonets, women wearing the body-guards' hats, or riding their horses, some seated astride the cannon they had brought out from the city, wagons loaded with flour, and covered with green leaves, Swiss and body-guards, the carriages of the court, and a miscellaneous and motley rabble, dancing, singing and shouting. Versailles was moved bag and baggage to the Tuileries.

While many noble courtiers were sneaking away under cover of the darkness, some even disguised in the livery of their own servants, Fersen never wavered, and he says in a letter to his father, "I was a witness to all, and returned to Paris in one of the carriages in the king's suite. We were six and a half hours on the road. God keep me from ever seeing so afflicting a spectacle as that of these two days."

Fersen's presence at Versailles during the momentous events of October 5-6, 1789, has given rise to a scandalous story that may easily be disproved. Lord Holland, in his *Foreign Reminiscences*, says he was twice told by Prince Talleyrand, who had the story direct from Madame Campan, that on that famous night Fersen was in the queen's boudoir or bedchamber *tête-à-tête* with her Majesty, and that he escaped observation with considerable difficulty in a disguise procured for him by Madame Campan herself. Napoleon, at St. Helena, repeated to O'Meara, and Lasbases the same tale on the same authority, with a slight variation, that the favorite was exposed to the greatest dangers, and only escaped by leaping out of a window, leaving a garment behind, which was found and recognized by Madame Campan. Now the fact is that Madame Campan was not in attendance on the queen on those eventful days, as she takes particular care to state in her memoirs, and as was proved by the testimony before the court of the Châtelet during the judicial investigation of the Parisian invasion of Marseilles. Madame Campan's well-known devotion to the memory of her royal mistress makes it highly improbable that she ever could have rehearsed such a calumny, and this *alibi* shown for her gives the lie to the whole story. One needs but

to glance at the testimony before the Châtelet court to know what Marie Antoinette was doing on the night in question; until two o'clock in the morning she was constantly under a multitude of eyes, and then, when the two ladies-in-waiting had seen her to bed, they posted themselves at her chamber door, and watched there through the night until the attack on the palace began early in the morning. Napoleon's version of the lover's leaping half dressed from the window thirty feet above the ground down into a mob howling for aristocratic blood and escaping unscathed is as absurd and incredible as, in fact, is the very idea of selecting such a night for a rendezvous, when royalty and its adherents considered themselves on the verge of death and destruction.

In 1790 Fersen's services became so valuable to the King and Queen of France that he was obliged to throw up his commission in the army and devote himself entirely to the secret diplomacy of the revolution. Our Swedish nobleman could not but feel highly honored by the confidence reposed in him, being the youngest of the four principal confidants of the projected flight of the royal family from Paris. The death of Mirabeau had put an end to any hopes Louis XVI. might have entertained of making his peace with the leaders of the revolution, and the ostensible ruler of France felt himself a prisoner in his own capital. His only chance of victory over the revolution seemed to lie in his escape from its very centre, and unwilling to virtually abdicate by leaving his kingdom, he cast his eyes on a brave general and devoted royalist, the Marquis de Bouillé, who was stationed with his troops near the north-eastern frontier; under this faithful servant's protection he might hope to dictate terms to the revolution, or in any case he could step over the border, and thus assure his personal security. As early as February, 1791, more than four months before the plan of flight was finally put in execution, Fersen wrote that the royal family would probably leave Paris; indeed, he had been negotiating with Bouillé for some time. Later he was called upon to elaborate his views of the political situation in a memoir to be presented to the King and

Queen of France, and in another to be sent abroad, the minute of the latter being furnished with marginal notes in Marie Antoinette's own handwriting. The queen herself took nominal charge of the arrangements for leaving Paris, but Fersen was her actual manager. He carried on the necessary correspondence with Bouillé, sent the latter by diligence a million in assignats, wrapped up in white taffeta, for the expenses of the flight, and between them the date was fixed, after many postponements, for the night of Monday, June 20th, 1791. A passport was indispensable for safe travelling in those troublous times, and the useful Fersen provided this, persuading a friend, the Russian Baroness de Korff, to give up one she had just received made out for herself, two children, and several servants, and to pretend she had accidentally dropped it into the fire, in order to procure another. Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the royal children, was to personate the Baroness de Korff, and Fersen had disguises made for the other members of the party, a long coat and round hat for Louis XVI. as the *valet de chambre*, two simple dresses, gray and black, and two hats for Marie Antoinette and her sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, who were to assume the parts respectively of governess and lady's companion, and two little girl's dresses, tied at the neck, for the young dauphin and his sister. Fersen, too, ordered long beforehand the carriage to be made, that famous great, brown Berlin, furnished with everything to repair it in case of accident, and to avoid the necessity of alighting, and apparently heavily loaded with trunks and boxes, all empty, however, except for the king's gold-edged hat. The carriage maker was told his work was destined for travelling in Sweden or Russia, and must be like a vehicle previously sent to those countries. The Thursday before the appointed Monday the Berlin was delivered at Fersen's door, and he paid one hundred and twenty-five louis, half the price, cash down. It may be remarked in passing that Fersen was put to considerable expense by these preparations for the royal escape; he borrowed from two lady friends two hundred and ninety-six thousand livres in his own

name, to which were added one hundred thousand livres from his private resources that were never repaid him. Anxious to test the solidity of the new carriage, Fersen took it out behind six horses, and was rattling along a suburban road at a furious rate, when the Duke of Orleans, driving out with his *chère amie*, chanced to meet him and exclaimed in astonishment:

"Are you mad, my dear Count? You are playing a breakneck game there."

"It is only because I don't want my carriage to break down on the road."

"Why is it so large then? Would you run away with a whole opera-chorus in it?"

"No, Monseigneur, I leave that for you to do."

"Adieu, *bon voyage*."

They separated, and the Duke of Orleans charitably kept any suspicions he might have had to himself. The Berlin was put away at a friend's house, Madame Sullivan's, until it should be wanted, and Fersen's next care was to buy a cabriolet for the queen's maids. Within the Tuileries, Marie Antoinette herself was making all arrangements to spirit away the royal birds from that palatial nest, though surrounded as it was by six hundred watchful Parisian troops, who often appeared inside its doors even, the greatest secrecy was necessary. She secured the keys of some vacated apartments on the ground floor, with unguarded doors leading into guarded courts, and, more feminine than prudent, busied herself in sending off to the frontiers a large wardrobe in advance to herald her coming. Three soldiers of the body-guard were chosen as couriers, though unacquainted with Paris and the manners of their assumed posts, they might more safely have been replaced by real couriers.

Monday, June 20th, 1791, arrived. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette appeared uncommonly agitated all day, as their young daughter tells us. They received Count Fersen as usual, and when he left, the king said to him, "Monsieur Fersen, whatever may become of me, I shall not forget all you are doing for me," while the queen silently wept. Fersen went to take an-

other look at the Berlin, arranged for sending off the queen's maids, gave the body-guard couriers their final instructions, then hired a two horse glass coach, the very counterpart of a Paris fiacre or hack, in a distant part of the city, and dressed as a common coachman, he mounted the box and drove to one of the court yards of the Tuileries, taking his stand there soon after ten o'clock in the evening, as if waiting for his fare to finish a visit in the palace and come out to return home. Marie Antoinette took her two children out for a promenade late in the afternoon, and on their return the royal family had supper together, and then retired to rest quite as usual to all outward appearance. Monsieur (the king's brother, afterward Louis XVIII.) and his wife said good-night and good-by to the royal relatives, whom they were, with the exception of their young niece, never more to see, and departed by different roads for Brussels, arriving there safely. When all the palace seemed silenced by sleep, the royal family gathered stealthily together in the apartments of Madame Royale, as the daughter was called. The queen herself went to wake the dauphin, and came to look at him several times, when the governess had dressed him up as a little girl and brought him to his sister. The poor little prince made a very pretty little girl, but he was so sleepy that he did not know what to think of it all, and on being asked what he supposed they were about to do, answered he thought they were going to perform a comedy, as they were all disguised. Fersen had been some time waiting, when he was gladdened by the appearance of the governess leading the two children down the flight of steps in the middle of the court from the glass door of the vacated apartments, and no sooner were they safely placed in his coach than he drove round the streets a little while to avert discovery, and came to a stop in the Petit Carrousel, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle, not far from the Tuileries. Madame Elizabeth next came out guided by one of the three body-guards, and in getting into the carriage she accidentally stepped on the dauphin curled up at the feet of his governess, but the brave little man did

not utter a word of complaint. While the little party were anxiously expecting the king and queen, a belated hackman, more eager to talk with a brother of the whip than to get home, drew up his carriage close to Fersen's, and, taking him for what his dress and position denoted, began a conversation with him. Fersen was cool enough to reply in the slang of the profession, but lost no time in offering the loquacious fellow a pinch of snuff from a battered snuff-box he happened to have about him and in thus getting rid of his intrusive presence without having awakened his suspicions. A few minutes later the king and his guard made their appearance; they had but narrowly escaped detection, for just as they were passing near a sentinel posted at the gate the king's shoe-buckle broke, and the well-known portly form of majesty was bent over to fix it right under the unwary soldier's eyes. The queen alone was now wanting to complete the party; she was awaited with an anguish of impatience that made the half hour or more of suspense seem an eternity of torture. Escorted by the last of the three guardsmen, with her beautiful face shaded by a large hat and an uncommonly black night she was just leaving the court-yard of the palace, when who should come rattling by in a carriage bright with the glare of flaming torches and surrounded by armed troops but Lafayette, the commandant of the national guard, and the man, above all others, held responsible for the safe keeping of the royal family. The queen hastily stepped aside close up against the wall to let Lafayette's carriage pass, and despite her dread of discovery was impelled by an odd stroke of fancy to try to touch the wheels with a little switch she carried in her hands, after the manner of the times. Both queen and guide being ignorant of the way, they turned to the right when they should have taken the left, and wandered confusedly about the streets and quays for some time, until in very desperation they were forced to retrace their steps and seek direction from a sentry. Much precious time was thus lost, and the midnight hour of the shortest night in the year was clanging from the belfrys of the slumbering city, when, the royal fugitives having at last

been safely put into his coach, Fersen took the reins and drove rapidly through the deserted streets. Fearful of not finding the Berlin at the appointed spot he resolved to call at Madame Sullivan's in passing to see if his German coachman had started off with it as directed; this necessitated somewhat of a *detour*, and the king, well acquainted with Paris, was for some time apprehensive he had mistaken the way. Stopping a little beyond the house, Fersen jumped down from his seat, ran back, rung up the sleepy *concierge*, and heard with satisfaction that his Berlin had left an hour and a half before. This was but the work of a moment, then off they clattered again by the old Boulevards to the Barrier Saint-Martin, where the huge travelling carriage was found ready. The hired glass coach was speedily emptied, left in the middle of the road to be discovered next morning upset in a ditch hard by, royalty bundled quickly into the larger vehicle, the would-be couriers got up before and behind, Fersen climbed upon the box, his coachman as postilion mounted one of the leaders of the six horse team, and the great, heavy, lumbering Berlin shook off its lethargy and began its eventful journey. During the first stage of this journey, as far as Boudy, seven miles from Paris, Fersen continued to hold the reins as coachman, and he would willingly have gone on to the end in that humble, yet on this occasion glorious, post, but the king would not hear of it. The queen's maids and a relay of fresh horses were waiting at the post-house in Boudy, Fersen bade his royal friends adieu, and after seeing them start off again a little before three o'clock in the morning he took a cross-road, and made straight for Brussels, arriving there safely in due time. Thus ended Count Fersen's part in the memorable flight of the royal family of France; so far as he was concerned it was eminently successful, and he well deserves Carlyle's eulogy: "A deft active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done."

A few words must suffice to tell the story, now that our hero drops from it. All that day and far into the next night the Berlin wended through a country alert from countless previous emigra-

tions. Delay followed delay, and imprudence was added to imprudence; the carriage needed repairs, Louis XVI. was tempted by the beautiful weather to show his royal person trudging up hill on foot, his face was often to be seen at the door of the vehicle, until recognized by patriotic postmaster Drouet, who lost no time in galloping across country and rousing the bold peasantry. The detachments of troopers posted by Bouillé, impatient from long waiting, or threatened by the inhabitants, had mostly moved off, and it was an easy matter for Drouet, with a handful of determined revolutionists, to bring the journey of the unescorted Berlin to an untimely end at Varennes, within but a few leagues of the frontier. The gathering peasant multitude prevented all hope of rescue, and early next morning Louis XVI. and his family were driven slowly back to Paris, the captives of the nation. It is pleasant to note that Marie Antoinette was not unmindful of her friends in the hour of her own distress, but anxiously inquired concerning Fersen's safety soon after the arrest. The flight to Varennes is an epoch-making point of the French Revolution, it widened immensely the breach between king and people, the subsequent attempts at compromise were few and spiritless; it became evident that monarchy could not be the sincere head of a grand revolution, and the idea of a republic ceased to be the whispered vision of a few enthusiasts of liberty and now first began to take possession of the mind of the nation.

Fersen was now virtually an emigrant from France, and though the honorable circumstances of his emigration put a great gulf between him and those noble cowards who fled at the first approach of danger, he was still desirous of aiding royalty and suppressing revolution by foreign interference in the affairs of France just like the great body of the emigrants. The two volumes of his papers published find the reason of their being in his extensive correspondence carried on with a view to this end, and the future historian will gain much valuable information from them. These two years and over of tedious negotiations and counter-revolutionary plans amounted to nothing, or, rather, they

brought about the very result they sought to avoid, and looking at them in the light of after events it is sad to notice the overweening confidence in their success, the mutual distrust and disunion that animated the various parties. Where the most perfect concord could scarcely have achieved success, there were petty jealousies and quarrels, and one speedily loses all respect for and sympathy with the emigrants of the French Revolution.

A confidential correspondence was carried on by Fersen with Marie Antoinette, twenty-eight of the queen's letters and thirty-two of Fersen's having survived the ravages of time and man. These letters were almost invariably in cipher, sometimes sent by a trustworthy person, sometimes put into a box of biscuits, a package of tea or chocolate, or sewn in the lining of a hat or garment, and often messages were sent through the newspapers in cipher or advertisements. The queen and her confidant seldom stray from politics; both see salvation only in armed foreign intervention, and strive with might and main to bring about a coalition of the royalty of Europe against the revolution of France, inspired ever by hopeful visions of a hopeless future. Gustavus III., of Sweden, formed another plan for the escape of the royal family of France, and in February, 1792, sent Fersen to view the ground and make all arrangements directly to Paris, a veritable lions' den for the Swedish chevalier. It took him just two weeks to go and come, and he reported that flight was now a physical impossibility for the royal captives, and furthermore that Louis XVI. felt conscientious scruples against leaving, having promised so many times to remain. Fersen appeared in the part of a courier to Portugal during this perilous episode; his dispatches were ostensibly addressed to the Queen of Portugal, and he found it much more difficult to leave France than to enter it, being stopped and his passport having to endure a rigid examination several times on his return journey. He supped with the King and Queen of France, they talked freely of the situation; the king declared he had missed the proper moment and should have left on the fall of the Bastille, and the queen related

some unknown particulars of their flight to Varennes. It was a sad reunion and reminder of better times for all three, and Fersen was destined never again to see his royal friends in the land of the living.

Misfortune now became the order of the day; Gustavus III. was the victim of a cowardly assassination in March, 1792, his successor being far less favorable to the cause represented by Fersen, and toward the close of the same year the approach of the French revolutionary army drove the emigrants from Brussels, Fersen among them railing bitterly at the incapacity of the generals of the coalition. In 1793, after the execution of Louis XVI., plans were still made to rescue his queen, and Fersen was appointed to accompany General Dumouriez in his proposed but never accomplished march on Paris as the ambassador of Sweden. The saddest blow of all to Fersen was the queen's death, and when he heard that Marie Antoinette had appeared at the "national window," as the revolutionists called the guillotine, his sorrow and thirst for vengeance knew no bounds.

The Swedish government soon found a pretext to remove Fersen from his diplomatic post at Brussels, and then officially recognized the French Republic to his great disgust. Henceforth Fersen's life was passed more habitually in Sweden, where in time he was made grand marshal of the kingdom and lieutenant-general.

The closing scene of Fersen's career was a terribly tragic end to a most chivalrous and honorable life. Gustavus IV., Adolphus, was forced to abdicate in 1809 by his discontented subjects, and his uncle was made King of Sweden in his place as Charles XIII. To succeed this aged and childless monarch a German prince of the House of Augustenberg was chosen, but unfortunately this crown prince, in less than six months after his arrival in the country, was struck down by apoplexy at a review of troops in one of the provinces, so that the election of a new heir to the throne became necessary. The son of the deposed king was a prominent candidate, but the partisans of the new order of things, fearing the son would

visit on their heads the wrongs of his father, resolved at any cost to prevent this last of the Vasas from ascending the throne of his ancestors. They naturally supposed the old aristocracy to be supporters of the old royal family, and to frighten them from taking part in the election, the popular wrath was to be invoked for the sacrifice of some aristocratic and noble victim. Fersen was singled out as the scapegoat of his order, all sorts of calumnies were circulated against him, the most atrocious being that he had poisoned the late crown prince; this lie was allegorically expressed in the newspapers even, anonymous letters were handed about in the drinking-saloons, and money and brandy were not wanting to finish the work begun. It was known in advance that there was likely to be trouble on the 20th of June, 1810, when the remains of the dead prince were to arrive and be escorted in solemn procession to the Castle of Stockholm. The weak old king said, on hearing that Fersen would probably be insulted—"It would not be bad if this proud lord did receive a lesson," and took no steps to preserve the peace, while Fersen himself, with his old bravery and sense of duty, determined not to flinch. The fatal day arrived, and Fersen, in ceremonial dress, got into his gilded coach of state, drawn by six white horses, and went outside the city to take his place in the funeral procession. Scarcely had it entered the Capital when the assembled crowds began to direct insulting speeches at Fersen and to spit contemptuously on his carriage. Advancing further, large copper coins were thrown, breaking the glass windows of the coach and wounding its occupant in the face, then paving stones were torn up and hurled with such force as to bring the coachman down on his knees. Still further, in the Great New Street, the tempest of cries and stones increased in violence; the outraged nobleman could only sit back in his sumptuous vehicle, with its seven glass windows exposing him on every side, and silently endure it all, until, just as the procession was turning toward the palace, an immense throng surrounded and stopped Fersen's carriage, took out his horses, and a man of the

people opened the door and dragged out on the street the object of popular fury. Escaping from his assailants, Fersen took refuge in the nearest house up one flight of stairs, and here, in fancied security, refused the offer of his host to show him a private passage into the next house, whence he might more easily escape. Adjutant-General Silversparre now appeared on the scene with an insignificant guard of sixteen men and an officer, but in spite of the soldiers some of the boldest of the people forced an entrance into the house, rushed upstairs, tore off Fersen's decorations, coat, and sword, and threw them out of the window to the howling mob below. Silversparre harangued the populace, and promised to imprison their victim until legal justice should be pronounced on him. The people declared their willingness to allow him to be taken to a safe place, provided only the guard were dismissed, and the Adjutant-General foolishly consented to part with the only safe-guard against mob violence. When the guard had departed from before the door, Fersen and his would-be protector descended to the street; canes and umbrellas rained blows upon the former, and his gray hair was clutched more than once on the stairs even, and when they crossed the threshold, there was one grand, vociferous rush for Fersen. He was speedily separated from Silversparre, and dragged and led toward the municipal hall, near which a battalion of troops was drawn up in line. Conducted through the opening ranks of troops, their presence served at least to give him a temporary respite, and some kindly-disposed persons took him into the guard-house of the city hall, where he dropped down on a bench and begged for a swallow of water that was brought him by a soldier. The mob soon regained confidence from the inaction of the military force, renewed their demands for the life of their victim, and bursting open the doors of his last haven of refuge, the merciless miscreants dragged him out into the open square, pulled and cut off his hair, and tore out his ear-rings, the usual preparations for execution in the French Revolution, and then slowly beat and kicked the breath of life out of his body. On his knees, with uplifted

hands, he is said to have exclaimed, just before exhaling his last sigh, "Oh! my God, soon to call me to Thee, I beseech Thee for my persecutors, whom I pardon." This martyr-like prayer was cut short by a wretch disguised in the garb of a seaman, who jumped on the breast of the prostrate nobleman and trampled out his heroic spirit. All this took place between noon and two o'clock, with armed soldiers standing motionless by; then the dead body was stripped, disfigured, and exposed to the coarsest insults all the afternoon, and, after the mob had been fired on and dispersed, it was conveyed away secretly under cover of the night and buried in the garden of one of the Fersen estates.

A subsequent investigation proved conclusively, what scarcely needed proof, that Fersen was entirely innocent

of the death of the crown prince, and when, a couple of months later, Bernadotte was made heir to the Swedish throne, there appeared some ground for the belief that Fersen's murder was the result of Bonapartist intrigues, the removal of a valiant supporter of the old dynasty to make way for the new.

Thus died Count Fersen in his fifty-fifth year, and on the anniversary of one of the most memorable events of his life, the flight from Paris of the royal family of France. He was the very embodiment of the best form of nobility, and his noble spirit stood the test of a most troubled epoch. His steadfast devotion to a lost cause, and his modest bravery under trying circumstances, should make his name and fame more universally known.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

UPRIGHT MAN.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

At a certain age, varying with individual aptitude, the child, who has hitherto been in the habit of crawling on all fours, stands upright and begins to walk on two feet instead of four. If you watch him at that interesting period of child-life, you will observe that he often acts as if in doubt whether he has not been too hasty in assuming the erect posture. He looks anxiously round as if thinking that the base on which he is balancing is not wide enough for safety. He occasionally reverts to the quadrupedal method of standing, and still oftener adopts the quadrupedal system of walking. It is not until after several months have elapsed that he definitely resigns himself, so to speak, to becoming a biped.

If instead of observing only his actions you consider the baby's structure, you will find that this also is suggestive of the quadrupedal attitude as better suited than the bipedal for that early stage of life. The abdomen is too protuberant to be comfortably sustained while the erect attitude is assumed. The head leans forward. The toes are more active than they are later on, and are ready to work against the ground as

they can only work when the child is on all-fours.

Now it has been well remarked that the various stages of child-life correspond in marked degree with the various stages through which, according to the theory of development, the human race itself has passed. Biologists begin with still earlier stages of existence, but we need not follow them so far. From birth onward, we find the bodily and mental characteristics following a process of development akin to what has been recognized in the development of man himself. The new-born babe is in his mother's eyes a very sweet creature, but he is nevertheless of much lower type, regarding him as an animal, than the grown man (unless the man has developed the wrong way, as unfortunately many men do). In the first few months of his existence the babe shows a number of very monkey-like traits. He may be a nice little monkey, or a nasty little monkey; but even his nearest and dearest friends (always excepting his mother, who is "possessed" by him at this stage) must admit that he has very much of the monkey type. He simulates and dissimulates as only simians

do. He imitates or rather mimics all he sees and hears. He cannot speak, but he can make sundry noises which mamma regards as speech. Everything he can lay hold of goes to his mouth, just as it does in the monkey's case. (I speak from experience, having once, when a boy, offered a monkey my hand in the politest fashion; the monkey immediately conveyed it to his mouth quite calmly, and tested it with his teeth.) Baby is, even at this stage of his existence, quadrumanous, his toes being not only longer relatively than they are later, but capable of holding on, inasmuch that he can climb up mamma's dress with their aid.

But about the time when baby begins to put away monkey manners, and to stand on two feet like a man, he begins to show in very marked degree, the characteristics of savage tribes. For two or three years of this part of his life the best baby is a little savage. His ideas of property are intensely savage. He may be said to be always more or less "on the grab" (I object to slang as much as any man, but really there is no other way of describing the tendencies exhibited at this stage of baby's career). If he has small brothers or sisters (or both), he is always more or less at war with these neighboring savages. If he is deprived of anything he has come to regard as his property (quite mistakenly, it may well be), or if he sees in the hands of his small kinsfolk any goods or chattels which seem pleasing in his eyes, he has but one way of expressing his wishes; he goes for the possession of the desired object, using his hands as weapons if he have no others handy, but bringing down a stick or brush or book (as the case may be) on the head of his enemy with all the zeal of a Fijian or an Ojibbeway on the war-path. Girl babies are pretty nearly as bad as boy babies in these matters, only the girl savage differs from the boy savage, much as savage woman differs from savage man. Of course there are many baby boys and baby girls who show little tendency to savagery, just as there have been many uncultured races of man who have been gentle and innocent. But the quiet babies are always weak and unhealthy. In the struggle for existence they succumb

before their more ferocious brothers, just as the quiet and gentle savage tribes perish before their tomahawk-flourishing, spear-throwing, club-wielding neighbors.

Regarding child-life, thus, as typifying on a small scale the life of the human race, it might be expected that there should be recognized a period in the development of the human race akin to that period of doubt and indecision in the career of the babe which I mentioned at the outset. Assuming the theory that the human race was originally developed from lower races of animals to be sound—and I suppose scarcely any competent person now questions the truth of the theory—we see that the upright bipedal attitude of man must be a product of evolution, and must for a time have been hampered by some disadvantages, even after it had become on the whole the best attitude man could assume. Nay, considering the enormous periods of time which every process of evolution by which the characteristics of a race are changed requires, the painful thought suggests itself that possibly even now the upright attitude has not so far established itself but that there may still remain serious disadvantages in it—though I need hardly say I would not suggest the possibility that these disadvantages approach in importance to the manifest advantages of the bipedal system. It is clearly better for man to stand on two limbs than on all four; but may there not be still some objections to the upright attitude worth considering, though we cannot perhaps remove them?

Dr. S. V. Clevenger, formerly Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology at the Chicago University, has called attention to some very marked disadvantages of uprightness in man. He has shown that vast though the period must be which has elapsed since our race assumed the upright position, the process of development has not yet eliminated all the traces of our former attitude, and that some of these, while telling us of important advantages possessed by our four-footed ancestors, speak also of serious disadvantages to which we, their upright descendants, are exposed.

Let us begin, however, with the more

pleasing consideration of what nature has already done for us. In the profit and loss account which we have to examine, the profits may be shown to be far in excess of the losses; and we shall consider these losses more cheerfully after we have noted how much the upright man has gained.

If we examine the way in which man's head is set on his shoulders, we shall find clear evidence that he is fitter to stand upright than any of his four-footed relatives. The passage through which the brain is connected with the spinal cord is so placed that the upright position brings the brain into equilibrium. When an animal is on his hind legs the head is evidently not in equilibrium. Watch a horse in the circus when he is forced to assume this unnatural position, or note the ways of Carlo or Fritz when he is begging, or of pussy when your as yet untamed young savage sets her on her hind legs. The head in each and every case keeps coming forward, and is then retracted by direct muscular effort. There is indeed a ligament which helps to keep the head up, but it is insufficient for the purpose. *We* keep our heads up without conscious effort. In that there is evidence of many long ages since man first got up on what were then his hind legs.

But not only is man helped thus to retain the upright attitude, and prepared to contemplate the heavens at his will (the real end, I feel sure, of his uprightness), but he has become unfitted for walking on all-fours. I do not lay much stress on the argument used in the "London Journal of Science," that if we keep out legs straight, though "we may touch the ground in front of our feet with the tips of the fingers, we cannot place the palms of the hands upon the ground, and use them to support any part of our weight in walking." For there is not a quadruped on the face of the earth which keeps its hind legs straight in that sense. Nay, there is not a quadruped, so far as I know, which *can* straighten its legs as we do. What corresponds to the human knee is in all animals bent toward the belly, and I imagine you would find Carlo or Fritz objecting strongly to any effort to straighten the limb at that joint. But let any one try to walk as most animals

walk, with the knees and elbows bent, the heels and wrists in the air, and the toes and fingers doing the work of bearing the body, and he will find that nature has unfitted man long since for true quadrupedal movements. Whether he goes on his toe-tips and finger-tips, as horses do, or on the insides of the fingers and the underparts of the toes as cats do, or on the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet as bears do, he will very soon acknowledge that it is better to walk uprightly on the earth.

Nature has further fitted man for the upright position by flattening what we unscientifically call the stomach, really the abdomen or belly. Obese persons may not be aware of it, but flat abdomens are the correct thing with the human race. Moreover, the more advanced the race, the flatter (apart from corpulence) are their abdomens. I have seen Polynesian Islanders whose rounded abdomens strongly suggested that they might return to all-fours with advantage, so unstable did they look with their protuberant paunches (though not at all obese).

Many other points might be noticed which show how nature has gradually prepared man for the upright attitude which undoubtedly suits him best, or, as teleologists would say, points showing how man has, from the beginning, been adapted for uprightness.

If, on the other hand, we ask for outward and visible signs that there may even now be disadvantages in the upright position, they are not far to seek.

To begin with, man stands on a less stable footing than his four-footed kinsfolk. As the "London Journal of Science" well puts it, "four-footed animals in their natural haunts are little liable to fall; if one foot slips, or fails to find hold, the other three are available. If a fall does occur on level ground there is little danger to any mammal nearly approaching man in bulk and weight. Their vital parts, especially the heart and the head, are so near the ground, that, to them, the shock is comparatively slight. To human beings the effects of a fall on smooth level ground are often serious or even deadly." Those animals of the ape and baboon tribes which occasionally walk upright seem to use occasionally a stick, or a

branch plucked from a tree. Man, in like manner, indicates his sense of the instability of the upright attitude by using the walking-stick.

Then again the human abdomen is exposed to dangers from which the abdomen of the animal is comparatively safe. A blow or kick may be fatal, and the human abdomen is exposed to either. In the quadruped there is much less chance of injury whether from accident or intention.

Another very important risk resulting from the upright position is that to which the femoral artery (the great artery running along the inside of the thigh) is exposed. Almost all the arteries are deep-seated and thus safe from the effects of accidental blows or wounds. Even the temporal arteries, though seemingly exposed to danger, are in reality rendered relatively safe because of their proximity to the eyes, which can look out for them as well as for themselves. But the femoral arteries, which in quadrupeds are exceedingly well protected, in fact practically unreachably, are in man—and especially in savage man—exposed to attack. How large a proportion of fighting men in the good old times, when to be a man was to be a fighting animal, lost their lives by thigh wounds in which the femoral artery was severed, it would be difficult to say. But considering the difficulty of stopping the effusion of blood when the femoral artery has been cut, the number must have been considerable. The wonder is, that with so serious a danger affecting those whose femoral arteries were thus exposed, the process of development, arising from the survival of the fittest in those fighting days, has not resulted in removing the femoral artery to a safer depth. Perhaps it will hereafter. It may be that traces can already be recognized of the gradual recession of the femoral artery in the more advanced races, though possibly it should be among the most fighting tribes that we ought to look for the best-placed femoral arteries, since among them the elimination of the least fitted in this respect would go on most rapidly and effectively.

Another form of danger to which man became exposed after he had adopted

the upright attitude need not particularly be insisted upon. It is certain that in this special respect man must have been made aware of his nakedness by multitudinous mishaps in the fighting times through which the race had to pass when it was young, and long after.

But it is when we turn to the hidden parts of the structure of man's body that we most clearly recognize the disadvantages which still attend the upright attitude. The truss and possibly even the corset may be regarded as artificial means for compensating the deficiencies of nature or correcting ill effects caused by them. As to the former, it is evident, from the great number of cases in which the abdominal muscles have failed to sustain the abdominal viscera so that the truss has been rendered necessary, that as yet nature has not fully provided the human races with muscles strong enough for the extra work thrown on them by man's change from the prone to the upright position. It may be urged, of course, that trusses are developments of civilized times; but, as civilization is a part of the natural development of man, this in reality leaves the argument unchanged. In the lower animals the pectoral muscles help the abdominal muscles to sustain the viscera, and hernia is rare or unknown: in man all the work is thrown on the abdominal muscles and the pelvis, hence, as the "London Journal of Science" puts the case, "Art is called in to compensate the deficiencies of Nature, and an immense number of trusses have to be manufactured and used."

As to the use of corsets, the case is not quite so clear. When we hear it confidently stated by women that they cannot live comfortably without corsets and a certain amount of corset compression, and are told that doctors simply talk nonsense when they urge the disuse of corsets, the idea certainly seems strongly suggested that nature has not yet fitted women, at any rate, for the upright position. Were what so many women say but true, we should be forced to reject the poet's dictum that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," for assuredly developed man could stay upright without stays. Even if it were merely true that a great num-

ber of women could not have shapely forms without wearing corsets, it would look as though nature still had a good deal to do in adapting women to the upright position: for the blame would have to be thrown on uprightness; no one thinks of putting stays on a horse or a dog, whether masculine or feminine.

In the pages of "Knowledge," a writer who used the *nom de plume* "An Observer" adopted this view of the corset question. He did not, indeed, adopt its obvious consequences. He did not say nature's work was incomplete or imperfect. In fact, as he was an energetic opponent of all evolutionary ideas, he naturally would not think that nature still had a good deal to do for the fair sex; though how he reconciled his views about the necessity for corsets with his view that the human race was thoroughly well made from the beginning, I find it difficult to understand. Be that as it may, every evolutionist (and that is almost like saying every biologist) must see that if corsets are essential either for safety or shapeliness in the upright position, then we have a very strong argument in the fact for the doctrine that a long time has still to pass, and nature has still a good deal to do, before the human race will have become thoroughly fitted for uprightness.

But I believe that so far as corset-wearing is concerned the argument is entirely erroneous. Nature must not be blamed for faults for which she is not responsible. I learn, from those who *know*, that corsets are no more essential to health or to shapeliness than the yard-long stomachers of Queen Bess's time, the high, pointed heels of our own, or the long, pointed toes of Plantagenet days. Within my own family circle, ladies rather delicate than strong, long used to wearing corsets, and altogether unwilling to make any change of attire which could be recognized even by the keen eyes of their own sex, have of their own motion (I would never venture a hint to grown folk on such matters) given the disuse of corsets a fair trial. So many try for a day or two and then despairingly yield themselves afresh to their imprisonment! That at first there was some discomfort proved not that nature had not fairly done her work, but that art (most in-

artistic art) had done mischief.* After a few days this discomfort disappeared. After a few weeks increased strength and activity showed that the change had done good. (In passing, I may remark that probably any lady who may try the change, without other change in her attire, would find the result different; yet the other change, though it has been made conspicuous and unattractive by some of its advocates—I refer, I need hardly say, to the divided skirt—is absolutely undetectable, in the cases I am considering, by the keenest feminine eye.) The strips of whalebone which had at first been necessary to prevent the waist of the skirt from wrinkling could after a time be discarded, because nature presently provided a natural corset of muscle where before the muscles had been atrophied for want of use. So far from increasing, the waist measurement, which had been small, decreased. (Of course there had not formerly been much or perhaps any actual compression.) Now, after fourteen or fifteen months, the ladies I am speaking of would, I fancy, as soon take to nose-rings or lip rings, as readily use crutches or thumbscrews, as resume their former bonds.† Whence we may

* In a long controversy, a year ago, in the pages of "Knowledge," I failed utterly to make "An Observer" see the force of the following argument: One who is in the habit of wearing stays suffers when they are removed and feels better when they are put on again: therefore stays are injurious. Yet it should be obvious enough. When any artificial aid has led to a state such that it cannot be dispensed with, that artificial aid has done mischief.

† An effect of this change within my own family circle, on myself, may be worth mentioning. Like all men (and women too) who have any eye for shapeliness of form and grace of movement, I had, as long as I remember thinking on the subject at all, objected strongly to the unshapely forms and the wooden movements of the average society waist, whether in the street or in the drawing-room. But I find that my distaste for these fashion-book beauties has largely developed, though unconsciously, during the time when natural shapes and movements have been observable at home. I may remark in passing that most women and many men seem to imagine that because the straitly laced do not want admirers, therefore strait-lacing is itself admired. Young men no more adore tightened corsets than they love panniers or tiebacks, or than the young men of former generations loved crinolines or hoops. It would take a worse fashion even

conclude that nature has been ready enough, so far as waist muscles are concerned, to fit the human race, feminine as well as masculine, for the upright position which they have so long found it desirable to assume.

The bony structure of the human frame gives further evidence which there is no mistaking of the comparative recentness of the change to the upright posture. We can trace in the bones of the various races of men a distinct progression from the forms observable in the lower animals. Thus the bones of the negro leg are much nearer in form to the corresponding bones in animals than are the bones of the European lower extremities. But it is in the pelvis that we see the progress of development most clearly marked. Quadrupeds have a box-shaped pelvis. The ape's pelvis usually measures more from front to back than from side to side. The pelvis of European races is oval, the diameter from front to back measuring less than the diameter from side to side. Now, it is noteworthy that in the negro the pelvis is wedge-shaped, or elongated from front to back like the ape's. The Mongolian pelvis is square or box-shaped; the pelvis of the Red Indian is round. It is only when we reach the Aryan races that we find the oval pelvis, with the greater diameter from side to side. But in young children even of European parentage we find the box-shaped pelvis, in company with a prominent abdomen like that of the gorilla. Examining this question mechanically, we may say, with Prof. Weber of Bonn, that it would appear as though the longer a race had remained in an upright position, the lower is the sacrum, and the greater the tendency to approach the larger lateral extension of the European pelvis. "The front to back diameter of the ape's pelvis is usually greater than the measurement from side to side. A similar condition affords the wedge-shaped pelvis, from which it may be inferred that the erect position in the negro has not been maintained so long as in the Mongol, whose pelvis has assumed the quadrilateral shape owing to the persistence of spinal axis weight

than tight-lacing to lose women the love of men; but they are loved in spite of foolish fashions, not because of them.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XL., No. 4.

for a greater time. This pressure has finally culminated "in expanding the pelvis laterally and contracting the diameter from front to back."

This change is a mechanical one, not the result of evolution. In fact, evolution would work the other way. For the change undoubtedly tends to destroy many lives. Millions of otherwise healthy and well-formed mothers and children have been killed, because of the shortening of the front-to-back diameter of the pelvis. Mechanical action has, so to speak, opposed evolution, which set man on his feet through one set of causes operating in the struggle for life, while the mechanical resistance to the upright attitude has caused the loss of many lives and so brought death into the world. The pangs and labor of childbirth have been increased in such sort as almost to justify Prof. Clevenger's quaint saying that if these miseries were the punishment for the original sin, and if, as appears, we must attribute them to the undue mechanical contraction of the pelvis, then "the logical inference is that man's original sin consisted in his getting upon his hind legs"—or rather upon what were his hind legs, for having now no fore legs man cannot be said to have hind legs either.

And this leads us to Prof. Clevenger's special contribution to the problem we have been considering. The characteristics we have thus far been considering are comparatively obvious. But Prof. Clevenger has detected traces of man's former four-footed condition which lie much deeper, and yet seem more convincing when their real bearing is considered.

It is known to every one that there are valves within the veins by which the blood is allowed to pass one way but not the other. The use of these valves in resisting the action of gravity is manifest. Thus in the veins of the arms and legs, which are mostly in a vertical position, the valves assist obviously in preventing engorgement. If the arms were always or nearly always in a horizontal position, the valves would be worse than useless; they would be an actual obstacle to the free flow of the blood.

If, then, man had been always up-

right, or if the method of speaking adopted by teleologists indicated an actual truth, and man had been specially intended from the very beginning of his career to stand on two legs, it is tolerably obvious which sets of veins would be provided with valves. All those which are vertical when man is upright, and thus extend in a downward direction (tracing them from their larger to their smaller parts) from the centre of circulation, would have valves, all those which are horizontal would be without valves.

But, on the contrary, we find both these requirements in certain remarkable cases unfulfilled. There are no valves in several important vertical veins, which sometimes seem to need valves very much, as in the spinal veins, the portal veins, and others; while in veins which are horizontal and need no valves (so far as we can judge) at all, but rather are obstructed by their presence, we find valves. Thus there are valves in the intercostal veins (horizontal veins near the ribs), and though these do no harm when man is upright they do no good, while, when a man lies on his back, they prove an obstruction to the flow of blood. (Brown-Séquard recommends in spinal congestion that the patient should be placed on his abdomen, by which these valves are in effect brought into the position where they assist the flow of blood, the veins becoming vertical and the valves horizontal—opening upward—as such valves should be to serve the purpose of assisting the blood to return against the action of gravitation.)

These peculiarities may be regarded as anomalous, to say the least. But "if we place man upon all-fours these anomalies disappear, and a law is found regulating the presence or absence of valves, which appears to be applicable to all quadrupeds, and to the so-called quadrumana." Veins which have to carry the blood against gravitation when the human body is put on all-fours are provided with valves, all others are without. The few exceptions are only apparent.

Now, whether we regard this curious relation from the teleological or from the evolutionary point of view, it is highly significant. Supposing I were shown an

equatorial telescope (that is, one which turns around an axis directed to the pole of the heavens) and found on examining it that several of its mechanical arrangements would be much better suited for the work they have to do if the main axis, instead of being directed to the pole, were vertical, I should feel tolerably certain that the telescope had been originally meant for an alt-azimuth, which is the pleasing technical name for the ordinary form of mounting by which a telescope has its chief axis vertical. But if, when I came to examine interior details, I found nearly all of them, and especially those not capable of being readily altered, suited to the alt-azimuth form and not suited to the equatorial, I could no longer feel the least doubt. I should say at once and positively, "This telescope was meant to be used as an alt-azimuth"; and I might even go on to consider how far the owner of the telescope had been wise in converting it to a purpose for which it was not intended. In like manner, seeing that man's frame shows many obvious signs of having been originally suited for the "all-fours" position, the teleologist would be justified in suspecting that that was the attitude originally provided for, and he would be almost compelled to adopt that view when he found a number of interior details of structure suited to that attitude and unsuited to uprightness. He might even go farther and doubt whether those who first adopted the upright attitude had been well-advised, though it is now obviously too late to resume the attitude originally intended.

The evolutionist must view the matter differently. He sees that the adoption of the upright attitude was practically forced on the human race by the requirements of his environment. He sees that the peculiarities belonging and appropriate to the four-footed animal would for the most part be modified in the course of time, as in point of fact they have been. And though some might remain, he would know (from the fundamental laws governing the process of evolution) that they must of necessity be such as would not be in great degree destructive to life. That much suffering and some loss of life have been occasioned by the absence of

valves in certain veins which now have to carry the blood against gravitation, but in the "all-fours" position carried it horizontally, no physician can well deny. (To the absence of valves in the hæmorrhoidal veins, for instance, "many a life has been and will be sacrificed," to say nothing of discomfort and distress, and consequent diminution of vitality and of working energy.) But that the effect is slight in the struggle for life is shown by the very fact that the defect has not yet been corrected.

The conclusion from the consideration of man's outward configuration, the position of his vital organs, the structure of his body and especially of his skeleton, and lastly (but even more

strongly) from minute details of interior structure, seems clearly that the remote progenitors of man were originally fitted (we need not ask how or why) for the quadrupedal attitude. Since the race adopted (gradually and tentatively, no doubt) the upright attitude, several important changes have been wrought in the human frame, but much still remains to show what was man's original position. Unless we suppose these peculiarities devised simply to lead men astray in their interpretation of observed facts, we must find in them a strong argument—perhaps the strongest argument that has yet appeared—against the doctrine that man and beast are entirely and absolutely distinct.—*Belgravia*.

MEASUREMENT OF CHARACTER.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

I DO not plead guilty to taking a shallow view of human nature, when I propose to apply, as it were, a foot-rule to its heights and depths. The powers of man are finite, and if finite they are not too large for measurement. Those persons may justly be accused of shallowness of view, who do not discriminate a wide range of differences, but quickly lose all sense of proportion, and rave about infinite heights and unfathomable depths, and use such like expressions which are not true and betray their incapacity. Examiners are not, I believe, much stricken with the sense of awe and infinitude when they apply their foot-rules to the intellectual performances of the candidates whom they examine; neither do I see any reason why we should be awed at the thought of examining our fellow creatures as best we may in respect to other faculties than intellect. On the contrary, I think it anomalous that the art of measuring intellectual faculties should have become highly developed, while that of dealing with other qualities should have been little practised or even considered.

The use of measuring man in his entirety, is to be justified by exactly the same arguments as those by which any special examinations are justified, such as those in classics or mathematics;

namely, that every measurement tests, in some particulars, the adequacy of the previous education, and contributes to show the efficiency of the man as a human machine, at the time it was made. It is impossible to be sure of the adequacy in every respect of the rearing of a man, or of his total efficiency, unless he has been measured in character and physique, as well as in intellect. A wise man desires this knowledge for his own use, and for the same reason that he takes stock from time to time of his finances. It teaches him his position among his fellows, and whether he is getting on or falling back, and he shapes his ambitions and conduct accordingly. "Know thyself" is an ancient phrase of proverbial philosophy, and I wish to discuss ways by which its excellent direction admits of being better followed.

The art of measuring various human faculties now occupies the attention of many inquirers in this and other countries. Shelves full of memoirs have been written in Germany alone, on the discriminative powers of the various senses. New processes of inquiry are yearly invented, and it seems as though there was a general lightening up of the sky in front of the path of the anthropometric experimenter, which betokens the

approaching dawn of a new and interesting science. Can we discover landmarks in character to serve as bases for a survey, or is it altogether too indefinite and fluctuating to admit of measurement? Is it liable to spontaneous changes, or to be in any way affected by a caprice that renders the future necessarily uncertain? Is man, with his power of choice and freedom of will, so different from a conscious machine, that any proposal to measure his moral qualities is based upon a fallacy? If so, it would be ridiculous to waste thought on the matter, but if our temperament and character are durable realities, and persistent factors of our conduct, we have no Proteus to deal with in either case, and our attempts to grasp and measure them are reasonable.

I have taken pains, as some of my readers may be aware, to obtain fresh evidence upon this question, which, in other words, is, whether or no the actions of men are mainly governed by cause and effect. On the supposition that they are so governed, it is as important to us to learn the exact value of our faculties, as it is to know the driving power of the engine and the quality of the machine that does our factory-work. If, on the other hand, the conduct of man is mainly the result of mysterious influences, such knowledge is of little service to him. He must be content to look upon himself as on a ship afloat in a strong and unknown current, that may drift her in a very different direction to that in which her head is pointed.

My earlier inquiries into this subject had reference to the facts of heredity, and I came across frequent instances in which a son, happening to inherit somewhat exclusively the qualities of his father, had been found to fail with his failures, sin with his sins, surmount with his virtues, and generally to get through life in much the same way. The course of his life had, therefore, been predetermined by his inborn faculties, or, to continue the previous metaphor, his ship had not drifted, but pursued the course in which her head was set until she arrived at her predestined port.

The second of my inquiries was into the life-histories of twins, in the course

of which I collected cases where the pair of twins resembled each other so closely, that they behaved like one person, thought and spoke alike, and acted similar parts when separated. Whatever spontaneous feeling the one twin may have had, the other twin at the very same moment must have had a spontaneous feeling of exactly the same kind. Such habitual coincidences, if they had no common cause, would be impossible; we are therefore driven to the conclusion that whenever twins think and speak alike, there is no spontaneity in either of them, in the popular acceptance of the word, but that they act mechanically and in like ways, because their mechanisms are alike. I need not reiterate my old arguments, and will say no more about the twins, except that new cases have come to my knowledge which corroborate former information. It follows, that if we had in our keeping the twin of a man, who was his "double," we might obtain a trustworthy forecast of what the man would do under any new conditions, by first subjecting that twin to the same conditions and watching his conduct.

My third inquiry is more recent. It was a course of introspective search into the operations of my own mind, whenever I caught myself engaged in a feat of what at first sight seemed to be free-will. The inquiry was carried on almost continuously for three weeks, and proceeded with, off and on, for many subsequent months. After I had mastered the method of observation a vast deal of apparent mystery cleared away, and I ultimately reckoned the rate of occurrence of perplexing cases, during the somewhat uneventful but pleasant months of a summer spent in the country, to be less than one a day. All the rest of my actions seemed clearly to lie within the province of normal cause and consequence. The general results of my introspective inquiry support the views of those who hold that man is little more than a conscious machine, the larger part of whose actions are predicable. As regards such residuum as there may be, which is not automatic, and which a man, however wise and well informed, could not possibly foresee, I have nothing to say, but I have found that the more carefully I in-

quired, whether it was into hereditary similarities of conduct, into the life-histories of twins, or now introspectively into the processes of what I should have called my own Free-Will, the smaller seems the room left for the possible residuum.

I conclude from these three inquiries that the motives of the will are mostly normal, and that the character which shapes our conduct is a definite and durable "something," and therefore that it is reasonable to attempt to measure it. We must guard ourselves against supposing that the moral faculties which we distinguish by different names, as courage, sociability, niggardness, are separate entities. On the contrary, they are so intermixed that they are never singly in action. I tried to gain an idea of the number of the more conspicuous aspects of the character by counting in an appropriate dictionary the words used to express them. Roget's *Thesaurus* was selected for that purpose, and I examined many pages of its index here and there as samples of the whole, and estimated that it contained fully one thousand words expressive of character, each of which has a separate shade of meaning, while each shares a large part of its meaning with some of the rest.

It may seem hopeless to deal accurately with so vague and wide a subject, but it often happens that when we are unable to meet difficulties, we may evade them, and so it is with regard to the present difficulty. It is true that we cannot define any aspect of character, but we can define a test that shall elicit *some* manifestation of character, and we can define the act performed in response to it. Searchings into the character must be conducted on the same fundamental principle as that which lies at the root of examinations into the intellectual capacity. Here there has been no preliminary attempt to map out the field of intellect with accuracy; but definite tests are selected by which the intellect is probed at places that are roughly known but not strictly defined, as the depth of a lake might be sounded from a boat rowing here and there. So it should be with respect to character. Definite acts in response to definite emergencies have alone to be noted. No

accurate map of character is required to start from.

Emergencies need not be waited for, they can be extemporized; traps, as it were, can be laid. Thus, a great ruler whose word can make or mar a subject's fortune, wants a secret agent and tests his character during a single interview. He contrives by a few minutes' questioning, temptation, and show of displeasure, to turn his character inside out, exciting in turns his hopes, fear, zeal, loyalty, ambition, and so forth. Ordinary observers who stand on a far lower pedestal, cannot hope to excite the same tension and outburst of feeling in those whom they examine, but they can obtain good data in a more leisurely way. If they are unable to note a man's conduct under great trials for want of opportunity, they may do it in small ones, and it is well that those small occasions should be such as are of frequent occurrence, that the statistics of men's conduct under like conditions may be compared. After fixing upon some particular class of persons of similar age, sex, and social condition, we have to find out what common incidents in their lives are most apt to make them betray their character. We may then take note as often as we can, of what they do on these occasions, so as to arrive at their statistics of conduct in a limited number of well-defined small trials.

One of the most notable differences between man and man, lies in the emotional temperament. Some persons are quick and excitable; others are slow and deliberate. A sudden excitement, call, touch, gesture, or incident of any kind evokes, in different persons, a response that varies in intensity, celerity, and quality. An observer watching children, heart and soul at their games, would soon collect enough material to enable him to class them according to the quantity of emotion that they showed. I will not attempt to describe particular games of children or of others, nor to suggest experiments, more or less comic, that might be secretly made to elicit the manifestations we seek, as many such will occur to ingenious persons. They exist in abundance, and I feel sure that if two or three experimenters were to act zealously and

judiciously together as secret accomplices, they would soon collect abundant statistics of conduct. They would gradually simplify their test conditions and extend their scope, learning to probe character more quickly and from more of its sides.

It is a question by no means to be decided off-hand in the negative, whether instrumental measurements of the magnitude of the reflex signs of emotion in persons who desire to submit themselves to experiment, are not feasible. The difficulty lies in the more limited range of tests that can be used when the freedom of movement is embarrassed by the necessary mechanism. The exciting cause of emotion whatever it be, a fright, a suspense, a scold, an insult, a grief, must be believed to be genuine, or the tests would be worthless. It is not possible to sham emotion thoroughly. A good actor may move his audience as deeply as if they were witnessing a drama of real life, but the best actor cannot put himself into the exact frame of mind of a real sufferer. If he did, the reflex and automatic signs of emotion excited in his frame would be so numerous and violent, that they would shatter his constitution long before he had acted a dozen tragedies.

The reflex signs of emotion that are perhaps the most easily registered, are the palpitations of the heart. They cannot be shammed or repressed, and they are visible. Our poet Laureate has happily and artistically exemplified this. He tells us that Launcelot returning to court after a long illness through which he had been nursed by Elaine, sent to crave an audience of the jealous queen. The messenger utilizes the opportunity for observing her in the following ingenious way like a born scientist.

"Low drooping till he well nigh kissed her feet
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
The shadow of a piece of pointed lace
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the wall
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart."

Physiological experimenters are not content to look at shadows on the wall, that depart and leave no mark. They obtain durable traces by the aid of appropriate instruments. Maret's pretty little pneumo-cardiograph is very portable, but not so sure in action as the

more bulky apparatus. It is applied tightly to the chest in front of the heart, by a band passing round the body. At each to-and-fro movement, whether of the chest as a whole, or of the portion over the heart, it sucks in or blows out a little puff of air. A thin india-rubber tube connects its nozzle with a flat elastic bag under the short arm of a lever. The other end of the lever moves up and down in accordance with the part of the chest to which the pneumo-cardiograph is applied, and scratches light marks on a band of paper which is driven onwards by clockwork. This little instrument can be worn under the buttoned coat without being noticed. I was anxious to practise myself in its use, and wore one during the formidable ordeal of delivering the Rede Lecture in the Senate House at Cambridge, a month ago (most of this very memoir forming part of that lecture). I had no connection established between my instrument and any recording apparatus, but wore it merely to see whether or no it proved in any way irksome. If I had had a table in front of me, with the recording apparatus stowed out of sight below, and an expert assistant near at hand to turn a stop-cock at appropriate moments, he could have obtained samples of my heart's action without causing me any embarrassment whatever. I should have forgotten all about the apparatus while I was speaking.

Instrumental observers of the reflex signs of emotion have other means available beside this, and the sphygmograph that measures the pulse. Every twitch of each separate finger even of an infant's hand is registered by Dr. Warner's ingenious little gauntlet. Every movement of each limb of man or horse is recorded by Dr. Maret. The apparatus of Mosso measures the degree in which the blood leaving the extremities rushes to the heart and head and internal organs. Every limb shrinks sensibly in volume from this withdrawal of the blood, and the shrinkage of any one of them, say the right arm, is measured by the fall of water in a gauge that communicates with a long bottleful of water, through the neck of which the arm has been thrust, and in which it is softly but effectually plugged.

I should not be surprised if the remarkable success of many persons in "muscle-reading" should open out a wide field for delicate instrumental investigations. The poetical metaphors of ordinary language suggest many possibilities of measurement. Thus when two persons have an "inclination" to one another, they visibly incline or slope together when sitting side by side, as at a dinner-table, and they then throw the stress of their weights on the near legs of their chairs. It does not require much ingenuity to arrange a pressure gauge with an index and dial to indicate changes in stress, but it is difficult to devise an arrangement that shall fulfil the threefold condition of being effective, not attracting notice, and being applicable to ordinary furniture. I made some rude experiments, but being busy with other matters, have not carried them on, as I had hoped.

Another conspicuous way in which one person differs from another is in temper. Some men are easily provoked, others remain cheerful even when affairs go very contrary to their liking. We all know specimens of good and bad-tempered persons, and all of us could probably specify not a few appropriate test conditions to try the temper in various ways, and elicit definite responses. There is no doubt that the temper of a dog can be tested. Many boys do it habitually, and learn to a nicety how much each will put up with, without growling or showing other signs of resentment. They do the same to one another, and gauge each other's tempers accurately.

It is difficult to speak of tests of character without thinking of Benjamin Franklin's amusing tale of the "Handsome and the Deformed Leg," and there is no harm in quoting it, because, however grotesque, it exemplifies the principle of tests. In it he describes two sorts of people; those who habitually dwell on the pleasanter circumstances of the moment, and those who have no eyes but for the displeasing ones. He tells how a philosophical friend took special precautions to avoid those persons who being discontented themselves, sour the pleasures of society, offend many people, and make themselves everywhere disagreeable. In order to discover a pessimist at first sight, he

cast about for an instrument. He of course possessed a thermometer to test heat, and a barometer to tell the air-pressure, but he had no instrument to test the characteristic of which we are speaking. After much pondering he hit upon a happy idea. He chanced to have one remarkably handsome leg, and one that by some accident was crooked and deformed, and these he used for the purpose. If a stranger regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one he doubted him. If he spoke of it and took no notice of the handsome leg, the philosopher determined to avoid his further acquaintance. Franklin sums up by saying, that every one has not this two-legged instrument, but every one with a little attention may observe the signs of a carping and fault-finding disposition.

This very disposition is the subject of the eighteenth "character" of Theophrastus, who describes the conduct of such men under the social conditions of the day, one of which is also common to our own time and countrymen. He says that when the weather has been very dry for a long time, and it at last changes, the grumbler being unable to complain of the rain, complains that it did not come sooner. The British philosopher has frequent opportunities for applying weather tests to those whom he meets, and with especial fitness to such as happen to be agriculturists.

The points I have endeavored to impress are chiefly these. First, that character ought to be measured by carefully recorded acts, representative of the usual conduct. An ordinary generalization is nothing more than a muddle of vague memories of inexact observations. It is an easy vice to generalize. We want lists of facts, every one of which may be separately verified, valued and revalued, and the whole accurately summed. It is the statistics of each man's conduct in small everyday affairs, that will probably be found to give the simplest and most precise measure of his character. The other chief point that I wish to impress is, that a practice of deliberately and methodically testing the character of others and of ourselves is not wholly fanciful, but deserves consideration and experiment—*Fortnightly Review*.

PROLONGING LIFE.

THE possibility of prolonging human life has undoubtedly, from the most ancient times, afforded a fascinating and extensive field alike for the visionary and the deepest thinkers. Plans for prolonging existence have ever been among the principal allurements held forth by empirics and impostors; and by thus imposing upon the credulity of the public, many notorious charlatans have acquired rich harvests of ill-gotten gold. Men of science have throughout all ages devoted their attention to the subject, as one deserving of the most profound investigation. And their researches have been attended with more or less benefit to posterity. We find that Bacon himself attached so much importance to the matter that he prosecuted inquiry in that direction with the utmost assiduity. Although it would be almost impossible to review all the schemes advanced, yet a review of the most notable theories advocated for prolongation of life is certainly deserving of attention. At the same time, an elucidation of their fallacies, as occasion may arise, is of no small moment, in order to ascertain with greater certainty their true value. It is indeed interesting to observe the various and often opposite means advocated by enthusiasts for attaining the same end.

Even as far back as the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention to the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics continually used. Instead of saying, "How do you do?" as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, "How do you perspire?" In those days, it was a general custom to take at least two emetics during each month. Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction, and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

It was during the darkness of the middle ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolon-

gation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence, that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous "stone of immortality," he died at the age of fifty. His vaunted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine.

About this epoch, one Leonard Thurneysser attained world-wide celebrity as an astrologer and nativity-caster. He was a physician, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events, but likewise prolong life. He published yearly an astrological calendar, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of one thousand florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

Marsilius Ficinus, in his *Treatise on the Prolongation of Life*, recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avoid any danger which might threaten them. During the year 1470, an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled *The Prolongation of Life*, in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years,

because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods. According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus no doubt it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metal, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets. These absurd conceits were at a later period revived by Cagliostro, of whom we shall have more to say presently. It would indeed appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and impostors were, the greater was their success.

The example of the renowned Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth at that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably. He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given. Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could safely follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII. of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another. In Paris, Drs. Dennis and Riva were enabled to cure a young man who had previously been treated in vain for lethargy. Further experiments not being so satisfactory, this device as a prolonger of life became discarded.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame continually being consumed by

the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened. With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing, followed by friction. Tranquillity of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption. Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically, first by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

Numerous charlatans have appeared, and still appear at intervals, loud in their asseverations of having discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they mendaciously promise to prolong life. The most notorious of these empirics was the Count de St. Germain, who with barefaced effrontery protested that he had already existed for centuries by aid of his "Tea of Long Life," which he declared would rejuvenate mankind. On close examination, his miraculous philter was ascertained to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel, and senna leaves.

A great stir was created in 1785 by the occult pretensions of a fanatical physician in France named Mesmer. He vaunted the possession of extraordinary magnetic power, which enabled him forthwith, by its agency, to remove every disease and prolong life. At the king's desire, a commission was instituted to report upon this phenomenon, in which Dr. Franklin took a leading part. The only practical result of this inquiry was the discovery of animal electricity. At one time, Mesmer refused three hundred and forty thousand livres for his secret. After Dr. Franklin's investigations, Mesmer lapsed into obscurity.

Last, but not least in the foremost rank of impostors was Joseph Balsamo, alias Count de Cagliostro. This charlatan appeared just before the first French

Revolution. During his remarkable career, Cagliostro made more than one fortune, which he subsequently lost, and died in prison in 1795. The distinguished Cardinal de Rohan was one of his chief dupes. Like St. Germain, Balsamo boasted that he had discovered the elixir of life, and throughout Europe, found persons of all degrees eager to possess his panacea. This elixir was a very powerful stomachic, possessed of great stimulating properties, tending to augment vital sensations. It is a fixed law of nature that everything which increases the vital forces tends to abridge their duration. Concentrated and potent stimulants, which are usually the active principle of most elixirs, although for the time increasing physical strength, are in truth very prejudicial to longevity.

We will now pass on to examine other theories more worthy of attention, before we proceed to establish what at present appears to be the most certain means for promoting longevity. The plan of "hardening"—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer—obtained at one time numerous followers. When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity. Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the "hardening school." Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial. Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents, namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep. One enthusiast, Maupertuis, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. Even Dr. Franklin, having observed the restoration of apparently dead flies by exposure to warmth, was struck with the feasibility of promoting long life by the agency of immobility. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of

exercise is simply poisonous to health. Upon a constant metamorphosis of the tissues, physical well-being must depend to a great extent. A destructive plethora would most certainly be induced by attempting "vital suspension."

That celebrated sect of mystical philosophers, the Rosicrucians—famous for their profound acquaintance with natural phenomena, and the higher branches of physical, chemical, and medical science—considered that human existence might be protracted far beyond its supposed limits. They professed to retard old age by means of certain medications, whose action upon the system should curb the progress of natural decay. The means by which they professed to check senile decrepitude, were, like other mysteries of their fraternity, never revealed. The celebrated English Rosicrucian Dr. Fludd, whose writings became famous, is said to have lived a century.

The principal disadvantage of the various plans which have been set forth for promoting longevity appears to be that they are all deficient in this important respect—that they only regard *one object, and neglect the rest*. However beneficial any theory may prove, it must be materially inadequate in fulfilling its purpose, should numerous other matters of the greatest importance bearing upon the human economy be ignored. Hufeland, in his luminous work *The Art of Prolonging Life*, is of opinion that the real art of longevity consists in cultivating those agents which protract existence, and by avoiding all circumstances tending to shorten its duration. This is undoubtedly the most reasonable method for obtaining the end in view. Moderation in all things (avoiding as far as possible every morbid condition), and open air exercise, are far more reliable means of prolonging life than any of the elixirs and panaceas ever advocated. Finally, health and longevity can only be attained by an intimate acquaintance with and obedience to those natural laws which govern our physical economy.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A MISCONCEPTION OF HISTORY.

Is there any truth in the very general belief that during the period which has elapsed since the beginning of the French Revolution in 1789, now ninety-five years, or almost a century ago, the progress of events in the world of human life has gone on with a rapidity unknown in former ages? We think, on the whole, that this is an error—that the rapidity of the march of events does not vary much from age to age, and that what is peculiar to the present age is not the fact of rapid change, but the consciousness of it. Lord Macaulay says (we quote from memory): "There is nothing new in the sufferings of the poor and the degradation of the criminal; what is new is the benevolence that concerns itself with them;" and we believe it is equally true that what is new in the nineteenth century is not the fact of change and progress in political society, but the social self-consciousness which takes note of them. We say social self-consciousness; we hope there is less self-consciousness of the morbid, introspective kind now than in the days of the "Confessions of Rousseau" and the "Sorrows of Werther;" but certainly society is in our time conscious of itself, its own wants, diseases, and sins, in a degree in which it never was before.

No doubt there is an obvious sense in which the prevalent belief is quite true. Since the beginning of the French Revolution, political events have been generally on a larger scale than before. This is obviously true of the wars that ended with the Battle of Waterloo; and it is no less true of the great events of our own time—the Italian Revolution, the reconsolidation of the German Empire, and the great war in America which ended in the abolition of slavery; while the British Empire in India deserves to be called the greatest marvel of political, or rather administrative, construction that the world has ever seen. In this increase of the scale of events, the past century resembles that period of history which, beginning with the close of the Punic wars, included the conquest of Greece, Asia, and Gaul by the Romans, and ended with the

transformation of the Roman Republic into the Empire. That era, like the past century, was one of great and rapid change, and the rapidity of change was accompanied by a great increase in the magnitude of the events; but it was in no true sense an era of progress; it was an era of retrogression in freedom and in all that constitutes civilization.

There is, however, another sense in which the prevalent opinion is quite true as to the increased rapidity of human progress since the beginning of the present century. There never was a time when the industrial arts were in a state of such rapid progress; there never was a time when cities were built, when territories were colonized, and when wealth was amassed so rapidly; and the imagination is impressed by the changes which we have witnessed in the mere external machinery of civilization from the introduction of such agencies as the post-office, the railway, and the telegraph. But how deep does all this go? It lies on the surface; and characters which are superficial, and therefore conspicuous, though they may be important, are seldom of the first importance. If one woman is dressed in white and another in black, these are the most conspicuous facts about them, and they may possibly be important facts, but they cannot possibly be the most important; and the facts that we receive our messages by electricity, that we travel in carriages drawn by steam-engines instead of horses, that we light our towns with gas instead of oil, that our clothes are spun and woven by machinery instead of human hands—all these may conceivably make little change in human life and society, and none whatever in human character. And the colonization of a continent may be a matter of but little real importance, if the colonies do nothing more than reproduce the society of the old country, and add nothing to the stock of human experience, thought, and knowledge.

The achievements of modern times in pure science are a far higher distinction than their achievements in the useful arts. Science, with its effects in transforming our conceptions of the world of

nature, is an influence moulding men's thoughts, and consequently goes deeper than any change in the mere external framework of their lives. But in science there is very little which is specially characteristic of the nineteenth century. Modern science does not begin from the great chemists of a hundred years ago, Lavoisier, Cavendish, and Watt, but from the great astronomers of nearly two centuries earlier, Kepler and Galileo; and the most wonderful of all the triumphs of science over external obstacles is neither the steam-engine nor the telegraph. The most wonderful of them all is its success in overcoming the natural inertia of men's minds, and making them believe, contrary to the apparent evidence of their senses, that the earth is moving and the sun standing still. The general acceptance of the results of astronomical science by the educated portion of European mankind cannot be dated later than the end of the seventeenth century, and consequently a hundred years before the age of industrial improvement began with the invention of the steam-engine. It is difficult to compare a completed change with one which is still in progress; but the general acceptance of astronomical truth, with its paradoxes of the earth's motion and the smallness of the earth in comparison with the entire universe, appears to us a far profounder intellectual change than the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution ever can be; and yet the latter is generally, and truly, regarded as the great contribution of the present century to scientific thought.

The question whether the changes of the past century have really been greater than those of former periods of equal length, can be stated, though it cannot be answered, with numerical precision. The present year is separated by exactly thirty years from the outbreak of the Crimean War. The reign of Victoria is separated by three hundred years from the reign of Elizabeth; the year 1584 was only three or four years after the middle of Elizabeth's reign. Have not England, and the world, changed fully ten times more during the three hundred years which separate us from the middle of Elizabeth's reign, than during the thirty years which separate

us from the Crimean War? During the past thirty years, the world has, no doubt, seen vast changes—the consolidation of Italy, and the destruction of the temporal power of the Papacy; the consolidation of Germany; the abolition of slavery in America, and its doom over all the civilized world; and the transfer of power in England to the democracy. It would be misleading were we to call these changes superficial; but they were only the result, and, as it were, the registration, of far profounder changes, which in the previous ages have been effected gradually and silently in men's opinions, ideas, and characters. If we look back through thirty years, we shall see that circumstances have indeed changed, but men are the same; society is, in England at least, somewhat more democratic, more rationalistic, and less fearful of change; but the change in a generation appears slight, and in a year imperceptible. But look back through three hundred years, to the reign of Elizabeth, and what a change we see! It is no exaggeration to say that all the characteristically modern ideas were then unknown. That privilege is indefensible; that serfage and slavery are wrong; that no institution has any right to exist unless it ministers to the general welfare; that it is a folly and a crime to treat religious heresy as a civil offence; that ecclesiastical conformity and unity are in no degree necessary to political order and good government—these, which are with us the merest commonplaces, accepted as self-evident by all, Conservatives and Liberals alike, would have appeared political paradoxes and religious heresies to Elizabeth and her subjects. The general acceptance of these truths, and the total change in the political ideal which they imply, constitute an intellectual revolution of at least ten times greater magnitude and importance than any change that has occurred during the thirty years which separate the beginning of the Crimean War from the present year.

This, however, is only part of the change which has come on the European intellect during the three hundred years which separate the present time from the reign of Elizabeth. While political life has been secularized, scientific thought has been rationalized. If we

would understand the vastness of this change, let us remember that James I. was a great authority on demonology and witchcraft. The total discrediting of this class of beliefs, both for its decisiveness and the importance of its result in setting Europe free from the cruel and debasing superstitions connected with witchcraft, is probably the most important victory ever gained by intellect over ignorance. These changes—the introduction of secular principles in the political order, and of rational principles and common-sense in the scientific order—had been effected before the commencement of the French Revolution; we may say, with a fair approach to accuracy, that it took place between the middle of the seventeenth century and the middle of the eighteenth. In the Long Parliament, at the middle of the seventeenth century, it was made a grievance that Arminian clergymen had been appointed to the best benefices. Fancy the amazement and amusement with which Parliament in our time would listen to such a complaint! And a hundred years after the Long Parliament, its reception would probably have been nearly the same that it would be now. To mention another instance of the change: Butler's "Analogy of Religion" is a work of the first half of the eighteenth century; and though its style seems to us old-fashioned, its tone of thought is altogether modern—as modern as any work could be that was written before the doctrine of evolution was heard of. These changes were followed by another which belongs rather to the moral than to the intellectual order. We mean the abolition of torture in the administration of justice, and of atrocious punishments. A century-and-a-half ago these were universal on the continent of Europe; their abolition was the great moral victory of the eighteenth century, and deserves to be regarded as the greatest legislative improvement which the history of the world has to record.

All the changes which we have enumerated were effected mainly in the period between the subsidence of the Reformation movement and the commencement of the French Revolution; and they are sufficient to prove that the two centuries which preceded this latter

epoch were quite as fruitful in the profoundest changes—changes affecting thought, ideas, and character—as the period of ninety-five years which has elapsed since.

The general belief to the contrary is partly due, no doubt, to the great conspicuousness of recent changes, especially the introduction of the railway and the telegraph. But there is another reason, simple enough though by no means obvious. We do not naturally think of historical time in the same terms as of contemporary time. Thirty years are but part of a lifetime; men who are not yet old remember the Crimean War as they remember yesterday. Three hundred years, on the contrary, is a length of time that seems to baffle the imagination; and to look back through that period from the England of Victoria to the England of Elizabeth, of Shakespeare, and of the Reformation, is like looking into a different world. Yet, as to the length of time, this is an illusion; the greater period is not incomparably greater than the less. In shorter periods we perceive this. When childhood is past, a year ago often seems yesterday; and when youth is past, ten years ago often seems yesterday; but the shortness of life forbids us to make any approach to regarding a hundred years in the same way. It needs an effort of thought to perceive the real proportion between the periods over which our memory extends, and those which have become historical; just as it needs an effort of imagination to realize the truth that the men and the nations of the past were in all essential respects like ourselves. Tom Tulliver, that perfect impersonation of unimaginativeness, plodded over his Latin grammar without the faintest idea that men ever chatted and quarrelled and made bargains in Latin.

If, then, we consider how short the historical periods really are, we shall see that the world has not been changing more rapidly in the time over which our own recollection extends than for ages before. The world has changed at least ten times as much during the three hundred years which separate us from the reign of Elizabeth, as during the thirty years which separate us from the Crimean War. As a writer in the *Spec-*

tator of the 14th June last remarked, in noticing an antiquarian book: "It is hard to realize that only three-and-a-half centuries, equal to five consecutive lives of threescore years and ten, separate us from the 24th of Henry VIII.,

miracle-plays and monks, witchcraft and *diablerie*. When we grow impatient with the slowness of the world's progress, we should remember that though the days may seem long the ages are short."—*The Spectator*.

GEORGE SAND.

BY MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD sends us the following reflections on the place in literature of George Sand, suggested by the memorial erected to her at La Châtre on Tuesday:

To-day a statue of George Sand is unveiled at La Châtre, a little town of Berry, not far from Nohant, where she lived. She could hardly escape a statue, but the present is not her hour, and the excuses for taking part in to-day's ceremony prove it. Now is the hour of the naturalists and realists, of the great work, as it is called, and solid art of Balzac, which M. Daudet and other disciples are continuing; not of the work of humanitarians and idealists like George Sand and her master, Rousseau. The work, whether of idealists or of realists, must stand for what it is worth, and must pay the penalty of its defects. George Sand has admirably stated the conditions under which Rousseau's work was produced: "Rousseau had within him the love of goodness and the enthusiasm for beauty—and he knew nothing of them to start with. The absence of moral education had prolonged the childhood of his spirit beyond the ordinary term. The reigning philosophy of his time was not moralist; in its hatred of unjust restraints, it left out the chapter of duty altogether. Rousseau, more logical and more serious than the rest, came then to perceive that liberty was not all, and that philosophy must be a virtue, a religion, a social law."

Of George Sand herself, too, we may say that she suffered from the absence of moral education, and had to find out for herself that liberty is not all, and that philosophy must be a virtue, a religion, a social law. Her work, like Rousseau's, has faults due to the conditions under which it arose—faults of

declamation, faults of repetition, faults of extravagance. But do not let us deceive ourselves. Do not let us suppose that the work of Rousseau and George Sand is defective because those writers are inspired by the love of goodness and the desire for beauty, and not, according to the approved recipe at present, by a disinterested curiosity. Do not let us assume that the work of the realists is solid—that the work of Balzac, for instance, will stand, because it is inspired by a disinterested curiosity.

The best work, the work which endures, has not been thus inspired. M. Taine is a profound believer in the motive of disinterested curiosity, a fervent admirer of the work of Balzac. He even puts his name in connection with that of Shakspeare, and appears to think that the two men work with the same motive. He is mistaken. The motive of Shakspeare, the master-thought at the bottom of Shakspeare's production, is the same as the master-thought at the bottom of the production of Homer and Sophocles, Dante and Molière, Rousseau and George Sand. With all the differences of manner, power, and performance between these makers, the governing thought and motive is the same. It is the motive enunciated in the burden to the famous chorus in the "Agamemnon"—*τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω*, "Let the good prevail." Until this is recognized, Shakspeare's work is not understood. We connect the word morality with preachers and bores, and no one is so little of a preacher and bore as Shakspeare; but yet, to understand Shakspeare aright, the clue to seize is the morality of Shakspeare. The same with the work of the older French writers, Molière, Montaigne, Rabelais. The

master-pressure upon their spirit is the pressure exercised by this same thought: "Let the good prevail." And the result is that they deal with the life of all of us—the life of man in its fulness and greatness.

The motive of Balzac is curiosity. The result is that the matter on which he operates bounds him, and he delineates not the life of man but the life of the Frenchman, and of the Frenchman of these our times, the *homme sensuel moyen*. Balzac deals with this life, delineates it with splendid ability, loves it, and is bounded by it. He has for his public the lovers and seekers of this life everywhere. His imitators follow eagerly in his track, are more and more subdued by the material in which they work, more and more imprisoned within the life of the average sensual man, until at last we can hardly say that the motive of their work is the sheer motive of curiosity, it has become a mingled motive of curiosity, cupidity, lubricity. And these followers of Balzac, in their turn, have some of them high ability, and they are eagerly read by whosoever loves and seeks the life they believe in.

Rousseau, with all his faults, yet with the love of goodness and the enthusiasm for beauty moving him, is even to-day more truly alive than Balzac, his work is more than Balzac's real part of French literature. A hundred years hence, this will be far more apparent than it is now. And a hundred years hence George Sand, the disciple of Rousseau, with much of Rousseau's faults, but yet with Rous-

seau's great motive inspiring her—George Sand, to whom the French literature of to-day is backward to do honor—George Sand will have established her superiority to Balzac as incontestably as Rousseau. In that strenuous and mixed work of hers, continuing from "Indiana," in 1832, to her death in 1876, we may take "Mauprat," "La Petite Fadette," "Jean de la Roche," "Valvèdre," as characteristic and representative points; and re-reading these novels, we shall feel her power. The novel is a more superficial form of literature than poetry, but on that very account more attractive. In the literature of our century, if the work of Goethe is the greatest and wisest influence, if the work of Wordsworth is the purest and most poetic, the most varied and attractive influence is, perhaps, the work of George Sand. "Bien dire, c'est bien sentir," and her ample and noble style rests upon large and lofty qualities. To-day, with half-hearted regard, her countrymen will unveil her statue in the little town by the meadows of the poplar-bordered Indre, the river which she has immortalized—

Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide—

while she, like so many of "the great, the mighty, and the wise," seems to have had her hour and to have passed away. But in her case we shall not err if we adopt the poet's faith,

And feel that she is greater than we know.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ESPRONCEDA.

THE glow of Byron's genius seemed to develop latent poetic talent wherever his works were read, so that almost every country in Europe soon had its representative bard, who, casting aside conventional trammels, endeavored to follow him in his bolder flight. Though the Swedish Tegnér, who converted the rude Norse legend of Frithiof into a charming modern poem; the Italian Leopardi; and the Pole Mickiewicz, whose *Conrad Wallenrod* is perhaps the grandest epic which has appeared since *Paradise Lost*, were his contemporaries,

they were nevertheless conscious of his influence. Musset must be regarded as his disciple, notwithstanding his protest in *Namouna*, where the line

C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux,

reads like an apology. Krasinski, the "Anonymous Poet" of the Polish Revolution, and the Hungarian Petöfi, whose patriotic, martial, and amatory lays are among the most spirited and racy of the present century, continued the series. But the two opposite extremities of Europe gave birth to more pronounced

examples of the school in the Russian Pushkin and the Spaniard Espronceda. They resembled their master not only in their verse, but in mode of life; and, like him, both died long before reaching their fortieth year, thus leaving their story incomplete.

Don José de Espronceda was born, as was also Musset, in the year 1810. His father a colonel of cavalry, was accompanied during the campaign of that year by his wife, who gave birth to the future poet at the town of Almendralejo in Estremadura. He was educated at Madrid, where, before the age of fourteen, he had begun an epic poem, "El Pelayo," descriptive of the struggles of that Gothic hero with the Arab conquerors of Spain. It was written in octave stanzas on the model of Ariosto, but never completed, though the author is said to have cherished the intention of doing so to the last. The youth, an ardent Republican, like many of his years, and member of a secret society, "the Numantines," incurred the displeasure of Government, and after the French invasion in 1823, and the consequent restoration of Ferdinand VII. to absolute power, was exiled to Guadalajara. On the expiration of his sentence he returned to Madrid, but found the attentions of the police so irksome that he resolved to quit the country. Embarking at Gibraltar, he set sail for Lisbon, where his vessel was boarded by the quarantine officials, who demanded their customary fees. So indignant was the poet, that he possessed no more than a single dollar, and two reals having been returned to him, he cast them indignantly into the sea, crying that "he would never enter so great a capital with so little money in his pocket." He was not, however, permitted to inhabit Portugal in quiet, but, expelled at the instance of the Spanish Government, he removed to London, where the study of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, but most of all the last, became the solace of his exile. Like many foreign celebrities, he was smitten with Ossian, and, like Pushkin and Tegnér, he wrote imitations of his verse. In 1830 he visited Paris, and fought behind the barricades during the insurrection of July; but, on the announcement of an

amnesty, returned to Spain, where he entered the Royal bodyguard. Disgrace, however, soon overtook him; he wrote satirical verses on current politics, was dismissed in consequence, and exiled to the town of Cuellar, where he employed his leisure in the composition of a mediocre romance. In 1839 he was liberated; the Carlist danger had extorted concessions from Christina's Government; he returned to Madrid, and became a contributor to the *Siglo*. On one occasion, when the contents of the next issue were prohibited by the censor, it was, at the poet's suggestion, published in blank, with merely the headings of articles and list of contents in print. The poet's jests usually turned to his own discomfiture. The *Siglo* was suspended, and its staff decamped in order to avoid arrest. On the expulsion of Queen Christina he was nominated Secretary of Legation at the Hague; but the climate of Holland proving too severe for his enfeebled constitution, he relinquished the post, and, returning to Spain, became deputy for the town of Almeria. But he had contracted a fatal malady, which, exacerbated by the irregularity of his mode of life, brought his career to a close at Madrid, in the thirty-third year of his age, on the 23d of May, 1842.

The shorter poems of Espronceda are perhaps more vigorous and characteristic than his longer compositions; and of these the most renowned are "The Lay of the Cossack," "The Beggar," "The Headsman," and the "Condemned to Death" — all gruesome topics, which were his delight, but nevertheless repel the reader through constant recurrence. The Cossack sings of the delights which await the fierce denizens of the steppe as they approach the confines of "Europe" — as some Russians style its western half. There he avers "the kings are vile traders, the soldiers less than women, but the women themselves celestial seraphim." His comrades will tear Europe as tigers rend their prey; they will stable their coursers in the palaces of kings, where a hundred trembling slaves will observe their slightest nod. Each stanza concludes with the truculent, yet melodramatic chorus:

Cossacks of the pathless steppe, hurrah!
Europe lies in front, a splendid prey,
Drench her fertile plains with floods of gore,
Banquet for the jackdaws' close array.

Their ancestors, the singer goes on to boast, in the olden time reached an imperial city, where their horses forded the Tiber; but this, of course, is mere poetic license; for, although the ancient Slavs of the Dnieper, from whom by courtesy the Cossacks may be said to descend, harried Byzantium once or twice, they never set foot in Italy.

Spain is the paradise of beggars, and her poets are thus well qualified to depict them in their natural color. Espronceda's *Mendigo* opens his mouth with the proud vaunt:

The world is mine, and I am free as air;
Others toil and moil that I may eat;
All men soften when I alms implore
For the love of God in whining tones.

The king's palace and the shepherd's hovel are alike his port of refuge when the tempest lowers. He accepts the favors of all classes with equal indifference and thanklessness. Why should he show gratitude? They obtain his prayers in exchange, and "wealth is sin, poverty virtue. God himself begs at times, and severely punishes those who deny him alms." All provide for the beggar's wants through fear of Divine castigation, and, as for the end of all, he can always find a hospital bed or a hole in the earth wherein to lay down his wretched carcase and die. The poem is, perhaps, Espronceda's masterpiece by its power, raciness, and originality of construction.

El Verdugo, the headsman, expresses himself in a similar strain of ghastly self-glorification, and the poem is noteworthy by the tremendous anti-climax with which it closes. He begins in a plaintive tone; he is the victim of the crimes of the human race, a scapegoat on whose shoulders men have agreed to heap all the hatred they feel for one another. Is he not made in God's image like themselves? And yet they cast before him a human life as they would some helpless animal to a beast of prey. And they are accounted just while he is criminal. Ay, the very man who pays him for the job throws the money on the ground before him with contemptuous air! Then his wrath be-

gins to boil; he recounts the "atrocious joy" he experiences when breaking the culprit upon the wheel, or as the severed head rolls upon the stones beneath his axe amid a sea of blood. Then, indeed, his face becomes radiant and serene; he feels the rage and hate of all mankind concentrated within his breast. One day he decapitates a king, and retires "drunk with joy" to his home, where wife and children remark the fire which burns in his eye, and the bitter smile which plays on his lip. His pride and exultation mount to a climax:

In me behold the story of the world
Which Destiny hath written down in blood,
Upon whose crimson pages God himself
My awful figure hath engraven deep.

Time without end,
A hundred thousand ages hath engulfed,
Yet wickedness,
Her monument,

May contemplate existing still in me.
In vain man struggles whither streams the
light,
And thinks to reach it borne on breath of
pride;

The headsman o'er the ages towers supreme!
And every drop
Of blood which stains me,
Of man but proves
One crime the more:
Still I exist,

A faithful record of the ages past;
A thousand angry shadows follow me
For aye behind.

But his homicidal ecstasy collapses at sight of his child, whose innocence and beauty strike him with horror. "Wife," he cries, "why waste your tender care upon him? Be merciful! Smother him, and thus assure his happiness; lest he should live to become so vile a thing as I."

Few poets of Byron's following could forego the satisfaction of handling the *Don Juan* legend, which Musset declares to be

Si vaste et si puissant qu'il n'est pas de poète
Qui ne l'ait soulevé dans son cœur et sa tête
Et pour l'avoir tenté ne soit resté plus grand.

Pushkin embodied it in *The Stone Guest*—a drama which is not the least meritorious of his works, and considered by many superior to *Boris Godunoff* for stage purposes—Espronceda in *The Student of Salamanca*, a poem which has the undoubted merit of stripping the wolf of sheep's clothing, and discovering the hero to the world as a character more odious even than Richardson's

Lovelace. The libertine Don treading his native soil is a ruffian of whom Mephistopheles himself would have been ashamed. Don Felix de Montemar sells the portrait of his deserted mistress in a gambling hell, at the same time declaring that he would throw the original into the bargain were the thing possible. Since, however, the lady has already died of a broken heart, he is forever debarred from this, and consoles himself by killing Don Diego, her brother, in a duel, though he regrets the incident as having interrupted chicken-hazard, at which he was winning largely. After this, it is not a little startling to learn from a biographer that the Spanish poet, following precedents which will readily occur to all, has depicted his own character in Don Felix, though elsewhere represented as of a benevolent disposition. In this version the Don is transported to the lower world in a manner which is quite original. He is waylaid at the dead of night by the ghost of the departed Elvira in the *Calle del Ataud* (Coffin Street) at Salamanca, when returning from the slaughter of her brother. He espies a female robed in white kneeling before a wayside lamp and crucifix, and with native impudence accosts her and insists on escorting her home. In spite of solemn warnings, he clings to her side as she traverses innumerable streets and squares, which gradually assume an aspect strange to him. At last everything becomes weird and ghostly; a violent tempest rages, the steeples nod and ring forth a peal for the dead; troops of spirits hover round them in the distance. Then a funeral procession crosses their path, and Don Felix learns that the bier contains the corpse of his victim, Don Diego, and that of the "bedevilled student, Don Felix de Montemar." Nevertheless, he pursues his way undaunted, with his ghostly companion:

A second Lucifer who lifts on high
His forehead wounded by the vengeful
bolt;
Rebellious soul whom terror fails to move,
Unconquered still, though trodden under-
foot;
In truth, the man who eagerly would break
The barrier of the prison-house of life,
Would summon God before him to account,
And struggles to unveil the vast unknown.

Entering the mighty portal of the world of shadows, and traversing a long corridor with his white-robed guide, he is at length precipitated with terrific violence into an abyss, and is drawn into a black marble sepulchre hewn in the form of a nuptial couch, where he feels himself clasped in the arms of a skeleton—the skeleton of the dead Elvira—while the palsy of death gradually numbs his limbs and subdues his will.

The conception of the prolix yet incomplete poem *The Devil World* is evidently due to Goethe's *Faust*, though its execution still savors of Byron's *Don Juan*. We behold the aged student, disgusted with the hollowness of mundane pursuits, suddenly gifted with youth, beauty, and immortality; though, unlike Faust, he is quite unconscious of his former state, and enters the world a full-grown babe, who is ignorant even of the use and propriety of clothing. His "Adam," though endowed with every physical advantage, together with a pure and generous heart, is forced to traverse every stage of vice and misery in the devil world of the poet's imagination. He is cast into prison for appearing nude in the streets of Madrid, though its treacherous climate, one would think, might have taught him to adopt his former self's garments without further education. From prison he is redeemed by the devotion of a beautiful "manola" or grisette, whose lover he becomes, and with whom he resides for a time. But his raptures subside; ambition inspires his breast; and, being ignorant of the nature of crime and sin, he takes part in a burglary, though his sense of the beautiful induces him to defend the mistress of the invaded palace from the violence of his ruffianly companions. A fierce scuffle ensues, which raises an alarm, and all take to flight. Returning home through the darkness of the streets, he espies through an open window the corpse of a lovely girl laid upon a bier between two lighted tapers. He enters, and a scene ensues which is certainly unique in literature; for the house is a brothel, the mother of the dead its proprietor, and her poignant grief, brought into close contact with the brutal levity and licentiousness of her visitors, forms a picture which is at the same

time pathetic and revolting. But at this point death abruptly terminated the labors of the poet, which have been continued of late years in a portly tome by Señor Carrillo de Albornoz. The following extract, if compared with Stanza exciv. of the First Canto of *Don Juan*, will convey a fair idea of the extent of Byron's influence over the Spanish poet at this the final epoch of his career :

Thou art the spirit, Love, thou art the life
Of woman, when she feeds on thy illusion.
And she, whom thy keen javelin hath pierced,
By thee alone her peace of mind recovers ;
The soul of man, 'inconstant, whirled by
storms,
Is borne in all directions, hither, thither ;
And thou to him art but a dream which
passes,
Art naught but the first longing of his bosom.

—*Saturday Review*.

WHAT IS JUDAISM? A QUESTION OF TO-DAY.

BY LUCIEN WOLF.

THE anti-Semitic agitation which for more than five years has exercised a disturbing influence in Continental politics, appears at last to be subsiding. Discredited by the sanguinary logic with which the Russian peasantry gave effect to its teachings, disgraced by its connection with the monstrous conspiracy of Tisza-Eslar, it recently received in England something very like a *coup de grâce* in the shape of the Montefiore Centennial festivities and the refusal of the Lord Mayor to allow its leader, Herr Hof-Prediger Stöcker, to take part in the Luther Commemoration at the Mansion House. He would, however, be a very hopeful person who should profess to think that the final chapters in the history of Judeo-Christian differences have now been written. I am not so subjectively Jew as not to have long seen in anti-Semitism something more than a mere spasm of moral atavism ; and I think the time has now arrived when it may be confessed that if the form the agitation assumed was reprehensible, its nature was far from unworthy some measure of philosophic analysis. It is, I believe, quite as much in the interests of Judaism as of Christianity that an inquiry into the origin of anti-Semitism should be now encouraged ; nay, it is of importance in the interests of the future peace of the world.

To my mind the primal cause of all agitations against the Jew is to be sought, not so much in the passions stimulated by theological differences, as in the irritating mystery of the persistence of Judaism, notwithstanding the assurances of Christianity that Judaism

has long been moribund. According to all Christian belief—and to this extent the records of Christianity receive an unquestioning assent from those who have ceased to accept its dogmas—Judaism was only a rude precursor of the so-called universal religion of Jesus, and consequently should long ago have passed away. But the Hebrews to-day constitute everywhere a social force. In every country of Europe their influence is felt, and there is no small amount of truth in the anti-Semitic assertion that in Germany, at least, the national aspirations "are stifled by an overmastering Judaism." It is extraordinary that this mystery should irritate men's minds, and that there should be violent outbursts against a domination which is not merely foreign but almost phantasmic ?

The outbursts have, fortunately, passed away, but the mystery remains. Thoughtful minds continue to be exercised by the question, What is Judaism ? —not merely the Judaism of the synagogue, but the principle by which the Hebrew people has lived, the principle which actuates its phenomenal history, and is represented to-day in all lands and all societies by so remarkable a vein of humanity. It can hardly be otherwise. No honest attempt has been made to solve the question. The synagogue, now passing through a transition period, cannot authoritatively answer it, and even if it could it would hesitate, when persecution is still only of yesterday, to accept the responsibility of putting forth an explanation that must necessarily be polemical, and might in-

volve invidious pretensions and comparisons. The Church dares not compare its traditional hopes with the facts of every-day life. Nothing seems left but conjecture. The more hopeless conjecture becomes the greater its fascination; and hence the longer the question, "What is Judaism?" is left unsolved, the more must the relations of Jews and non-Jews be fraught with danger.

One of Professor Goldwin Smith's articles on the Jewish Question contains a passage which has often struck me as coming very near solving this bewildering problem. Indeed, were it not that Mr. Smith is so dominated by the traditional view of the relationship of Christianity to Judaism, he must, when the leading idea of that passage was suggested to him, have considerably altered his estimate of Judaism. The following is the passage to which I refer:

"There is between the modern Jew and the compatriot of Luther a certain divergence of general character and aim in life connected with religion which makes itself felt, beside the antagonism of race. Judaism is *material optimism*, with a preference to a chosen race, while Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, is neither material nor in a temporal sense optimist. Judaism is *legalism*, of which the Talmud is the most signal embodiment; and here again it is contrasted with Christianity and the Christian ideal, which is something widely different from the mere observance, however punctual, of the law. *In the competition for this world's goods it is pretty clear that the legalist will be apt to have the advantage, and at the same time that his conduct will often appear not right to those whose highest monitor is not the law.*"

It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Smith that the simple meaning of all this is that the Jews must be the possessors of a system by which they are enabled to adapt themselves more completely to the conditions of life than would be possible were they adherents of Christianity; that if their "legalism" enables them to "have the advantage in the competition for this world's goods," the reason must be that that "legalism" is peculiarly adapted to the conditions of the competition; and that if Christians fail, in consequence of the nature of their "highest monitor," to achieve as much as Jews in mundane things, the reason must be that that monitor does not satisfy the requirements of natural law as completely as that of Judaism. To talk, then,

about the conduct of the legalist in this world's strife—where all who elect to take part in it must be bound by the same rules—as not commending itself to "those whose highest monitor is not the law" is very like "damning the nature of things"—deprecating intelligence and skill merely because they succeed where, according to the dogmatic assumptions of Christianity, they ought to fail. The argument virtually says that Christianity is perfect, and that if it is not quite successful in satisfying natural law that is not its fault but the fault of natural law.

Mr. Smith has, however, chanced very near the truth in bracketing "material optimism" and "legalism" together as important elements in Judaism, although he has failed to estimate them at their true value, or to detect the connection between them and the conclusion at which they point. I am desirous of showing in these pages that Judaism is really a system of "material optimism," expressing itself in a minute "legalism"; that it is a positivistic system, differing only from the latter-day Positivism of Auguste Comte in the respect that it has operated during some thousands of years with results which raise it altogether out of the region of empirical philosophy. The definition to be extracted from Jewish history I would express thus: Judaism holds that the possibilities of human knowledge are limited to the visible world. Mankind is consequently taught that temporal happiness is the goal of existence and the whole aim of action. Liberty is ideal happiness, and its ultimate test is progress; and this ideal is developed by the conquest of the lower propensities by the higher intellectual faculties. Progress is, in fact, founded on a basis of Natural Law or Justice, and the resultant liberty is the highest achievement in temporal happiness possible within the limits of immutable law. The conclusion I would formulate is that the Jews, by their practical observance of this teaching, have acquired a special adaptability to the conditions of life and a peculiar capacity for making the most of them. This enables them "to have the advantage" of which Mr. Goldwin Smith speaks.

A clear discrimination between the

essential and the accidental in Judaism is requisite in order to understand this definition. The test of the essential in Judaism is its coherent survival amid transient and adventitious accessories, and its consistency, as between cause and effect, with the uniform developments of Jewish character. In other words, the proper method of ascertaining the nature of Judaism must be, not by a collation of Biblical texts, but by an induction from the phenomena of every-day experience. This is rendered necessary by the fact that in Judaism the religion and the race are almost interchangeable terms. The rigid observance during long centuries of a "peculiar" legalism by a peculiarly exclusive people has necessarily resulted in the people becoming the manifestation of its laws. Its physical and historical character is the creation of these laws, and consequently in the developments of this character we must recognize the form of essential Judaism. I adopt this method, too, because it is the fairest in view of the recent controversy.

The most striking phenomena in Jewish life is the survival of the race. There is no more remarkable fact in the whole history of mankind. Other races have managed to protract their separatism, but the Jews have, to all appearances, perpetuated theirs. They have outlived the Golden Ages of all the great nations of antiquity and the decadence of the empires of the Middle Ages; they have survived a persecution the like of which no other people could have endured, and in an age of culture, which boasts its superiority over all the civilizations of the ancient world, they, notwithstanding the drawbacks of their history, prove still to be superior, physically, mentally, and morally, to the races with which they come in contact. This performance of the race is no mere caprice of nature; it is to be exclusively attributed to the discipline of the artificial system by which its life has been regulated. In the gradual process of the formation of the people there must have occurred a period when it became distinguished for a high degree of strength and vigor. Such a period is observable in the history of all great nations, but in every case, with the exception of the Jewish, it was per-

mitted to slip away. The strongly-marked optimism of Judaism, the high intelligence of the people, and particularly the contrast presented by the teachings and habits of other races, no doubt induced the Hebrews to prize their superiority more highly than any other people. The natural impulse to reject all further infusions of alien blood, as soon as the consciousness of superiority was reached, found every support in their national legends and traditions, and became accentuated by the hostility of their neighbors. Then their exclusiveness became legalized, and on its basis a perfect code of laws was constructed, providing for the unaided progression of the physical capacities of the race, and embodying every dictate of their higher civilization which might be calculated to maintain their superiority. In short, at a crucial period of its history the optimism of Judaism expressed itself in "legalism." How far the system thus formed has succeeded is illustrated by the extraordinary condition in which the Jews have survived to the present day.

It is too little known that the Jews are as a race really superior, physically, mentally, and morally, to the people among whom they dwell. The facts substantiating this view have been frequently quoted. As far back as 1837 it was noticed by Hoffman in his *Sammlung Kleiner Schriften wissenschaftlichen Inhalts* that the Jews presented biostatic phenomena differing materially from those of other races. Four years later Christopher Bernouilli, in his *Handbuch der Populationistik*, followed up Hoffman's data, with the result of showing that the Jews are a superior race, inasmuch as they increase at a more rapid rate than the indigenous races, that they have less still-births, that they lose a smaller number of children in their first year, and that they live very much longer. Subsequent inquiries have not only confirmed these discoveries, but have added to them others, enlarging considerably the scope of the conclusions they suggest. The moral superiority has, too, been illustrated over and over again by an examination of criminal statistics and the statistics of illegitimate births. As for the notorious intellectual superiority, the figures of pub-

lic education and professional and public life, in every country show an immense predominance of Jews. I regret exceedingly that considerations of space forbid my reproducing here the statistics themselves.

It must suffice to say that at a rough estimate these figures may be summed up as expressing a general superiority of the Jews over their neighbors of other races and creeds of between 30 and 40 per cent. The significance of this fact cannot be over-estimated. It not only proves Judaism to be still a living force, but it shows that such has been its wisdom and power in the past that it has been enabled to accomplish of itself a distinct step in the history of the human species. A superiority of 40 per cent. can, I imagine, be characterized as nothing less. I believe that the importance of the superiority of the Jews consists precisely in the circumstance that it constitutes almost a stage in evolution, and certainly one in which the factors are no longer so indeterminate as in all the earlier processes. For here, for the first time, we find the intelligence of man acting as a distinct factor in evolution, and achieving progress not by the natural gravitation of blind instinct, but by a discretionary adaptation to the conditions of life; not by the accidents of external forces, but by a subjective comprehension of natural law. Similar phenomena—that is to say, similar in their effects but radically differing in their causes—are not unknown in other spheres where the teachings of Judaism are far from exerting themselves. The English aristocracy, for example, is almost as exclusive as the Jewish people, and it is well known that, proportionately at least, it possesses a similar intensity of life. But here the cause is not, as with the Jews, a deliberate law of exclusiveness promulgated with the object of conserving the natural advantages arising from a more highly disciplined life, but it is the natural instinct of a superior class guided by a haughty desire to conserve its traditions, and not by any practical design of perpetuating its physical and mental superiority. And yet the result is the same: a race of men and women distinguished above their fellows for longevity, beauty, and mind.

The assertion that the phenomena of Jewish life are to be solely attributed to the influence of the peculiar "legalism" of Judaism, however, must be submitted to the test of a comparison with the character of the "legalism" before it can be regarded as proved.

The intermediate objections are few and unavailing. The contention that the characteristics of modern Jews are a mere nine days' wonder, destined to pass away shortly with the people themselves, is disproved by the whole of the marvellous history of Judaism, which these characteristics now enable us to judge in a clearer light and with more precision than formerly. The other two objections are equally unconvincing, as has been shown by one of the most eminent of modern statisticians. "The avoidance of hard work," says George Frederick Kolb, "and the temperate habits which may be deemed a peculiarity of the race, are not sufficient to account for the superior intensity of life which characterizes the Jewish people. Nor can it be said that this is a speciality of Semitic races, as the Phœnicians and Carthaginians have entirely disappeared from off the earth." There are certainly Semitic races that have survived; but why do they not show the same capacity for progress as the Jews? They are derived from the same great stock, and, since the time of Mahomet, have, ostensibly at least, professed a faith in the same monotheism; but still the fact is undeniable that they are among the rotting branches of the great tree of humanity. Here we find the issue before us narrowed to its true proportions, for here we are enabled to judge what is really the living principle of Judaism. Mahomet, in his rough selection from Judaism, took only the God idea, which, if not quite of inferior importance, was of far less practical value than the educating "legalism." The result was, as with Christianity, a people with a religion but without a system of life. An admirable illustration of the difference in this respect between the Hebrews and other Semites is furnished by the history of Semitic learning. Brain-power we know to be exceptionally developed among the Semitic races. We have it on Professor Chwolson's authority that "there are

fewer stupid individuals among the Semites than among the Aryans;" but the Jews are to-day the most able of Semitic races. Although the Assyrians had colleges before Europe had learned its alphabet from the Phœnicians, and, long anterior even to the period assigned to Abraham, had established libraries for the study of Akkadian classics, all that to-day remains of Semitic culture is centred in the Hebrew. And why? Because the Jew first applied law to study. His ancestors had had crowded colleges and princely libraries, but he first made the education of the young compulsory. There is then nothing left to us but the peculiar legalism of Judaism to account for the peculiar phenomena of Jewish life. Let us see then how far this "legalism" accommodates itself to this view.

I have said that it is necessary to discriminate between the essential and accidental in Judaism in order to understand the conception of that teaching as here set forth. There might be some doubt in my mind as to the validity of this theory did it require for its illustration that I should pick and choose more or less arbitrarily among the doctrinal features of every period of Hebrew history. This is, however, not at all necessary. In the Mosaic law we have a clear and harmonious system in which the essentials of Judaism alone figure, and which has survived intact to the present day. Throughout many changes in the externals of Judaism, its general character has been conserved, its leading principles consistently developed, and its details strengthened, and to its influence alone may be traced the formation of all those distinctive features in Jewish character which may now be said to have rendered Judaism a living social force. I adopt this conclusion irrespective of the questions of date or authorship raised by modern Biblical criticism, as it is quite sufficient for my present purpose that during the period extending from the time of Ezra to that of the Maccabees the teachings of the Law satisfied the highest Jewish conception of life.

A fundamental principle of the Mosaic dispensation is, that racial separatism is necessary for the perpetuation of its teaching. To all but the most hopeless

fanatic this principle must be perfectly intelligible. Jewish separatism, or "tribalism," as it is now called, was invented to enable the Jews to keep untainted for the benefit of mankind not only the teachings of Judaism but also their physical results as illustrations of their value. Of this universalist meaning of Jewish separatism there can be no doubt. The Biblical account of its inauguration gives us no idea of a "tribal" people; quite the reverse. Abraham is pictured to us not as setting himself above all other peoples, but as revolting from the prevailing idolatry and immorality. The reward promised him is significant. "I will bless thee," says the Supreme. "I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is on the sea-shore. . . . And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice." The fidelity with which the Jews have adhered to their separatist law yields in its history the most remarkable instances of self-denial. The Jews are frequently taunted with bloodthirstiness because of the extermination of the Canaanites alleged in the Bible. From a purely philosophic point of view—as Dr. Arnold has eloquently pointed out—the substitution of such a people as the Hebrews for the bestial Canaanites would not have been a subject for regret even at the cost of a wholesale butchery; but Kuenan and other Biblical critics have proved to us that this massacre never could have taken place. The Hebrews only subjected themselves to hardships for the promotion, or rather perpetuation, of their peculiar principles, as witness the extraordinary purification of the race which took place at the instance of Ezra and Nehemiah—a colossal sacrifice forming a fitting historic counterpart to the mythic slaughter of the sons of Ham.

The "legalism" which by this means has been handed down to countless generations is worthy of the loftiest sacrifices. Its comprehensiveness is astounding as its wisdom. It legislates even for the child yet unborn, and with singular boldness and thoroughness, seeks an element of physical well-being in a wise regulation of the sexual relations. The legislation on this subject

has been much neglected by naturalist students of Mosaism. Dr. Richardson attributes to carefulness in the rearing of children "much of the Jewish" resistance to those influences which tend to shorten the natural cycle of life. The Jews are certainly model parents, but I believe the superior intensity of life characterizing their offspring is, in a greater degree, attributable to the lengthened observance by their ancestors of the Mosaic and Rabbinical laws for ordering the sexual relations than to post-natal care; that is to say, that the Jewish infant is already *born* with an exceptional capacity for resisting life-shortening influences, and is not wholly endued with it after birth. This, at least seems to have been the purpose of the laws on the subject. Neither Biblical nor Rabbinical law, for example, refers to women except in relation to the marriage tie. That is to say, that the law only takes cognizance of women where their *role* in the history of the race commences; for it is only in the married state that their actions are calculated to influence future generations. An unchaste woman was liable to be stoned if she got married. Seduction entailed marriage unless the victim refused; but then, being unchaste, she came within the scope of the first-mentioned law, and could never get married. Marriages within certain degrees of consanguinity were prohibited. Males were liable to be stoned for intercourse with non-Jewish women, and adultery was also punished by death. Thus, as unchaste women could not marry, and men were practically bound to marry the objects of their illicit passion, sufficiently stringent precautions were taken to insure healthy parents. From what we now know of the innate morality of the Jewish race it is presumable that prostitution could not have existed among them on a very extensive scale, and hence illicit intercourse became almost impossible. This, together with the reprobation of celibacy included in the law, will doubtless account, to no small extent, for the early marriages which still take place among Jews, and which have hitherto been regarded as a relic of Oriental custom. This class of laws is now no longer operative, except in so far as they ac-

commodate themselves to the laws of the various countries in which Jews reside. Their work in the training of Jewish instincts has, however, not been fruitless if the modern practice of marrying early among the Jews and their general continence mean anything. But if these laws are now comparatively obsolete, there are others of equal importance which, not being amenable to the restrictions of a sovereign legislation, have been enabled to survive. These are the remarkable regulations for ordering the more intimate relations of husband and wife. No less than three kinds of separation are ordered, and these, when they have run their course, are only terminable with the performance of certain prescribed ablutions. In the first place ordinary sexual intercourse renders both parties impure for a whole day and an evening; then the menstrual period involves the strictest separation during the "days of the issue" and the seven subsequent days; and in the third place there is the separation at childbirth, which is forty days for a boy and eighty days for a girl.

The scientific value of these laws was duly appreciated by the Rabbins. A whole tractate of the Talmud, entitled *Niddah*, is devoted to their amplification, and with a rough but conscientious medical science deals exhaustively with every circumstance of the conjugal relationship. In one curious detail it adds to the Mosaic law. Regarding the condition of the body previous to menstruation as unnatural and calculated to injuriously affect the offspring, it prohibits intercourse during the two preceding days as well as the succeeding seven, thus extending the Mosaic separation to twelve or fourteen days. The object of these laws is evidently, on the one hand, to conserve a high degree of virility by the prevention of excessive indulgence, and on the other, to insure procreation only at a time of perfect health. That this object was deliberately contemplated is proved by the fact that a child born of intercourse during the menstrual period was prohibited by the Mosaic law from entering "into the congregation of the Lord even to his tenth generation." It is but too little known that these laws—the results of which may be traced in the inferior in-

fant mortality among the Jews—are faithfully observed by the majority of Jews and Jewesses even at the present day. The ablutions on the part of the female which must terminate all prescribed periods of separation were bound, of old, to be performed not in private, but at public communal baths. By this means the authorities maintained a certain control over the observance of the laws themselves. At the present day there is no Jewish community without its public bath especially consecrated to this purpose, and these baths are happily well attended. There are, of course, a goodly number of Israelites who, in their superficial study of what they are pleased to call "the spirit of the age," condemn the far-seeing wisdom of their ancestors, and, *inter alia*, no longer practice the regulations of *Niddah*. But unfortunately for them, while they rise so "superior" to these ordinances they cannot escape the prescribed penalty of their laxity. They are as surely "cut off from their people" as though they were still under an independent Hebrew rule. Jews or Jewesses who cease during their lifetime to observe the physical laws of Judaism must also cease, either in their own persons or in the persons of their descendants, to have any portion in the physical well-being of their co-religionists. By their non-observance of health-maintaining laws they are *prima facie* calculated to relapse into an inferior state, and are bound to transmit to their offspring a transitional physical condition, insensibly but surely leading to total defection.

These considerations apply with equal force to the dietary and hygienic laws. The physiological importance of these laws requires no emphasis from me, for it has already been amply recognized by scientists of the highest authority. While the laws for regulating the conjugal relations were evidently intended to insure the continuous reproduction of strong and healthy Israelites, the dietary and hygienic laws were as obviously designed for the maintenance of their health and strength and the protection of their bodies against disease. Thus we find included among the prohibited sources of food all carnivorous animals, the rodents, the carnivorous

and carrion-eating birds, reptiles, amphibia, and mollusca; a list comprising a complete group of beasts, such as the swine, the mouse, the rat, the cat, and the dog, etc., known to be perfect foci of *trichina* and other parasites. The communicability to man of parasitic diseases from animals used as food has long been placed beyond all doubt, it having been established that the parasite is simply transferred from the flesh of the beast to that of the man, in which it develops with frequently fatal results. The prohibition of mollusca and crustacea is also of considerable prophylactic value. Not a few shell-fish, such as the common mussel, and even the oyster, are at times capriciously unwholesome and even poisonous; and the crustacea are not merely the foulest feeders, but their flesh is certainly hard to digest. The explanation of the prohibition with respect to scaleless fish—that is, fish of the eel type—has only recently been rescued from the speculations of the student of comparative theology and taken in hand by the scientist. The result has been its complete vindication. Mr. Reade having bred some eels in a pond which had accidentally become polluted by sewage matter, found the flesh so strongly tainted in consequence as to be quite uneatable. Struck by this fact, he turned some eels into a stream into which the refuse of gas-works flowed, with the result that the eels had a decided flavor of gas. Further experiment demonstrated that, owing to the absence of scales, the eel became a positive absorbent of noxious gases, more particularly of the noxious effluvia of decomposing and, therefore, poisonous matter. The danger of such food has always been duly appreciated by Jewish teachers, and in the special mention of the snail by Moses there is evidence that the lawgiver was not unmindful of the probable unwholesomeness of poison consuming animals. The Rabbins, too, fully recognized the distinction between the flesh of cattle rendered "unclean" by specific disease and that which becomes unwholesome through poison, a Mishna ruling that if an animal swallows a poison or is bitten by a venomous snake, its flesh is forbidden, not because it is thereby rendered unclean "according to the law,

but because it has become a dangerous nutriment. The prohibition of the hare has been explained, too, by the fact that it eats many vegetable poisons, such as the bark of the mezereon.

The dietary laws are not confined to a mere division of all animals into two classes, the "clean" and the "unclean." It is another instance of the searching character of Jewish "legalism" that it prescribes even how much of the bodies of permitted animals may be consumed as food. Thus the use of blood is emphatically and repeatedly forbidden. This prohibition and the importance evidently attached to it harmonize so exactly with the lessons of modern science that it is impossible to regard them as motivated by any consideration other than the public health, especially when the three circumstances are considered that the Mosaic dispensation is the avowed enemy of all superstitious symbolism, that it was endeavored by its means to break off sharply from all foreign traditions, and that its chief characteristic is its secularity.

The possibility of the blood containing disease germs not immediately affecting the quality of the flesh is not the only circumstance tending to disqualify it for food. There is, as has been pointed out by a writer in the *Journal of Science*, the more conclusive fact that the blood in its normal condition almost invariably contains noxious elements. From the very nature of the double office of the circulatory system this must be so, for while, on the one hand, the blood serves to renew the various parts of the system after their ordinary wear and tear, on the other it has to carry off the natural waste of the tissues. This waste or refuse is ultimately eliminated by means of the kidneys, the sudiparous glands, etc., and then appears in its avowed character of excrementitious matter; but it must always be, to a certain extent, present in the blood, and in the event of any derangement of the action of the kidneys, accumulates in considerable and highly poisonous qualities. It must, therefore, be evident that the blood is always an undesirable article of food, especially as it is impossible when an animal is slaughtered to separate the arterial from the venous blood,

which would be the only means of overcoming the difficulty. "We contend," says the writer in the *Journal of Science*, "that to use the blood as food approximates very closely to drinking urine, and is not merely loathsome but *pro tanto* unsafe. That, like liquid and solid excrement, it is valuable for plant food, and that it serves as a pabulum for certain classes of animals, is no proof that it is fit for human consumption."

The prohibition of blood has been reiterated with much emphasis by the Rabbins, and at the present day both in the Jewish method of slaughtering animals and the domestic treatment of the meat it is rigorously obeyed. The strict enforcement of the Mosaic injunction by the Rabbins is extremely curious, for it would seem to show that they had already a pretty clear idea of the inherent unfitness of blood for food. That they had at any rate a knowledge of the nature of blood far in advance of their times is proved by a recommendation of Rabbi Judah in reference to the slaughter of animals. He suggested that, in addition to severing the trachea and œsophagus, the blood should be poured out from the vessels of the neck; this at a time—some seventeen hundred years ago—when arteries, as the name implies, were believed to contain only air. But besides this there is evidence that the Rabbins specially suspected the alimentary value of blood in the prominence they gave to its elimination in their system of slaughtering and preparing animal food. One of the most important features in this system was an elaborate examination (*Bedeka*) of the carcase before it could be declared fit for Jewish food; but in no case—however healthy the tissues—was it permitted to forego a thorough removal of its blood.

The examination of carcases prescribed by the Rabbins, and faithfully carried out at the present day, is of an extremely rigorous and subtle nature, and completes the system by which the selection of animal food is governed. We have seen that certain animals are absolutely forbidden and that in all cases the blood is prohibited. There still remains, however, the flesh itself of the permitted animals to be dealt with.

The conditions on which alone this is allowed to be eaten are singularly minute and, as Dr. Henry Behrend has said in a pamphlet on the communicability of diseases by means of animal food, "it is not saying too much to assert that these laws, carried out in their integrity, render the consumption of meat affected with specific maladies practically impossible." The authorized communal killer is trained not only to kill in accordance with Jewish laws, but also to make a sufficiently careful inspection of the pathological state of the beast after death, and he is bound to declare it unfit for food if it show the slightest blemish. The lung is specially ordered to be examined and tested, so that pleuro-pneumonia, tuberculosis, bronchitis, and pulmonary maladies generally have little chance of escaping detection. So severely may this investigation be pursued that the lung is frequently submitted to inflation while under water for the purpose of ascertaining whether a perforation exists. "The extreme care of these early students of physiology (the Rabbins)," says Dr. Maurice Davis, "in their examination of the lungs seems to point to the dicta of modern science which indicate the air passages, with their moist mucous membranes, as highly probable inlets of the morbid particles floating in the atmosphere." The value of *Bedeka*, even though carried somewhat to excess, is indisputable. Dr. Behrend tells us that the animal diseases transmissible to man through ingested meat are seven in number, viz., cattle-plague, swine-typhoid, pleuro-pneumonia, foot-and-mouth disease, anthracoid diseases, erysipelas, and tuberculosis. By the observance of Jewish dietary laws it is impossible for animals affected by any of these diseases to be eaten. On the other hand, under non-Jewish systems these diseases are broadcast with criminal recklessness. Dr. Carpenter stated some time ago in the *British Medical Journal* that an inspector of the Metropolitan Meat Market had declared upon oath that 80 per cent of the meat sent to the London market had tubercular disease; and a letter addressed by a Mr. Jenkins to the *Times* a few months ago, calculated in reference to this same fact, that "at least 375,000 of the inhabitants (of London)

annually run the risk of being tainted with consumption and of transmitting it to their unborn children." What wonder then that tuberculosis has so many victims? "If the seriousness of a malady," says Dr. Koch, of Berlin, "be measured by the numbers of its victims, then the most dreaded pests which have hitherto ravaged the world—plague and cholera included—must stand far behind the one now under consideration. One seventh of the deaths of the human race are due to tubercular disease, while fully one third of those who die in active middle age are carried off by the same cause." One more quotation, and I have done with the Jewish dietary laws. It is from Dr. Behrend's interesting pamphlet, and runs as follows:

"I am myself decidedly of opinion that the care bestowed upon the examination of meat for the use of the Jewish community is an important factor in the longevity of the race which is at present attracting so much attention, and in its comparative immunity from scrofula and tubercle, to which Dr. Gibbon, the Medical Officer of Health for Holborn, has so markedly alluded. Naturally such cases do not produce an immediate effect, but their transmission through innumerable generations must eventually bring about a decided result and exercise a considerable influence in building up the mental and physical toughness of the Jewish people, which has been so long an object of wonder, and which, in conjunction with their steadfastness, cohesion and valor, Goethe considers to be their chief claim before the judgment-seat of nations."

We now come to the hygienic laws—the "legalism" by which the external conditions of health are defined. These are also very minute. The Mosaic regulations on the subject of personal cleanliness apply to an extraordinary number and variety of circumstances. Again and again we read, "He shall bathe his flesh in water," and not only his flesh but also his garments, household utensils, and everything he touches while in an unclean state. It has been justly observed by a modern writer that "in the ancient Israelitish community few persons would be able to pass a week without an entire washing." Under the Mosaic government cleanliness was literally regarded as akin to godliness; and yet until comparatively recently the very contrary was the case in Europe, both in theory and practice. It is not surprising that in the Middle

Ages the Jews, with their frequent ablutions—not to speak of their superior constitutions—should have escaped epidemic diseases to which the unwashed non-Jewish communities fell an easy prey. Not only did the monks endeavor to afflict their souls by a deliberate avoidance of soap and water, but the general public seem to have avoided washing from inclination. The filth in which people then elected to live must have been frightful, when we find that even the wealthy and high-placed were frequently eaten up by vermin. Moquin-Tandon, in his *Zoologie Medicale*, gives a list of historical personages whose lives paid the penalty of their uncleanness—a list comprising such names as Philip II. of Spain, Cardinal Duprat, and Bishop Foucquan. Substantially the Mosaic laws of personal cleanliness are still observed by Jews. It is often made a subject of remark that the ghetti, in certain towns, appear dirty and unwholesome, yet there cannot be the slightest doubt that the classes of Jews inhabiting them are infinitely more cleanly in their personal habits than the classes of non-Jews inhabiting similar squalid lanes and back-streets. The truth is that the Jews so situated have not and never have had any authority beyond their own thresholds, and it is only now that public sanitation is beginning to utilize that "legalism" for purifying the public thoroughfares which the Mosaic code taught thousands of years ago. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the different features of that "legalism," inasmuch as the Jews have so long been debarred from taking advantage of it. Suffice to say that its general system anticipated the modern dry method of disposing of sewage; that in its laws of disinfection we find a complete prototype of the regulations laid down by Sir James Simpson in 1848 for stamping out small-pox, and now generally followed, and that the principle of small "cottage" hospitals at present being everywhere adopted is one clearly set forth in the Levitical laws. The strict observance of this hygienic system during their national existence must have formed in the Jews a special capacity for resisting zymotic diseases, and this capacity they have no doubt been enabled to preserve under less

felicitous circumstances by their observance of the more personal details of the system which were within their control. To the general value of the whole system of Mosaic hygiene Dr. Carpenter bore suggestive testimony in an address delivered before the Sanitary Congress held at Brighton in 1881. He said, "Obedience to the sanitary laws laid down by Moses is a necessary condition to perfect health, and to a state which shall give us power to stamp out zymotic diseases. If these laws were observed by all classes, the zymotic death-rate would not be an appreciable quantity in our mortality list"—would be less, in fact, than among Jews at the present day.

The moral superiority of Jews is to be accounted for by a reference to the same "legalism." I have entered so much in detail into the physical "legalism" of Judaism that I feel it unnecessary to do the same with the moral code, not only because it would unduly lengthen this article, but because the physical laws suffice to illustrate the practical nature of Judaism. I may then confine myself to a general view. The moral "legalism" closely approximates to the physical not only in its stringency and minuteness, but also in its guiding principle. The former is based on a naturalistic appreciation of the paramount importance of natural law, and this, transmuted into its ethical equivalent, is Justice. The spirit, then, of the Jewish moral law is a spirit of the most uncompromising justice. It teaches not only the sublime principle, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," but it even prescribes a treatment of animals which, within the limits of human necessities, is not inferior to the treatment prescribed for one's fellow-man. The domestic animal is to enjoy the same rest as his master, his food and lodging are to be cared for, his work is not to be made too burdensome, and he is to be protected against mean and ungenerous restrictions. We are not to hunt or torture even the wild beast for our pleasure, and in slaughtering for food we must employ every expedient that shall render death rapid and painless. Everywhere we are taught not that we have rights to claim but that we have duties to dis-

charge. We are all fractions of one universal whole, with responsibilities bounded neither by species nor time. When the physical laws bid us take every advantage of God's great gifts—to avoid both asceticism and excess—it is not for the benefit of individuals, but in deference to the trust by which every individual is responsible to the community and posterity. In the same way the moral law recognizes the indissoluble links which bind mankind to all God's creatures, and enjoins upon us the extensive practice of good not to promote a personal welfare beyond the grave, but to advance the general welfare in this world. This ideal of justice carries with it, in the domain of civil and criminal law, a law of expiation and reparation contrasting strongly with the Christian injunction of repentance that grows out of the Christian ideal of Mercy. And in this Judaism, as in everything, is strictly logical. There can be only one form of justice, and if mercy does not accommodate itself to that form it is injustice. To pardon manifest iniquity is not mercy but injustice; on the other hand, to take a conscientiously appreciative and enlightened view of extenuating circumstances, and, when the occasions require, to rise superior to the mere letter of the law, is not mercy but justice. Thus punishment is not always considered sufficient, and in cases of theft restitution is ordered even at the expense of personal slavery. In the political system we find this ideal of justice translating itself into a perfect democracy. Every one is equal before the law—even the priest has no power, being only, as M. Darmesteter has pointed out, *l'homme du culte et du sacrifice*; the franchise is universal, and by the periodical redistribution of property a drastic but characteristic attempt is made to solve a social problem that has never ceased to puzzle statesmen. The application of so specific a "legalism" to moral duties cannot but have had a powerful influence in moulding the moral character of the Jewish people. While other religious systems contented themselves with impracticable maxims and lofty but illusory parables, Judaism promulgated a practical and well-defined law. Jews could always be better than their law, but in it they found pre-

scribed a minimum of duty, the discharge of which could not be avoided.

The exceptional mental power displayed by modern Jews is curiously enough not so much the product of special laws of education as it is the, to some extent, un contemplated result of the efforts made to impress the physical "legalism" of Mosaism upon Jewish instincts by way of the Jewish mind. The study of the Mosaic law was untrammelled by any of those restrictions to which other religious systems, in their fear of inquiry, have been obliged to resort. "The law of Moses," says Isaac Disraeli in his *Genius of Judaism*, "can never fall into neglect while the principle of Judaism acts on its people, for it possesses a self-regenerating power. This law is not locked up in a clasped volume, to be consulted only by the administrators of the law, but is thrown open among the people, who themselves deliver it one to another." This may have been partly a consequence of the democratic tendency of Mosaism, by which the priesthood were deprived of all authority, and the people, in this sense, declared to be a nation of priests; but it must have been more particularly adopted as a precaution against the law falling into desuetude. There was nothing in the law that could not be easily understood. It prescribed a simple system of life as a protection against temporal ills, and it promised as the natural reward of its adoption the avoidance of such ills and the accomplishment of "length of days." So simple and easily tested a system had then nothing to fear from discussion, but, on the contrary, everything to gain; and hence it was that the mere injunctions to "teach them diligently unto thy children," and to "talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up," acquired an inherent and undying force in the education of the people and the training of the Jewish mind. The explanation of the law was soon found to comprehend the whole cycle of human wisdom, and consequently the establishment and maintenance of public schools became early a prominent feature in Jewish society. Nineteen hundred years ago Jewish

education was, as a system, as highly developed as the best modern European system. At that period Rabbi Joshua Ben Gamala founded the first system of compulsory education, and in his time a public school was established in every town in Judea, and all the children of the locality were forced to attend it.

This concludes my comparison of the peculiar phenomena of modern Jewish society with the practical injunctions of Mosaism. It will, I think, be regarded as establishing this important fact: that Professor Goldwin Smith's assertion that Judaism consists of a legalistic system of life is true; but beyond this it also shows that this system, so far from meriting the reproach suggested by Mr. Smith, is of great wisdom, and—in its guiding spirit at least—of illimitable application and usefulness. It shows, too, that the prevalent belief among Christians, that Judaism belongs to a perfunctory order of things—that it is a sterile and decaying "boulder of the primeval world"—must be false. This delusion has grown out of the extravagant hopes of Christianity, and been nourished on its guilty fears. Its maintenance is one of the last and most obstinately cherished fictions of the Church, for it is naturally felt that were it once proved that Judaism has persisted in spite of the Christian dispensation, and that it has persisted to the temporal advantage of its disciples, then at least the justice of God as pictured by Christianity must be called into question. There is, of course, always the Christian consolation, so openly hinted at by Mr. Smith, that "my kingdom is not of this world;" but now, with better means of satisfying the cravings of life, this ideal cannot have the attraction it had eighteen hundred years ago, when almost anything was better than to continue the miseries of existence. It only wants the proof that Christianity is not the legitimate offspring of Judaism, that its arrogation of the ancestry and traditions of the most brilliant of historic phenomena is to a great extent an imposture, to give it its death-blow in the minds of millions of its adherents. And this is what the persistence of Judaism is bringing in its train. Nowadays Christianity cannot stand on its merits

—not even on the merits of an asserted superhuman revelation.

The "legalism" of Judaism is, however, only the outward expression of its abiding principle. Let us now briefly inquire what that principle is. If the popular conception of Judaism as a great spiritual religion—the legitimate progenitor, in fact, of Christianity—be correct, then that system is guilty of a glaring contradiction in expressing itself in so practical and material a "legalism" as that I have just sketched. It must be evident, however, that this "legalism" never could have been the product of a spiritual system, and hence we are forced to one of two conclusions, either that the theory propounded in the Pentateuch is not the one on which the "legalism" was originally founded, or that the popular estimate of that theory is false. It is to the latter opinion that I now address myself. I will endeavor to show that Mosaism is also in its fundamental character the rationalistic system I have described it.

The "material optimism" so obviously animating the whole of the Mosaic "legalism" is, in itself, strong presumptive evidence of the rationalistic character of the theory of Judaism. Fortunately, it is not necessary to rely exclusively on a mere argument of this character. A fair examination of the Five Books yields, I think, the suggested result. In its God idea and its attitude toward the problem of a future state the Pentateuch is consistent and sufficiently explicit. In the one case it safeguards itself against all idolatry by refusing to admit anything beyond the fundamentally logical idea of the unity, and in the other it recognizes the limits of human knowledge by altogether avoiding an attempt at a solution of a problem humanly speaking insoluble. This virtual assumption that the limits of human knowledge can extend no farther than those of the visible world appears to me to be the central idea of Judaism. We have as a consequence a presentment of the Deity which is almost entirely that of a great ethical abstraction—the principle of morality and justice at the root of all social well-being; and we have also as another and strictly logical consequence the teaching that temporal happiness is

the goal of existence, and the whole aim of an action that should be regulated in accordance with the justice, *i.e.* the workings, of nature.

The purely ethical character of the Mosaic God idea is apparent in the context of all there is of systematic teaching in the Pentateuch. Professor Wellhausen, one of the most painstaking of modern Biblical critics, seems to have been much impressed with this fact. In a recently published article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he thus describes the conclusion at which he has arrived:—

"The religious starting-point of the history of Israel was remarkable, not for its novelty but for its normal character. In all ancient primitive peoples the relation in which God is conceived to stand to the circumstances of the nation—in other words, religion—furnishes a motive for law and morals; in the case of none did it become so with such purity and power as in that of the Israelites. Whatever Jehovah may have been conceived to be in His essential essence—God of the thunderstorm or the like—this fell more and more into the background as mysterious and transcendental; the subject was not one for inquiry. All stress was laid upon His activity within the world of mankind, whose ends He made one with His own. Religion thus did not make men partakers in a divine life, but contrariwise it made God a partaker in the life of men; life in this way was not straitened by it, but enlarged. The so-called 'particularism' of Israel's idea of God was in fact the real strength of Israel's religion. It thus escaped from barren mythologising, and became free to apply itself to the moral tasks which are always given and admit of being discharged only in definite spheres. As God of the nation, Jehovah became the God of justice and of right; as God of Justice and right, He came to be thought of as the highest and at last as the only power in heaven and earth."

This, I think, fairly accurately expresses my idea, and I quote it as the deliberate opinion of one who has devoted almost the labor of a lifetime to the collection of the materials on which his conclusions are based, in order to obviate the tedious task of recapitulating a lengthy collection of texts and other evidence here. Sufficient proof for my present purpose of the soundness of this theory may be found in the evidence that the silence of the law-giver in respect to a future life was not accidental, was in short the result of a deliberate conviction that "the subject was not one for inquiry." In the conclusion of the 30th chapter of Deut-

eronomy this question seems to me to be placed beyond all reasonable doubt. Even in the faulty translation of the authorized version we are told distinctly that the law is a secular law, designed exclusively for the temporal welfare of the people. It involves no question of immortality, but only a choice between "life and good, death and evil." It is to be observed in order "that thou mayest live and multiply;" but in the event of it being neglected "ye shall surely perish," that is to say, "ye shall not prolong your days upon the land," as it is subsequently explained. And then in a noble exhortation to "love the Lord thy God," and "obey his voice," we are told, not that He is essentially the focus of a spiritual existence, but that "He is thy life and the length of thy days." In brief, having recognized that the world is governed by the operations of unvarying law, and not by incessant divine intervention, the Mosaic teaching deified this principle of law or justice as the highest power within the reach of human apprehension. This done, it could know nothing of a future life, and there was consequently no reason whatever to deal with the question, not even in order to show its insolubility. At the same time so sensible was the lawgiver of the moral dangers of all superstitions of this character that he prescribed the severest punishments for soothsaying and witchcraft, and any jugglery in short which might tend to impair human self-confidence by the suggestion of a dæmonic control of human destinies. Further, though not absolutely necessary, light is shed on the nature of Mosaism by that conclusion of the Leyden school of Biblical critics which, in effect, regards the law as of later date than the prophets. This theory introduces an order into the history of Jewish thought which must commend itself to the experience of historical students, inasmuch as it founds rationalistic views on the subsidence of spiritism, and abandons the improbable suggestion that the latter was the offspring of the former.

The substantial difference between Judaism and Christianity is, then, that the one desires to teach us how to live, the other how to die. Judaism dis-

courses of the excellence of temporal pleasure, the divinity—if I may be permitted the expression—of length of days; Christianity, on the other hand, emphasizes the excellence of sorrow and the divinity of death. The practical tendencies of modern Christians are, needless to say, diametrically opposed to this ideal teaching—it could hardly be otherwise where it is sought to guide the human by the superhuman—but its evil effects make themselves none the less felt whenever its votaries, or, I should rather say, its victims, necessarily unarmed for temporal conflict, are, in their pursuit of temporal happiness, brought into competition with a people who during long ages have elaborated a discipline having for its sole object the attainment of this very form of happiness. Judaism, the materialistic teaching, is then found to have resulted in Judaism, the physical force; and if to-day it is only in its subtler operations a preponderating force in social life, the reason is that on every occasion that its dominating tendencies have manifested themselves to the material disadvantage of Christians the latter have immediately taken refuge in the force of their numerical superiority, and, in contradiction of the leading principles of their faith, or rather in unconscious recognition of the inadequacy of these principles, have attempted to achieve a prohibited material prosperity by an equally reprobated persecution. In this way a certain brake has been imposed upon the influence exerted by the Jews on the world; but

their decimation and oppression never at any time constituted a victory over Judaism by Christianity.

The direct negation of the Christian ideal involved in the persecution of the Jews was alone an overwhelming testimony to the weaknesses of Christianity; but, more than this, the persecution itself, encouraged by the Church under the impression that it was a chastisement for persistent heresy, was in reality no chastisement at all, but only a despairing rebellion against the permanence and indestructibility of Judaism, and at that not even successful. The force of Judaism is to-day unimpaired by this persecution. It is still the same consistent and persistent force as in the days when, alone among the nations, the Jews refused to tremble before the climax of Roman power typified in the worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. The Roman Empire has passed away, the Capitoline god has been broken up and thrown into the crucible of theological evolution, but Judaism still remains. Is it possible that it can have survived only as a stationary and unproductive force? We know that such a phenomenon would be contrary to all natural law; and indeed a correct appreciation of the undercurrents of history will show that ever since it changed the whole tendency of the complex mythologies of the pre-Christian world, it has been silently engaged in that further Judaization of mankind which is the sole ideal of its singularly practical teaching.—*Fortnightly Review*.

GOLDEN-BROWN.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THREE fruit-pickers—women—were the first people I met near the village (in Kent). They were clad in "rags and jags," and the face of the eldest was in "jags" also. It was torn and scarred by time and weather; wrinkled, and in a manner twisted like the fantastic turns of a gnarled tree-trunk, hollow and decayed. Through these jags and tearings of weather, wind, and work the nakedness of the countenance—the barren framework—was visible; the cheek bones

like knuckles, the chin of brown stone-ware, the upper-lip smooth, and without the short groove which should appear between lip and nostrils. Black shadows dwelt in the hollows of the cheeks and temples, and there was a blackness about the eyes. This blackness gathers in the faces of the old who have been much exposed to the sun, the fibres of the skin are scorched and half-charred, like a stick thrust in the fire and withdrawn before the flames seize it. • Be-

side her were two young women, both in the freshness of youth and health. Their faces glowed with a golden-brown, and so great is the effect of color that their plain features were transfigured. The sunlight under their faces made them beautiful. The summer light had been absorbed by the skin, and now shone forth from it again; as certain substances exposed to the day absorb light and emit a phosphorescent gleam in the darkness of night, so the sunlight had been drunk up by the surface of the skin, and emanated from it. Hour after hour in the gardens and orchards they worked in the full beams of the sun, gathering fruit for the London market, resting at mid-day in the shade of the elms in the corner. Even then they were in the sunshine—even in the shade, for the air carries it, or its influence, as it carries the perfume of flowers. The heated air undulates over the field in waves which are visible at a distance; near at hand they are not seen, but roll in endless ripples through the shadows of the trees, bringing with them the actinic power of the sun. Not actinic—alchemic—some intangible, mysterious power which cannot be supplied in any other form but the sun's rays. It reddens the cherry, it gilds the apple, it colors the roses, it ripens the wheat, it touches a woman's face with the golden-brown of ripe life—ripe as a plum. There is no other hue so beautiful as this human sunshine tint. The great painters knew it—Rubens for instance; perhaps he saw it on the faces of the women who gathered fruit or labored at the harvest in the Low Countries centuries since. He could never have seen it in a city of these northern climes, that is certain. Nothing in nature that I know, except the human face, ever attains this color. Nothing like it is ever seen in the sky, either at dawn or sunset; the dawn is often golden, often scarlet, or purple and gold; the sunset crimson, flaming bright, or delicately gray and scarlet; lovely colors all of them, but not like this. Nor is there any flower comparable to it, nor any gem. It is purely human, and it is only found on the human face which has felt the sunshine continually. There must, too, I suppose, be a disposition toward it, a peculiar and exceptional condition

of the fibres which build up the skin; for of the numbers who work out of doors, very, very few possess it; they become brown, red, or tanned, sometimes of a parchment hue—they do not get this color. These two women from the fruit gardens had the golden-brown in their faces, and their plain features were transfigured. They were walking in the dusty road, there was as background a high, dusty hawthorn hedge which had lost the freshness of spring and was browned by the work of caterpillars; they were in rags and jags, their shoes had split, and their feet looked twice as wide in consequence. Their hands were black; not grimy, but absolutely black, and neither hands nor necks ever knew water, I am sure. There was not the least shape to their garments; their dresses simply hung down in straight ungraceful lines; there was no color of ribbon or flower, to light up the dinginess. But they had the golden-brown in their faces, and they were beautiful. The feet, as they walked, were set firm on the ground, and the body advanced with measured, deliberate, yet lazy and confident grace; shoulders thrown back—square, but not over-square (as those who have been drilled); hips swelling at the side in lines like the full bust, though longer drawn; busts well filled and shapely, despite the rags and jags and the washed-out gaudiness of the shawl. There was that in their cheeks that all the wealth of London could not purchase—a superb health in their carriage princesses could not obtain. It came, then, from the air and sunlight, and still more, from some alchemy unknown to the physician or the physiologist, some faculty exercised by the body, happily endowed with a special power of extracting the utmost richness and benefit from the rudest elements. Thrice blessed and fortunate, beautiful golden-brown in their cheeks, superb health in their gait, they walked as the immortals on earth.

As they passed they regarded me with bitter envy, jealousy, and hatred written in their eyes; they cursed me in their hearts; they spat on me in will if not in deed. I verily believe—so unmistakably hostile were their glances—that had opportunity been given, in the dead of

night and far from help, they would gladly have taken me unawares with some blow of stone or club, and, having rendered me senseless, would have robbed me, and considered it a righteous act. Not that there was any bloodthirstiness or exceptional evil in their nature more than in that of the thousand-and-one toilers that are met on the highway, but simply because they worked—such hard work of hands and stooping backs, and I was idle, for all they knew; because they were going from one field of labor to another field of labor, and I walked slowly and did no visible work. My dress showed no stain, the weather had not battered it; there was no rent, no rags and jags. At an hour when they were merely changing one place of work for another place of work, to them it appeared that I had found idleness indoors wearisome and had just come forth to exchange it for another idleness. They saw no end to their labor; they had worked from childhood and could see no possible end to labor until limbs failed or life closed. Why should they be like this? Why should I do nothing? They were as good as I was and they hated me. Their indignant glances spoke it as plain as words, and far more distinctly than I can write it. You cannot read it with such feeling as I received their looks.

Beautiful golden-brown, superb health, what would I not give for these? To be the thrice-blessed and chosen of nature, what inestimable fortune! To be indifferent to any circumstances—to be quite thoughtless as to draughts and chills, careless of heats, indifferent to the character of dinner, able to do well on hard, dry bread, capable of sleeping in the open under a rick, or some slight structure of a hurdle, propped on a few sticks and roughly thatched with straw, and to sleep sound as an oak, and wake strong as an oak in the morning—gods, what a glorious life! I envied them; they fancied I looked askance at their rags and jags. I envied them, and considered their health and hue ideal. I envied them that unwearied step, that

firm uprightness, and measured yet lazy gait, but most of all the power which they possessed, though they did not exercise it intentionally, of being always in the sunlight, the air, and abroad upon the earth. If so they chose, and without stress or strain, they could see the sun rise, they could be with him as it were—unwearied and without distress—the livelong day; they could stay on while the moon rose over the corn, and till the silent stars at silent midnight shone in the cool summer night, and on and on till the cock crew and the faint dawn appeared. The whole time in the open air, resting at mid-day under the elms with the ripple of heat flowing through the shadow; at midnight between the ripe corn and the hawthorn hedge on the white wild camomile and the poppy pale in the duskiness, with face upturned to the thoughtful heaven.

Consider the glory of it, the life above this life to be obtained from constant presence with the sunlight and the stars. I thought of them all day, and envied them (as they envied me), and in the evening I found them again. It was growing dark, and the shadow took away something of the coarseness of the group outside one of the village "pothouses." Green foliage overhung them and the men with whom they were drinking; the white pipes, the blue smoke, the flash of a match, the red sign which had so often swung to and fro in the gales now still in the summer eve, the rude seats and blocks, the reaping-hooks bound about the edge with hay, the white dogs creeping from knee to knee, some such touches gave an interest to the scene. But a quarrel had begun; the men swore, but the women did worse. It is impossible to give a hint of the language they used, especially the elder of the three whose hollow face was blackened by time and exposure. The two golden-brown girls were so heavily intoxicated they could but stagger to and fro and mouth and gesticulate. And that was the end of my reverie.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ATTRACTIONS OF MODERN BUDDHISM.

In a lecture on Missions, afterward published in his *Chips from a German Workshop*, Mr. Max Müller divides the six great religions of the world into "non-missionary" and "missionary" faiths, or, as we might prefer to phrase it, local or national and universal religions. To the former class belong Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism. The two last have always repelled rather than sought for converts, priding themselves on their exclusive superiority; the Brahmins even went so far as to punish those who chanced to be near enough to witness their rites or hear the sound of their prayers. Judaism was of course from the first avowedly a national cult; in later times it admitted "proselytes," but in an inferior position, as aliens, not as brethren; according to the Rabbis a proselyte "is not to be trusted to the twenty-fourth generation." Modern Judaism, if we may credit its most recent apologist—who must, however, be presumed to belong to the extreme left wing of its rationalistic school—has ceased to be, properly speaking, a religion at all. Its distinctive merit in the eyes of Mr. Lucien Wolf is that its teaching is purely "materialistic," and that, unlike Christianity, it concerns itself with this life alone, and ignores all thought of another. To cite his own words from the *Fortnightly Review*, "The substantial difference between Judaism and Christianity is, that the one desires to teach us *how to live*, the other *how to die*: Judaism discourses of the excellence of temporal pleasure, the divinity—if I may be permitted the expression—of length of days; Christianity emphasizes the excellence of sorrow and the divinity of death." The three universal or "missionary" faiths are Christianity, Mahometanism, and Buddhism. Between these three, which are "alive," the future "battle of the Churches" will have to be fought, or is being fought already. Mr. Müller lays down that "to convert a Mahometan, is difficult; to convert a Buddhist, more difficult; to convert a Christian, let us hope well-nigh impossible"; but unfortunately the Eastern experience of recent years does not bear out the last

statement. There have been within that period numerous conversions of Christians to the faith of Islam; what seems stranger, some few Europeans have actually become or professed to become Buddhists. But of the Esoteric "Theosophy" we said our say not long ago. Our present subject is a very different one. We are not here concerned with the vagaries of some few eccentric religionists who are playing at a new kind of Freemasonry, which it may please them to dignify with the venerable nomenclature of an ancient creed. What is really an interesting circumstance is that for many nominal Christians, or at all events Europeans who have not formally abandoned their inherited faith, Buddhism, in its genuine form, appears in our own day to possess a peculiar attraction. The fact that Schopenhauer's philosophy is to a great extent—as it has been not inaptly termed—"a vulgarized Buddhism," would alone serve to illustrate this tendency of modern thought. But in this matter Schopenhauer by no means stands alone. Many who perhaps never heard his name, or read a line of his works, manifest a similar leaning. Mr. Rhys Davids, who is one of the very highest living authorities on the subject, naturally thinks "it will seem strange to many that a religion which ignores the existence of God, and denies the existence of the soul, should be the very religion which has found the most acceptance among men"—which, however, is the fact—and he adds that perhaps, "had Buddha merely taught a philosophy, or had he lived in later ages, he might have had as small a following as Comte"—which is not so clear. It is, anyhow, certain that Buddhism, which—according to the latest calculation—still counts some 500,000,000 votaries, is the largest religion in the world. It originally extended over India; but the Buddhists were literally stamped out by a cruel persecution in the eighth and ninth centuries of our era, and their faith only survives there in so far as it has left its mark on the Hinduism which supplanted it. The original system had, however, already become very corrupt. But in

its earlier form it had been introduced into Ceylon, where it at once became the State religion, and there Mr. Rhys Davids considers that "it retains almost its pristine purity to modern times." From Ceylon it passed successively into Burma in the fifth century, and thence into Arakan, Kambaya, and Pegu, and finally, in the seventh century, into Siam. It had been carried in a less pure form into Nepal, Thibet, and China, where it still prevails. It is therefore in the Southern Buddhist Church, so to speak, if anywhere, that we must look for the genuine teaching of Sakyamuni, and the distinction is an important one, when we recollect how such a writer as the late F. D. Maurice—who, however, had an abnormal instinct for reading his own beliefs into every system he undertook to investigate—could deliberately assert in his Boyle Lectures that "Buddhism is Theism in its highest form and conception," and that "Thibet must be regarded as its proper centre and home." The first statement, as far as it can claim any plausibility, depends on the second, and both are alike incorrect, or rather paradoxical.

We must then carefully distinguish between the genuine doctrine of Sakyamuni and the legendary Buddhism of the North, with its manifold accretions and its curious external resemblances to Christianity, especially mediæval Christianity, described with such charming *naïveté* in M. Huc's *Tartary and Thibet*. It is this latter variety which has excited the special interest of orthodox Christian believers, but its attraction for them is really an adventitious one. When a modern writer tells us that "both the Buddhist and Christian Churches teach a divine incarnation and worship a God-man," this can be understood of Northern Buddhism only, and there only with important reservations. Indeed the same writer goes on to remark that "Buddhism has been unable to recognize the existence of the Infinite Being," and has therefore "been called Atheism by the majority of the best authorities," and he fully admits that modern Agnostic Buddhism "is pronounced by almost every writer of note the original Buddhism, the Buddhism of the South." No doubt the mirac-

ulous birth and mystical life of Buddha, as related in the *Lalita Vistara*, presents such striking resemblances to the Life recorded in the Gospels, that it is hardly possible not to believe one must be taken from the other. But then Mr. Rhys Davids considers the *Lalita Vistara* to be probably some thousand years later in date than the historical Buddha, and certainly posterior to the time of our Lord; it may, therefore well have been plagiarized in part from the New Testament. As evidence of the real history of Buddha or Sakyamuni—for there can be no reasonable doubt that he is an historical personage—its evidence is, as the same authority points out, on a par with that of a mediæval poem to the real facts of the Gospel narrative. And it is the original Buddhism, without its legendary accretions, which has for various causes attracted the sympathy of pessimists like Schopenhauer, on the one hand, and of others who, without sharing his pessimism or his low ethical standard, share his disbelief in the supernatural, while yet they considerate some religious or quasi-religious sanction for the "altruism" which philosophy has sometimes preached, but which it has not been found easy without the motives and aids of Christian teaching to enforce in practice. And both classes can point to elements in the teaching of Sakyamuni—so far as it is possible to recover its original sense—which favor their own. Sakyamuni was undoubtedly the great prophet of "reasoned pessimism" in the ancient, as Schopenhauer was in the modern, world. "Everywhere there is death; there is no rest in either of the three worlds. There is nothing born but must die, and therefore to desire to escape birth and death is to exercise one's self in religious truth." For death, which means transmigration, is no deliverance from the burden of being. The true aim is "to escape the yawning gulf of continual birth and death" by *Nirvana* or annihilation. But in Buddhist teaching, which was worthily illustrated in the noble life of Sakyamuni himself, this consummation can only be attained through the practice of a lofty virtue. Schopenhauer's Buddhist revival omitted at once the poetry and the metaphysics. Its poetry consisted in

the life of its founder, for which the personal example of Schopenhauer was a worse than ignoble substitute; its moral philosophy was as lofty as his own was base. It has been justly observed by a modern writer that "The one unfolds the royal law of universal pity; the other proclaims, by way of gospel, the utter despicability of mankind. The one law raised woman to an elevation never before attained by her in the Oriental world; the other degrades her to a merely noxious animal. The one is the mildest emancipatory movement the human race has ever known; the other issues in the despotism of sheer force. The one teaches that a man is what he does; the other that a man is what he eats." Now it is precisely the lofty ethical teaching of Buddhism which commends it to the notice of modern scientific "altruists." They are aware indeed that they would find a morality at least as pure and lofty in the Sermon on the Mount, but they want to have the Sermon on the Mount divorced from the creed, and in Christianity the two are indissolubly united. We have seen that Mr. Maurice imagined Buddhism to be the purest form of theism and Thibet its proper home; but Thibetan Buddhism exhibits in fact one of the latest and most complete transformations of the teaching of its founder. Buddhism in its original conception is not theistic at all, though it may be more correct to call it a pantheistic than an atheistic philosophy. Of a supreme personal Deity and Creator it knows nothing; its almighty power is an almighty Law—"a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." It can hardly be called materialistic, for it starts from the utter unreality of the material world, and draws its sanctions from the unseen and supernatural realities "behind the veil." Yet of an immortal soul and a future life, in the Christian sense of the words, it is not only ignorant, as Mr. Rhys Davids says,

it "denies" it. To cite his own words in his Hibbert Lectures, "Buddhism, for the first time in the history of the world, proclaimed a salvation which each man could gain for himself and by himself, *in this world, during this life, without having the least reference to God or gods, either great or small.*" The way of salvation is indeed by overcoming sin, but it offers no supernatural aids in the contest and promises no supernatural rewards. The supreme bliss of the righteous is made precisely identical in orthodox Buddhist doctrine with what one school of modern heterodoxy, which is sometimes traced to Socinius, maintains to be the final destiny of the wicked—annihilation. And it is certainly both a strange and oppressive thought, as Dr. Döllinger somewhere observes, that the most widely-spread religion in the world should hold forth to man as his supreme end a state of passive and otiose unconsciousness. Yet it is not difficult to gather from what has been said how it comes to have a sort of fascination for certain schools of modern sceptical thought. Dr. Edkins may be quite right in thinking it has entered on a stage of final decay, and in spite of its being the largest of what Mr. Max Müller calls "the three missionary religions," its missionary force appears to be exhausted—except in the quaint mimicries of its "Theosophical" parodists. But just as some desperate attempts were made, in the Neoplatonist and other forms, to galvanize the energies of an effete Paganism into a second life—not without skilful, but unacknowledged, plagiarisms from the faith which had superseded it—so we may not improbably witness, among a select and intellectual, if somewhat crotchety, section of modern European thinkers, a temporary recrudescence of what in its day was a great and beneficial reform of the dominant religions of the East.—*Saturday Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

REFORMS: THEIR DIFFICULTIES AND POSSIBILITIES. By the author of "Conflict in Nature and Life." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume is designed as a supplement to a previous work by the same author, "Conflict in Nature and Life," which met with a favorable reception from thoughtful people as a vigorous and scholarly inquiry into the conditions entering into the most important social and political problems. In the book under notice the writer discusses the limitations of reform, and carries out the same line of reasoning toward a practical conclusion in various special directions. The title of the book accurately defines the author's purpose. He does not propose any panacea for the evils of the age, but aims to clear away all the sophisms which have grown around them like a dense underbrush of briars and weeds. If he can lay bare the fundamental facts and principles so that a clear perception of them can help others to a judgment, he rests satisfied. The great practical questions treated of course cannot be attacked at much detail in a volume of a little more than two hundred pages. Such questions as "Wages," "Monopoly," "Money," "Protection and Free Trade," "Technical Education," the "Needs of Women," "Divorce," "Temperance," "Crime and Poverty," "Civil Service Reform," etc., are vastly complicated, and an author, at best, is able only to elucidate them by getting at the elemental facts and principles of them without entering into any study of their widespread application. But in doing this in a simple, honest and unpretending fashion he does a good work. There is much that is stimulating in the book. The author has a knack of getting at the very core of the subject in a few plain words, and seeing what is essential and what non-essential and merely accidental. Perhaps as good an example of his method of treating subjects as can be found in the work is the chapter on "Protection and Monopoly." After clearly and briefly stating the environment of the problems and making a pungent statement of the absurdities involved, he proceeds to say:

"No high class really means to plunder or to harm the people. It only means to do the best thing it can for itself. As little is it the intention to help anybody but self. The silver interest does not act from patriotic and philanthropic motives, though its success might be

generally beneficial. The gold interest does not act from malevolent motives, though its success might crush debtors and damage the people in general. The commercial interest when it opposes restrictions on commerce has not for its ulterior object the good of the people, though its success might so result. It is simply laboring to establish conditions favorable to itself. So when the manufacturing interest seeks to impose shackles on commerce it does not mean really to harm anybody. On the contrary, no class talks more unctuously of patriotic duty and the good of the working-man, so natural it is to see the industrial landscape in the color of the business glasses we look through. These unobjectionable motives prompt the action of the strong classes, but none the less are the people common plunder."

"But since the high class interests do not always harmonize in action, the quarrels which spring up between them afford to real statesmen the opportunity to secure some small crumbs for the people. Examples: When the silver interest, co-operating with the bias of tradition, resists the total demonetization of silver, the people may well rejoice; it is the duty of level-headed men, while encouraging the movement, to moderate its fervor and give it practical direction. And when the commercial class organizes opposition to manufacturing and transportation monopolies, it would be well for honest men to co-operate with it on behalf of the public."

In each subject treated the author finds ground for abundance of bright and vigorous suggestion, though from the very nature of the reasoning it is more or less fragmentary. As we have before indicated, the general theory of the book accords with "Conflict in Nature and Life," which may be briefly stated as follows: The system of nature is a balance of antagonistic forces. This relation of forces is not a restful equilibrium, but a fluctuating and compensating one, like that of the wave-rocked sea. It is an equilibrium of action and reaction, which, in their more complicated forms, become great cycles of movement, co-extensive with the entire field of nature and history. Now if this antagonism prevails in nature and is woven into the constitution of man, we should infer that the society which man forms would embody antagonistic elements in manifold forms of combination and inter-relation. We should further infer that every attempt to

act on human nature and on human society for their improvement, should take an account of this ineradicable antagonism in the constitution of things in order properly to adapt the means to the end. A prevailing form in which this antagonism appears in life is the essential coupling of an evil with a good, of a general evil with every general good. Our author, applying this general theory to reforms, contends that all that can be done is to effect the greatest possible good with the least possible evil; that the ideal good is unattainable; and that the attempt to apply an absolute panacea for every moral evil is sure to lose on one side what it gains on another. This is illustrated by a great number of examples. Let us take this method of reasoning as applied to the education of the working classes. It is admitted that the education of the working classes is a good. Nevertheless, as the world goes, it leads to discontent, and out of this grow turbulence, agitation and revolutionary beliefs which redound not so much to the righting of wrongs as to deepening popular discontent and misery. Discontent and education then go hand in hand. It is of course the little learning which is a dangerous thing, and the problem is how to communicate the greater learning—that which must make its recipients thoroughly conscious that the good is only to be had by paying its price in work and waiting. Learning then becomes self-corrective and understands that it is gifted with no creative power to achieve absolute results, but can only exercise the difficult choice of adapting the best means to relative ends. We heartily recommend this little book to the thoughtful reader as one charged with stimulating and valuable suggestion.

LIFE AND LABOR IN THE FAR WEST; BEING NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE WESTERN STATES, BRITISH COLUMBIA, MANITOBA, AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY. By W. Henry Barneby. New York: Cassell & Company.

This new volume of travel is a pleasant, well-written, unpretentious record of travel on this continent of ours, by an educated, wide-awake Englishman. He makes no claim to an exhaustive or dogmatic study, but sets things down just as he finds them. While duly critical, our traveller shows a notable freedom from those prejudices which handicap the judgment of many of our European brethren who come to America to make a book. If there are no very profound or luminous observations, there are no malicious ones. The principal interest

in the book is found in the descriptions of life, scenery and industrial development in the Far West, and very often Mr. Barneby is aroused to genuine enthusiasm as he contemplates the wonderful present and the still more wonderful future of the great North-West, both in the United States and British America. While the purpose of the author is rather to give a general description of the region traversed than to carry out any special mission, his observations are full of valuable information concerning labor, land, crops, wages, and other facts which would interest the intending immigrant. To most Americans the chapters treating on British North America will be most interesting, as these facts will of course be fresher than matter relating to Oregon, Washington, Dakota, Montana, etc. Mr. Barneby's tour was cut short by the death of one of his companions, but it was sufficiently extensive to give occasion to a large accumulation of well-presented facts. The book is, in a mechanical sense, admirable, composition, press-work and binding being everything that could be desired.

LIFE ON A RANCH. RANCH NOTES IN KANSAS, COLORADO, THE INDIAN TERRITORY AND NORTHERN TEXAS. By Reginald Aldridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In these days, when the attention of so many young men of ambition, particularly in England, is being turned to the possibilities of cattle-raising in the Far West, the experiences of one who was actually engaged in the business for several years cannot fail to be of interest. The author, a young Englishman, came to this country in 1877, and has since that time been engaged in cattle and sheep-raising. His narrative is that of a man who, full of information of a practical and valuable sort, is able to give it in a plain, sensible, compact, yet thoroughly readable, way. Our author, though evidently an educated man, makes no attempt at pretentious writing, and is a good deal more anxious to tell what he knows than to exhibit himself, a characteristic which we wish were far more in vogue among those who write books. Certainly it would not be easy to obtain a more simple, vivid, direct narrative of ranch life than we get here, with its pleasures and annoyances, its profits, advantages and obstacles. Mr. Aldridge has his full share of British pluck and makes light of the troubles he has passed through, but he shows us plainly that the ranchman must have plenty of patience, determination and hope to pull him through. Given these qualities, some lit.

the capital (not necessarily very much), good judgment and good health, which such a life would indeed tend to build up, and cattle raising in the Far West appears to hold out many tempting inducements to young men, who are willing to rough it for a few years. "Ranch Notes" is one of the best books of the kind we have yet seen, and can hardly fail to be widely read, as the author has something to say and says it well.

TEN DAYS IN THE JUNGLE. By J. E. L. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

This little book of travel describes the rich tropical regions of the Malayan Peninsula as seen in a hurried trip by a lady. Descriptions of the splendors of the tropics are always readable if well done, and we can enjoy the mosquitoes and innumerable insects even in type as long as we do not suffer from them. The author travelled mostly by river during her journey, and she paints with an appreciative pencil all the beauties which encompassed her on every side. Several books have been published within a few years on those portions of the East Indies where the Malays are the principal residents, as those regions had been for the most part overlooked by travellers. The author of the little work under notice does not add much to our stock of knowledge, it may be, as the ground has been much more thoroughly traversed by others, but she says what she has to say in a graceful and picturesque manner.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER. By L. B. Walford. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

This is one of the most fresh and delightful stories recently published in English literature, and the skill with which the story is told is fully equal to the novel charm of the conception. The idea of making a young grandmother, who in beauty, tenderness of nature, and vivacity of intellect far surpasses her own staid and prosaic daughter, the mother of the baby, could only come from a person of genius. The group, Lady Matilda Wilmot, and her brothers, Lord Overton, the clumsy, silent, shy but golden-hearted man, and the flighty Teddy, gay, affectionate, but empty-headed, is one which cannot be surpassed in the boldness and brilliancy with which it is drawn. The priggish Lotta and her pedantic ass of a husband are hardly less well sketched, and they set off the more attractive figures with the force of an antithesis which the author seems to have carefully studied. All these figures revolve around

the young grandmother, the lovely, fascinating, delightful Lady Matilda, who captures our hearts immediately, and holds them in the hollow of her hand from first to last. The nexus of the story is evolved from the events of the baby's christening, where the two godfathers, Challoner and Whewell, immediately proceed to fall in love with Lady Matilda. It is in the relations of the former of these admirers to the heroine that the story mainly consists. Challoner is a curious mixture of strength and weakness, and we feel there is something queer about him from the first. That his heart goes out to the "Baby's Grandmother" at once is evident, and we quickly suspect that Lady Matilda is also conscious of a similar weakness on her own part. We wonder that Challoner, who is for some time invalided at Overton House, should fight so desperately and remorsefully against his passion, till we learn that he is already the betrothed husband of another woman. At last he ceases to struggle, and all but tells his lovely mistress that he loves her. She knows he loves, and wonders that he should hold back. Her soliloquy apropos of this is a delightful bit, and is a good sample of the general quality of the book:

"What am I to think—what am I to think?"—Lady Matilda had dismissed her maid, and was musing over her fire ere she went to bed upon the Christmas Eve whereof so much has already been narrated. "What am I to think?" was the refrain of all her puzzled, happy, foolish thoughts. In reality she imagined she knew very well what to think; but somehow it pleased her to be perplexed and discomposed, and affectively vexed, and secretly more charmed with Challoner than ever. Bold, heartless, presuming man—craven caitiff—to dare so much, to stop so short; villain—coward—by turns she flouted him for this, by turns for that: in very truth, she had never thought aught became him better than those extremes of presumption and modesty, those alternations betwixt forwardness and backsliding. She had heard his breathing short and thick, had caught the broken whisper, marked the catch in the throat, and felt the clasp of the hand. She had seen the revulsion, the struggle, the resolution growing apace; and then what the humility of the man doubtless termed the hold regained over his runaway passions, but which she, so superior in her knowledge of all, and contempt of all, scouted as the unwelcome and unnecessary and tiresome and provoking voice of an inward mentor, who ought by this time to have had his mouth stopped. "Really, I can show him no more plainly than I do," mused she, half sighing, half smiling; "really, my dear Mr. Challoner, it is very pretty to see you look so lugubrious, and very touching and pathetic to hear your voice tremble and shake, and to watch you force down your throat again the kind words and accents that *will* come up when poor Matilda is by. He is in love—I'd stake every womanly power I have, the man is in love. He does all he can do, he says all that he can say, short of *the* thing, the one thing. Opportunities? He has had hosts of opportunities: he has opportunities at every turn; this whole evening was one long opportunity. Were

we not together, always together, often alone together? He never left me for above a few minutes at a time, and then only when I sent him. I sent him for the pleasure of seeing him return. I could not discover so obscure a nook to fly to, but what he would track me instantly and follow; I could not be tired but he would rest too. And then he held my hand, and kissed it twice. Yes, he kissed it just here, and held the place afterward. What right had he to hold it and yet not a word, not a single word? Oh, with a burst, 'I like his silence—I love his silence. His silence is more, a thousand times more to me, than any other man's speech. He shall be silent, silent as the grave, silent forevermore, if so he pleases, once he has spoken out. Poor man,' mocking, 'poor—dear—blind man. Matilda is too good for you, is she? Too beautiful, too rich, too highly born? Oh dear, yes, she is all that, we know very well; but stop a little, my friend, you will find she is too clever also. You are not clever, Mr. Challoner—not particularly clever, at least; and certainly you are not beautiful, and probably you are not rich. I wonder what you are, or why I—Pshaw! you shall speak, sir; I say you shall. You have no right now to hold your tongue, and hang your head, and put your finger in your mouth like a baby. Baby? It is I that am the baby to let him play with me thus. He sees, he knows his power, and abuses it. He shall not, he shall not,' excitedly: 'I—oh, if I can but preserve this bold heart when I am with him, if I can but keep a merry heart and tongue, and cheat him with my face. Let me see—can it be that I have been too soft and yielding? Perhaps I have. Then how remedy the damage? Coquet with another? But there is no one else to coquet with except Robert, and one might as well dance round a tombstone. No, no; no coquetting. No; I must be all in all to myself and by myself. I will amuse myself, be good friends with myself, and have no need of any one but myself. I will send the gentlemen about their business. It will be fit for them to go out of doors to-morrow; but it shall be too cold, or too wet, or too early, or too late, or too anything, for me. They will have to excuse me. Then I will—shall I have a headache? But a headache of that kind is missyish and vulgar; headache is unbecoming, too, and troublesome to manage. So I will be just myself—myself as I am when this wicked Jem Challoner is not by; a much better self in reality than the self that appears for him—a silly, subdued shadow of the real Matilda. What can he see in her to fancy, I wonder? But these mild, soft-eyed impostors, these abominable, hypocritical, make-believes of men, one never knows what they do not see. Well, Mr. Challoner, you have done so well that you deserve to do better still; and so, to bed, Matilda, my dear,' gayly saluting the mirror as she passed, 'Good-night, my poor, little, ill-used, tormented, tantalized Matilda—enter to-morrow morning, *her Ladyship*.'"

When Lady Matilda, through the blundering intervention of brother Teddy and the malicious Whewell learns the treachery of her lover, she is heartbroken, and dismisses him, as she supposes, forever. The *deus ex machina* is found in the death of Challoner's fiancée, a pretty, wholesome, but uninteresting English girl, and the good sense of Lord Overton, through whom Challoner, his friend, and Lady Matilda are reconciled. This is but a tame indication of the charm and delightsomeness of a book as fresh and dewy as a June rose. All the

characters are strongly and brightly drawn, but Lady Matilda, in her tenderness, buoyancy, sprightliness, her courage, truth and simplicity, has few characters in fiction to equal her. The book has humor and vivacity, with pathos and enough tragedy to relieve its lighter portions. The narrative is quiet and not very eventful, but it has the charm of flowing logically out of the clash and collision of character. If this novel does not materially enhance the reputation of Mrs. Walford, we shall be very much mistaken.

ANNOUCHKA. A Tale. By Ivan Sergheievitch Turgeneff. Translated from the French of the Author's own translation, by Franklin Abbott. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

Any new translation from Turgeneff will hardly fail to be welcomed by people of literary taste, yet we do not believe that the masses of English-reading novel-readers care much for the man whose genius stands among the first of the century. The utter simplicity and delicacy of his treatment of elemental passion, the shrinking and illusive characters of his people and descriptions, his utter scorn of all the ordinary tricks of the novel-writer, raise him out of the atmosphere of the ordinary reader. The book under notice, though not one of his greatest, has the distinguishing qualities of his genius. There are but three characters, and the story is only a sketch, but it is full of the tragedy of suffering. The girl Annouchka, whose timid and selfish lover, innocently aided by her brother—who errs from an excess of virtue—breaks her heart by his calculating pride, is a charming and tender picture, painted with all that freshness and delicacy of color which the Russian novelist had at command. The book is rather a short story than a novel proper, as it is not much longer than a magazine tale; the characters are painted in a few broad strokes of the brush; the action is almost nothing; yet the spell of genius is on it all, and the imagination lingers over the pictures given by the author with a pleasure not the less for the sadness with which it is dashed.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will contain an article on "Palmyra" by Prof. Robertson Smith, in which the story of Zenobia will be rewritten by the light of the Aramaean and Greek inscriptions, and of the coins that have recently come to light.

THE Municipal Council has lately undertaken the task of giving names to a large number of streets at Paris. Among French names selected are those of George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Gustave Doré, Henri Martin, and Cavaignac. But it is more remarkable that several foreigners have been chosen for this distinction, including Darwin and Faraday, Heine and Peter the Great.

THE University of Heidelberg has declined the offer of 100,000 marks because of a condition accompanying it that ladies should be permitted to study at the university.

THE patriotic poetess "Anna," whose real name was Madame Anna Kristiane Ludvigsen, died at Tinglev, in Denmark, on the 27th ult., at the age of ninety. Her songs on the Schleswig-Holstein question were popular with hundreds who had no idea that their author was a retired old lady living on her estate in the south of Jutland. Her maiden name was Lauterup.

FOR the recent examination for the degree of *baccalauréat ès lettres* at Paris, three women presented themselves, and all three were successful. One was Mlle. Lemoine, the two others were the daughters of M. de Vacaresco (Roumanian minister in Belgium), of whom the elder is not yet nineteen. Out of eighty-eight candidates of the other sex, as many as forty failed.

THE *Wargawsky Drevnik*, the official journal of the Russian Government at Warsaw, publishes a list of books which may not be taken in at the public libraries. In this novel Index, by the side of Zola, Lassalle, Karl Marx, Louis Blanc, and Büchner, are to be found also the names of Herbert Spencer and Huxley.

THE copyright of Heine's poems having just expired, the public is likely to reap the benefit. A Vienna publishing firm announces an illustrated edition of his works in about ninety parts, at sixpence each; and the former publisher of Heine, Messrs. Hoffmann & Campe, promise to bring on a popular edition of his collected works, together with his recently discovered Memoirs and a Life by Dr. Gustave Karpeles, at the price of ten shillings.

ENGLISH and American schoolmasters ought to be thankful that they do not live under the paternal government of Prince Bismarck's curassiers. Dr. Deecke, equally distinguished as a scholar and as the director of the Lyceum at Strasburg, recently published a little book called *Plaudereien über Schule und Haus*. In this he pointed out one or two particulars in which

he thought the present school system of Germany might be improved. General Manteuffel, Governor of Alsace, at once took the alarm, accused him of undermining the authority of the Government, and Dr. Deecke has now been removed to a small town in the Vosges. It is understood that Ultramontane influence has dictated this high-handed measure.

By an imperial decree recently promulgated, one hundred and twenty-five works of various authors (some of them the foremost of the day) have been prohibited in the public libraries and reading-rooms of Russia. Among the names enumerated in the alphabetical list which has been circulated, it is curious to note the following: Agassiz, Arnould, Büchner, Huxley, Lecky, Michelet, Bagehot, Zola, Lassalle, Lubbock, L. Blanc, Lewis, Lyell, Marx, Mill, Moleschott, Prudhon, Rochefort, Reclus, Adam Smith, Spencer.

The death is announced at the age of eighty-six of Dr. A. Jung, of Königsberg, once a popular writer and one of the leaders of "Junge Deutschland."

"WE may communicate," says the *Academy*, "a few more details in regard to Dr. Schliemann's important discoveries at Tiryns. The walls of the prehistoric palace he has disinterred there are formed of limestone and clay; the latter has been turned into brick by the action of fire, while the stone has been burned into lime. In some places the surface of the walls had been coated with stucco, on which traces of painting can still be observed. The colors used in these paintings are black, red, blue, yellow, and white; and Prof. Virchow has pointed out that the blue is composed of pulverized glass mixed with copper, but without cobalt. One of the paintings represents the same pattern as that found on the roof of the *thalamos* attached to the Treasury of Minyas at Orchomenos. Another depicts a man riding on an ox, whose tail he holds. The artist has made three attempts to draw the tail, and has forgotten to obliterate the two unsuccessful ones. The paintings have been carefully removed and sent to Athens. Among the ruins of the palace twenty-seven bases of limestone columns have been discovered, but no drums, besides a sandstone capital in the old Doric style. The chambers of the building were full of objects of all kinds, including pottery, obsidian knives, rude hammers of diorite, and grapestones. No iron has been met with, and but little metal of any sort, though lead is relatively plentiful. All traces of writing are equal-

ly absent. The pottery resembles that of Mykenae, but the presence of obsidian and the scarcity of metal imply that Tiryns was the older city of the two. As has already been observed in the *Academy*, the scale and arrangement of the newly found palace, with the two temples within it, are almost identical with those of the palace and two temples discovered in the second prehistoric city of Hissarlik."

THE Committee of Management of the Incorporated Society of Authors has presented its first report. The committee consists of Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Mr. A. Egmont Hake, Mr. H. C. Merivale, Mr. S. G. C. Middlemore, the Rev. C. H. Middleton-Wake, Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, and Mr. E. M. Underdown (hon. counsel). Mr. Besant was appointed chairman. A sub-committee has been appointed on dramatic copyright, another on international copyright, and a third on the registration of titles. Lord Tennyson has honored the Society by becoming its first president. The committee is now inviting the most eminent writers in all branches of literature in foreign countries to become honorary Fellows. The whole number of members is now 186, consisting of the president, sixty-nine vice-presidents, and 116 Fellows and Associates. The list of vice-presidents is not yet complete, but, so far as it goes, it will be found to include a tolerably representative body of English writers in most departments. The committee has resolved to accept as Associates not only those who have adopted literature as a profession, but all those who desire to support and advance the cause of letters; and it has been decided that a certain proportion of the subscriptions shall every year be set aside for management, while the rest shall be allowed to become the nucleus of a fund to be invested for the general purposes of the Society.

KING TAWHAIO and his chiefs before leaving England compiled a narrative of the leading incidents of their visit, and had it set up in the Maori language. The pamphlet included a report in Maori of the interview of the chiefs with Lord Derby. The king took with him to New Zealand a large number of copies of the pamphlet, for distribution among the tribes which were represented in the deputation.

THE death of Nicolai Vassilyevich Berg at Warsaw on the 28th of last month leaves a vacancy in the ranks of Russian men of letters and students of Slavonic literature. Berg was

born in 1821, and received his earlier education at the Moscow Gymnasium; thence he passed to the university of the same capital, which, however, he quitted, without completing the curriculum, for service in the Imperial Russian Bank in 1848, where he remained till the outbreak of the Crimean War, to the scene of which he betook himself in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, being in Sebastopol during the whole time of the siege. Upon the conclusion of hostilities his restless nature led him to the Caucasus, where he was present at the capture of Schamyl. He subsequently travelled in Central Asia and Asia Minor. Returning to Europe in 1860, he joined Garibaldi's troops, then engaged in the struggle with the Neapolitan monarchy. Thence, upon the news of the Polish insurrection, he repaired to Warsaw, where the governor-general took him into his service. In 1868 he was offered the Professorship of the Russian Language and Literature in the High School at Warsaw, a post which he retained upon the conversion of the school into the Warsaw University. M. Berg is the author of a large number of historical works; of these his memoirs of the siege of Sebastopol and of the Polish insurrection have a considerable reputation. He was also the author of many other works of a purely literary character, as well as of numerous articles and translations, and was for some time editor of the *Varshavsky Dnevnik*.

THE Turks succeeded in getting up a new style of exhibition during the last Ramazan in the courtyard of the mosque of Sultan Bayazid at Constantinople. This was an exhibition of handwriting. Choice specimens of printing were also admitted. Calligraphy is still an art there, and the late Sultan chose this for his trade. Examples of his work could be freely bought.

MISCELLANY.

AN ABORIGINAL DWELLING.—A short time ago there was discovered in a marsh at Schusenried, in Wurtemberg, a well-preserved hut of the age of stone. The flooring and a part of the walls were intact, and, as appeared from a careful admeasurement, had formed, when complete, a rectangle, 10 metres long and 7 metres wide. The hut was divided into two compartments, communicating with each other by a foot-bridge made of three girders. The single door, looking toward the south,

was a metre wide, and opened into a room 6.50 metres long and 4 metres wide. In one corner lay a heap of stones which had apparently formed the fireplace. This room was the kitchen, "the living room," and probably a night refuge for the cattle in cold weather. The second room, which had no opening outside, measured 6.50 metres long and 5 metres wide, and was no doubt used as the family bedchamber. The floors of both rooms were formed of round logs and the walls of the split logs. This, be it remembered, was a hut of the Stone Age. It may be safely presumed that the lake dwellings of the Bronze Age were larger in size and less primitive in their arrangements. At both periods the platform supporting the houses communicated with the shore by means of a bridge (probably removable at pleasure) and with the water by ladders. These ladders, as appears from an example found at Chavannes, were made of a single stang with holes for the staves, which protruded on either side.—*Contemporary Review*.

ASPASIA AND THE DUTIES OF WOMEN.—It was a fortunate time when Aspasia arrived at the city of the violet crown. Pericles had just stepped upon the stage, and his genius, his principles, and his ambition promised an era of unparalleled glory to the city that had risen from ashes under Themistocles. The old age was dead, and a new one was being inaugurated. Grace and beauty and polished empressment were succeeding the ruder virtues of the age of Aristides. The brilliancy of Sophocles had taken the place of the grandeur of Æschylus. The type of the age was the graceful Parthenon that towered peerless under the Attic sun on the heights of the Acropolis. Into this world the gifted Milesian flashed with all the splendor of a meteor, and held her power with the permanence of a fixed star. Her lofty and richly endowed nature, her diverse accomplishments, her beauty and blandishments, made her at once a marvel in the Athenian capital. She was mistress of every art, and could converse with equal ease and with irresistible grace upon poetry, politics, and philosophy. For the first time the treasures of Hellenic culture were found in the possession of a woman who also possessed all the graces of womanhood—a phenomenon which all men looked upon with eyes of wonder. Such a woman could not long remain without influence in a city like Athens. But her aims were lofty, and to no second place would she stoop. She had but one equal in Athens, and

that man was Pericles. Besides being the representative of the Alcæmonidæ and the successful rival of Cymon, Pericles was dowered with the greatest beauty and the most august abilities. By all odds he was the grandest man of his brilliant age, and surpassed every other man in particular qualities. His silvery and polished eloquence surpassed the fire and action of Demosthenes. His statesmanship went farther than Themistocles. His bravery rivalled that of Alcibiades. He was a pattern in temperance and sobriety, and his chastity shamed even Socrates. His diligence was proverbial. He never assisted at a festive banquet in his life, and no Athenian ever saw him with his friends over the wine-cup. Grave, serious, dignified at all times, his whole energy and thought were devoted to the service of the State. This was the man who was captivated by the charms and accomplishments of Aspasia. Aspasia not only occupied a prominent position, but she played a leading part in the affairs of her time. She seemed to be the director of all that was progressive in Athens, and to have stamped her influence upon all minds. Such a *salon* as she had! Around no other person in the whole history of the world was there gathered so illustrious a coterie. Phidias, the greatest sculptor; Sophocles and Euripides, the dramatic masters; Anaxagoras and Socrates, the philosophers; Xenophon, Plato, and Alcibiades, were all her friends, her associates, and her disciples. Socrates called her his teacher, and it is said that she gave Pericles lessons in rhetoric. Half of her usefulness was probably never known. She may have made noble fights in behalf of her sex. One thing we do know, that she inculcated broader culture for women, and urged them to become more influential agents in society. No, Aspasia did not forget her own sex. She loved to discuss art with Phidias, drama with Sophocles, philosophy with Anaxagoras, politics with Pericles, but she loved, too, to talk with women upon domestic and social affairs. At her symposiums Athenian wives were present, and her influence must have been salutary in many instances. She had an exalted idea of the duties of womanhood, and her goodness, her noble aims, her intellectual abilities placed her in a position where she could do much for the improvement of her sex. Nor did she shirk her opportunities.—*Phrenological Journal*.

MONTE CARLO AND CONSUMPTION.—It is probable that the gambling den at Monte Carlo

will shortly be reckoned among the sores of humanity which have been healed. Many reasons render its closure desirable; not one, we believe, could be urged in favor of its maintenance. The card-player who is not also a gambler will continue to enjoy his favorite pursuit, as an exercise of skill, regardless of the fate of a gaming saloon. The nameless and numberless adventurers and cheats who fatten on the leisure and simplicity of wealthy seaside visitors will find their income straitened. Integrity will have one temptation less, and civilization will have lost a scandal. Health will benefit, moreover. To tax one's own failures of skill with large sums of money, or to commit such sums to the mere chance of play or to the marketable probity of casual friends, must and does lead to much avoidable anxiety and passionate excitement. The wear and tear of such a life is itself a cause of disease. It is also a certain source of injury to some of our own countrymen, who seek the Mediterranean coast on account of phthisis already active. The *spes phthisica* leads all such to take an active part in the lighter amusements of the healthy. A place at the card-table requires no great physical effort, and accordingly one finds them there. The fever of play adds its irritation to that of their malady, and the seats at which, perhaps, disease is languishing are stirred into morbid life again. What wonder that such invalids return home complaining of the climate of the Riviera! Monte Carlo and its neighborhood are well suited for the treatment of their disease, but the atmosphere of gambling saloons is not wholesome even for the sound in body.—*Lancet*.

TOBACCO AND EYESIGHT.—For many years it has been known to ophthalmic surgeons that abuse of tobacco may lead to failure of sight. This fact has been made use of by the anti-tobaccoists, who are mostly well-meaning but meddlesome persons, allied more or less to other agitators in the cause of various reactionary measures for the impediment of scientific research, and the obstruction of sanitary legislation. In the report of forty cases of tobacco amblyopia, by Mr. Shears, of Liverpool, which we have recently published, it appeared that atrophy of the optic nerves is very rarely met with as the result of excessive smoking, although tobacco is the essential agent in producing failure of sight. Great moderation in smoking, and especially the employment of mild forms of tobacco, is all that is necessary to insure recovery. Mr. Hutchin-

son has found that a very small proportion of smokers suffer from amblyopia, and that among those who do become subject to impaired vision are many who show an hereditary tendency to that infirmity; many of their relatives, who do not smoke, being similarly afflicted. Workmen in tobacco-factories do not appear to be subject to deterioration of eyesight; in one large manufactory, where twelve thousand men and women are employed, Mr. Shears has found that not one single person on the premises suffered from failure of eyesight, although many of the hands had been working there for ten years.—*British Medical Journal*.

MEDICAL HERBS.—The indigenous plants of Great Britain are too much neglected in the present age, for persons are apt to run after all that is rare or novel in the form of medicine in preference to cultivating our native herbs, so many of which are rich in curative properties. The Balm and the Dandelion, for instance, are little valued, yet the first is an admirable tonic, and the other a first-rate liver medicine. The Balm is, strictly speaking, a native of the south of Europe, but it has been grown in our gardens from time immemorial, and the first record I can discover of its being used medicinally rests with the Arabs, who are said to have taken it to strengthen the nerves; but I can remember the time when "balm tea" was drunk by the laboring classes in South Wales almost as freely as tea is now taken by English cottagers, and most certainly hysteria was at that period a disease unknown among the working classes. Not so now, alas! Dandelion is admitted into our British Pharmacopœia under the name of *Taraxacum*, and regularly prescribed in diseases of the liver and spleen; but the poor people were at one time accustomed to make a decoction with the roots, which answered nearly as well as the chemically prepared extract, and the leaves when blanched are taken by the French in salads. It is likewise a valuable anti-scorbutic. People put great faith in the doctrine of signatures during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but it is now nearly exploded. It was based upon the following hypothesis, that every natural production indicates by some obvious external mark the diseases in which it is efficacious; and for my own part I really believe that there is a great deal of truth in the idea that not only the colors of a flower, but various other marks on leaves, stems, or roots are typical of their medicinal

properties; for example, the spotted Lungwort possesses healing powers in consumption, the scarlet poppy has been used with good effect in erysipelas, and the Asarabacca, provincially called the Foal's foot, or wild ginger, with its curious ear-shaped leaf, was formerly an unfailing remedy for all the pains that affect that organ.—*Science Monthly*.

MY ARABS.—My Arab, though in a very prosaic way an object of interest, is by no means a morally grand or physically picturesque personage. A child, not of the everlasting desert, but of the ebbing and flowing gutter, and literally, as well as figuratively, a child. He speaks of himself as "going on ten," and, as a guess, that is probably tolerably near the mark, though his mother professes to be uncertain whether it is ten or eleven years of age that he will be "next hopping." The hopping is her chief chronological landmark. She generally speaks of things as having occurred during or so long before or after the hopping, though occasionally she will fix a date by reference to the year in which "we"—that is to say, her husband, self, and child, "wintered in the house;" the house in this case meaning the workhouse. The boy is popularly known as "Slinger," a cognomen about the origin of which, as about his age, there is a degree of uncertainty. Some say it was bestowed upon him in consequence of his skill with the simple and easily-made sling which serves boys of his class instead of the more elaborate and costly catapult with which better-off boys do their window-breaking and attempt bird-slaughter. Others assert that the sobriquet is a tribute to his skill and dexterity in "slinging his hook," a phrase which, being interpreted, means getting out of the way if he individually, or the body of "small gangers" of which he is a leading spirit, have "been up to games." And certain it is that Slinger displays a marked aptitude for "getting round the corner" or doubling about the network of slums in which his home (?) is situated, if he has been "up" to anything which makes it desirable that he should keep himself dark. His features are pinched, but tolerably regular; his expression of countenance "old-fashioned" and cunning; his complexion is naturally sallow, though in any case it would appear so, owing to the fact that it is habitually "grimed" with dirt. His hair is dark and curly, and worn uncombed and matted, and he has a pair of bright, black, beady eyes which are constantly "on the move." He is small and

thin, but wiry, and active and hardy, and would probably look a fairly well-made boy could his figure be made out. With him, however, all outline of form is "lost" from his always being clad in cast-off garments "a world too wide," and as regards trouser-leg and coat-sleeve a world too long, though the latter inconvenience is easily remedied by the rolling-up process. Winter and summer alike he goes barefoot, and to a certain extent from choice. He could no doubt muster up old boots as he musters up other old clothing. As a matter of fact, he does occasionally get hold of a pair that have still some wear in them, and as far as appearance goes would be rather a credit than otherwise to the rest of his costume, but instead of wearing them he disposes of them in the way of sale or barter.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE WEAR OF ENGLISH COINS.—More than eleven thousand pounds sterling worth of silver is wasted every year in the course of the circulation of crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences. One hundred sovereigns of the date of 1820, which were weighed in 1859 by Mr. Miller, showed a loss in weight through the wear of circulation which was estimated at £1 6s. 7d. There is, therefore, more waste produced in the circulation of gold and silver coins than is generally thought of. A coin, when turned out of the Mint brand-new, has a number of vicissitudes to pass through before it is again called in. It is constantly being abraded, even by handling. An ordinary chemical balance, which will turn with the thousandth part of a grain, will not show that a shilling has lost in weight when the thumb has been rubbed over it; but one of the feats performed by the induction balance—an electrical instrument, widely different from the chemical balance—has been to show that a coin undergoes loss even when a finger is rubbed over it. It will readily be understood, therefore, that in the numberless handlings a coin has to submit to in the course of years, the loss arising therefrom becomes at last sensible to the ordinary balance. Coins likewise suffer much loss in weight by abrading each other's surfaces when jingling in the pocket, and they are damaged each time a shopman rings them on his table to see whether they are genuine or not. Every minute particle of matter removed in these or other ways lessens the weight of the coins, and makes them look old; and in the lesser coins, which are much used, this proceeds to such an

extent that every one knows the difficulty experienced in telling a threepenny from a fourpenny-bit. Mr. Miller some years ago made a number of precise experiments, from which it was ascertained that £100 worth of sovereigns lost £3 9s. 8.4d. of their value in a hundred years; similarly £100 worth of half-crowns lost £13 11s. 8.8d.; £100 worth of shillings, £36 14s. 3.1d.; and £100 worth of sixpences lost £50 18s. 9.8d. in value, or more than one half in the hundred years. It will be noted here with regard to the silver coins, that the less the value the greater the amount of wear. These lesser coins are, of course, most used; and so in case of a sixpence a century's wear reduces it to less than half its original volume.—*World of Wonders.*

THE FINEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—It is natural and reasonable enough, of course, that the large section of the tourist world that inscribes London as its headquarters in the visitors' book should fly as far as possible from the tedious street, the well-known haunt. It is perhaps excusable that the denizens of Leeds and Liverpool should look upon London only as another place of business, only a repetition on a larger scale of what he sees every day at home. It is excusable, but only on account of ignorance. For it is quite certain that London is no more a repetition of Leeds and Liverpool than Venice is a repetition of Verona, or Westminster Abbey of Manchester Cathedral. The things are totally unlike. Even the Pool and the Docks of London are no more a repetition of the estuary of the Mersey than St. Paul's is a repetition of a stucco garden temple. In fact, even in its particular business aspect, the City is wholly different from the business quarters of other towns. As in Virgil's day, the Mantuan swain went up to Rome expecting to find it a larger edition but still like his little country town, "for so he knew puppies like dogs, and kids to resemble their mothers," but found that there was no more comparison between them in reality than there was between a cypress and an osier twig; so the Lancashire or Yorkshire man who expects in London merely a larger series of factories or a dustier line of warehouses, will find that his method of comparing great things to small is as inapplicable as that of his Italian counterpart. The mere volume of London business, the mere rush and roar of the London streets, are wholly incomparable with even the busiest of busy towns elsewhere. Liverpool may challenge the Pool, the Manchester warehouses may

affect to rival Cannon Street and Paul's Wharf, Birmingham may claim as great a show of shops as Queen Victoria Street or Cheapside, Worcester may sneer at the potteries of Lambeth; but it is the conglomeration of all these together, and each element in larger proportions than any other city of the Old World can show, that makes London so unlike, so much greater than any other city in England. Then, again, the mere business quarter, or rather quarters, of London are but a part of the whole. Besides the Pool there are the Parks, besides the Bank and the Exchange there are the Public Offices and the Houses of Parliament, besides the Guildhall and the Mansion House there are the National Gallery and the British Museum. In fact, because London is the capital, and the natural capital, because it is London, it must needs be infinitely vaster and more complex in life and development than other cities. It is not merely a province of houses—other towns are smaller provinces of houses—but it is a nation of houses. It is the visible embodiment in stone and brick of the country as a whole.—*Spectator.*

LEPROSY.—I should not, I think, lay myself open to contradiction were I to say that English people for the most part view the question of leprosy, together with the laws and regulations and treatment appertaining to it, as a matter of purely antiquarian interest. Not a few, indeed, look upon it as a sort of Jewish or Scriptural, if I may so say, disease than vanished at the dawn of Christianity—that fell with the fall of the Old Law and the rise of the New. And so closely and absolutely is it associated with and limited to the Old World impressions of their early Bible lessons, that the allusions made to it in such popular books of travel as Miss Bird's "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," and Lady Brassey's "Voyage in the *Sunbeam*," pass almost unnoticed. In fact, it is not so very long ago that I heard of an educated, cultivated man, who, preaching on the Gospel commonly read on the third Sunday after the Epiphany—a gospel full of deep meaning in that one apparently simple expression, "and Jesus stretched forth his hand and touched the leper"—rejoiced that the dire evil no longer darkened the face of the earth. There is no occasion to linger in the Old World, at Jerusalem, at Beyrout, at Damascus or Aleppo, to know that mankind is still subject to the hideous disease of leprosy. In our own Dominion of Canada, the scourge of leprosy is upon the people, and in New

Brunswick it runs its fearful course of corruption and mutilation, bringing with it a merciful, though scarcely human, insensibility, till the insensibility of death itself supervenes. Nor is it necessary in order again to meet the leper to turn to Arabia, where, however revolting the form of the disease, it does not render the victim, as in so many other instances, legally impure. For, passing northward from Ceylon, the vast continent of India stretches before us. And "India continues to be, as it has been for ages, one of the principal seats of leprosy in the world." Though the awful scourge in India is heaviest among the poor, every race and rank is subject to it; rich and poor, Christians and pagans; Europeans and natives; Rajahs and Newabs; Brahmins and Pundits; Pariahs, the low-caste Hindoos, Mussulmans and Parsees, all are numbered among the despised and hated class of lepers. Abhorred by every one, the leper in India is often ruthlessly driven by his own flesh and blood from house and home, literally to perish by the roadside; while in some places Government interference alone has put a stop to his being buried alive—the father burying the son, the son burying his father. And not only the leper himself, but also his relatives and friends, lest in multiplying their kind they should transmit the disease to distant generations. Though no law restrains him from intercourse with other people, caste steps in and takes the place of law. The man of high caste, once a leper, from that moment is turned out of his caste; he may not sit in the same room or house with the sound and pure; his own kith and kin will not eat what he has touched, or drink or smoke with him. If his wife eat with him, she is put out of caste. None will marry his daughters, even though there be no slightest sign of leprosy in them, and they can never be readmitted into caste. There is no pity and no hope for him. And when he dies abhorrence follows him to the grave; all religious ceremony is withheld from him, and his body, given up to the low caste of sweepers and such like, is subject to the greatest indignity the Hindoos can show their dead. Lepers are met with in every stage of misery in India. They flock to the borders of the Ganges to end their hopeless lives on "holy ground." Pilgrims, they crowd to Pooree to make prayers and propitiatory offerings to the idol Lokenauth; and then, failing of their cure, they continue to haunt the neighborhood, and form fresh centres of vice as vile and detestable as the foul

corruption that pollutes and makes havoc of their bodies. Often herded by themselves at night, they are scattered during the day along the roadway and in the bazaars begging of the pitiful, and filling with horror the unaccustomed stranger. Special hospital accommodation is provided for them here and there; but in all India, with its millions of people and its *over a hundred thousand lepers*, the asylums for the leper can be almost counted on one's fingers; they are not a fourth, nay, not a fourteenth part of the Lazar houses that England in the Middle Ages built for the despised "children of St. Lazarus." But even India does not terminate our rapid survey of the leprous districts of the world. Nor can we yet quit the boundaries of our own empire to trace its path to the end. The latest official document that comes to us from India is dated March 5th of this year. It is a memorandum by Dr. Vandyke Carter "On the Prevention of Leprosy by Segregation of the Affected." Dr. Carter says: "The following brief memoir is the third I have compiled for submission to the authorities of British India; and, like its first predecessor, it is based upon unique experience acquired through the enlightened proceedings of the Government of Norway." The statistics he quotes prove the truth of his assertion that the methodical isolation of lepers, which has been carried on with unremitting effort, has resulted in a decided diminution of their number during the past twenty-five years. Isolation he acknowledges to be a costly measure; but the State, recognizing from the first the incurability of leprosy, "limited its attempts to opposing the hitherto continuous reproduction of disease, and such anticipatory sphere of action admits only of radical rather than showy achievements. How much longer these somewhat costly measures may have to be maintained cannot yet be said; but it has been learned that restrictive means ought, if possible, to be extended, and could be remitted only at imminent risk of renewed spreading of disease." In finally urging the adoption of segregation for India Dr. Carter says that it is the only method likely to check and lessen leprosy; it has, in Norway, proved to be beneficial in both these directions, as well as by awakening the people to a sense of rational self-help and a willingness to co-operate further. Such a cogent and attractive stimulus is much needed in India, where the foundations of public hygiene have yet to be laid."—*Nineteenth Century*.

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